Saturday Review
World

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

THE OTHER AMERICA:

Military Rule—
Can It Spark A New
Latin Self-Reliance?

by Max Lerner

Journeys in Tortilla Country—
Special Fall Travel Report

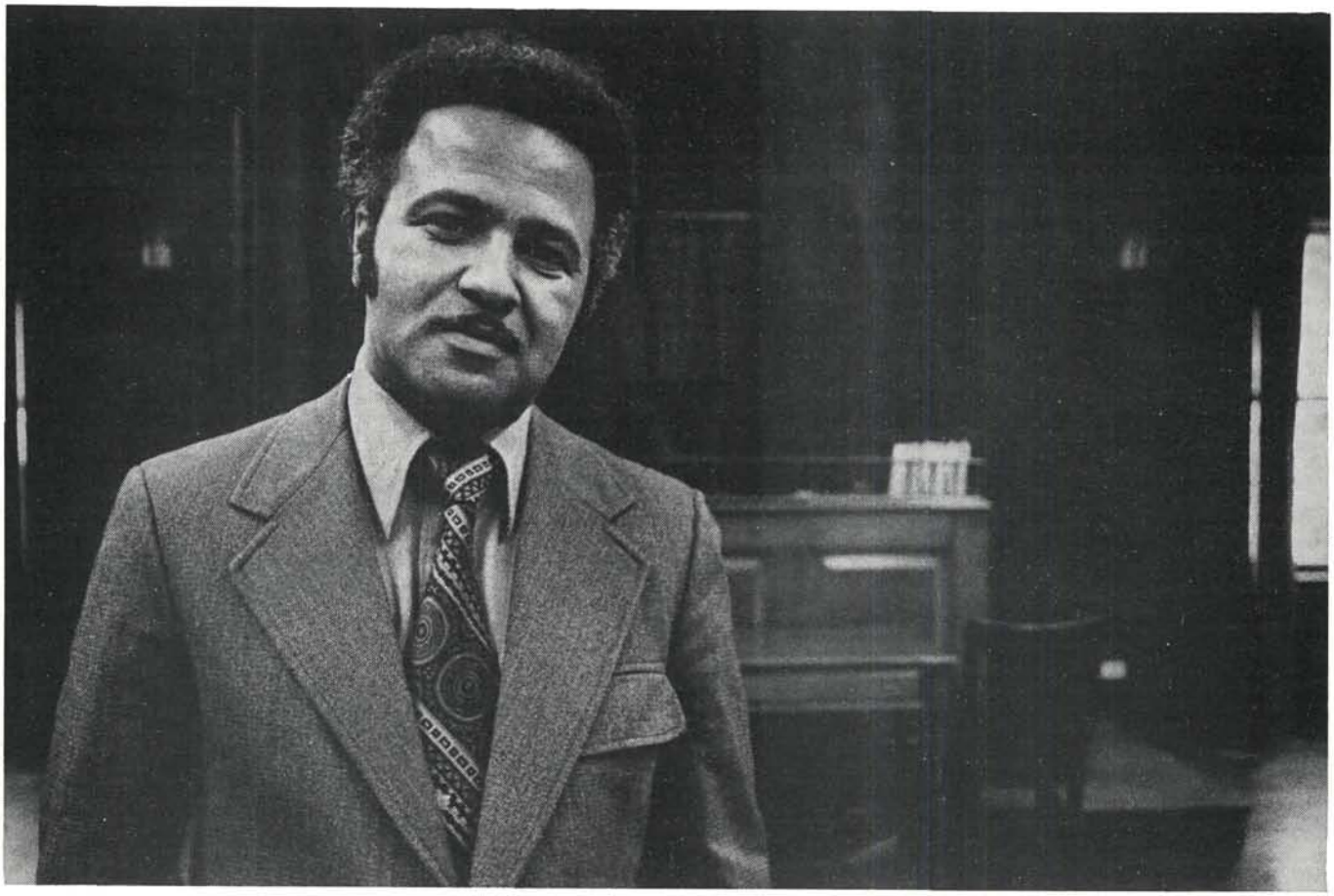
PERIODICALS DEPT
AMBASSADOR CLG LBR
BIG SANDY TX 75755
430 R75755OPT0 P94E220129 4

1422

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

ELLIS E. REID

HOME: Chicago

AGE: 38

PROFESSION: Attorney

HOBBIES: Art, travel, good restaurants.

LAST BOOK READ: "The Exorcist"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Elected President Cook County Bar Association (second term). Started scholarship fund for minority law students. Directs a lawyer's reference plan for the poor.

QUOTE: "The Law must be available to all. For study, for protection, for justice. Working for those goals has made being an attorney more rewarding than I had ever hoped."

PROFILE: Dedicated. A strong spirit. A leader that finds no job too small to do himself. Concerned for others. Willing to take action in their behalf—even at a sacrifice.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vacation in the 18th Century.

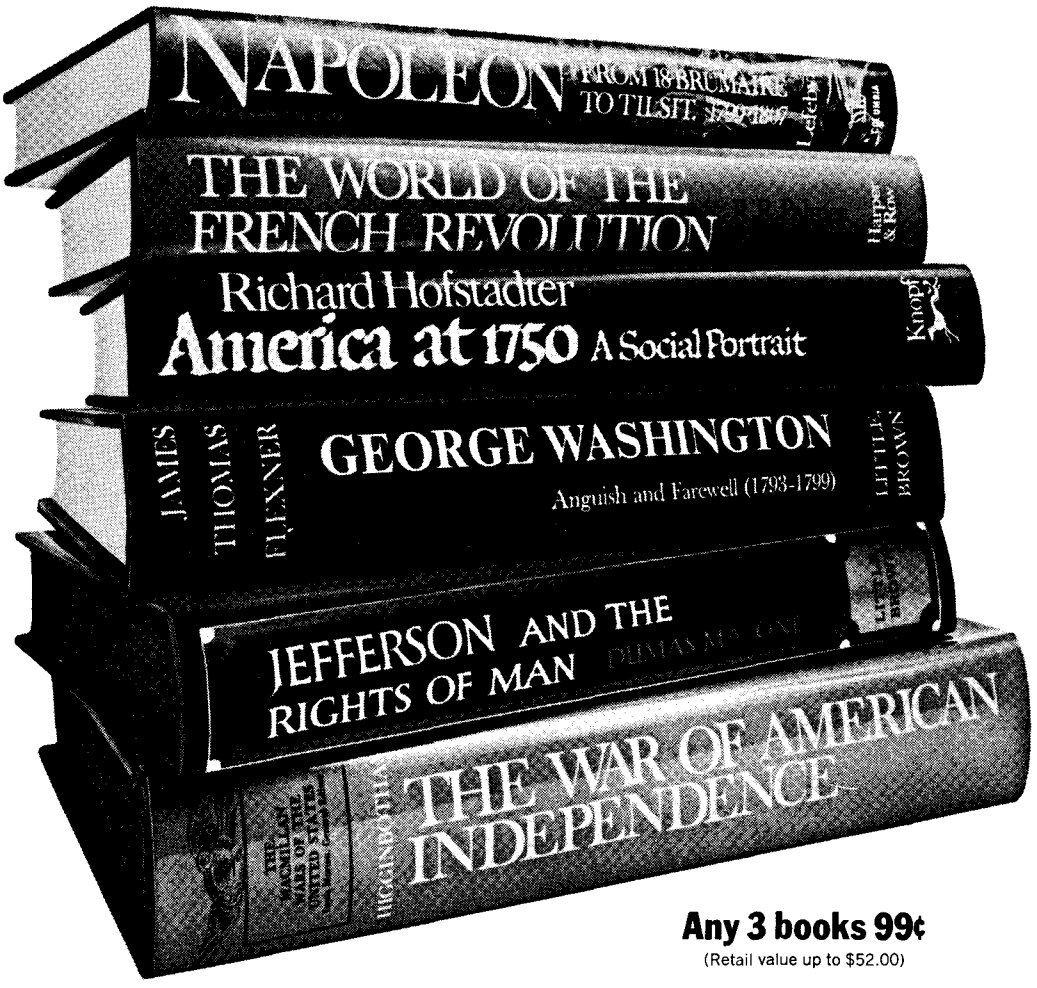
The change will do you good.

It will take you back to a time as chaotic, yet far more courtly than our own. A time when so many new social, political, and scientific ideas burst forth on our world that calling those years "The Enlightenment" is clearly an understatement.

That's why we invite you to pick any three books about the 18th Century (or indeed any three listed on this page) as your introduction to The History Book Club.

You get all three for only 99¢ when you choose a fourth at the low member's price. Then you simply take four more new books of history or world affairs during the coming year from the 150 offered each month. You get these at savings of $2, $3, or $4 off bookstore prices. And you also earn other savings through bonus books you select from the Club's entire list.

Mail the coupon. Choose a vacation that gives you distance, without the cost that normally entails.



Any 3 books 99¢

(Retail value up to $52.00)

First price is publisher's list.
Boldface shows member's price.

797. The War of American Independence: Military Attitudes, Policies and Practice, 1763-89
By Don Higginbotham. $12.95/**$8.95**

771. The World of the French Revolution
By R. R. Palmer. $8.50/**$6.75**

369. The Spanish Civil War
By Hugh Thomas. $12.50/**$8.50**

132. Jefferson and the Rights of Man
By Dumas Malone. $12.50/**$8.95**

239. George Washington: Anguish and Farewell (1793-1799)
By James Thomas Flexner. Fourth and final volume — just published. $15.00/**$9.75**

671. Medieval History: The Life and Death of a Civilization (2nd Edition)
By Norman F. Cantor. $11.50/**$8.50**

750. The German Dictatorship: The Origins, Structure, and Consequences of National Socialism
By Karl Dietrich Bracher. $13.95/**$9.50**

687. Anti-Intellectualism In American Life
By Richard Hofstadter. Pulitzer Prize winner. $7.95/**$5.95**

746. Empire of the Steppes: A History of Central Asia
By René Grousset. $17.50/**$9.95**

476. The Life of Lenin
By Louis Fischer. Winner of the National Book Award. $12.50/**$8.50**

657. The Creation of the American Republic, 1776-1787
By Gordon S. Wood. Bancroft Award winner. $15.00/**$9.95**

859. Let History Judge: The Origins and Consequences of Stalinism
By Roy A. Medvedev. $12.50/**$8.50**

606. Henry VIII
By John J. Scarisbrick. $10.95/**$7.65**

872. America at 1750: A Social Portrait
By Richard Hofstadter. His last book. $6.95/**$5.80**

898. Hitler and the Beer Hall Putsch
By Harold J. Gordon, Jr. $19.50/**$9.95**

877. Apache Chronicle: The Story of a People
By John Upton Terrell. $12.50/**$8.50**

736. The Quest for Theseus
Edited by Anne G. Ward. The historical reality behind the legends of the mythic slayer of the Minotaur and founder of Athens. $13.50/**$8.95**

222. Dragon by the Tail: American, British, Japanese and Russian Encounters with China and One Another
By John Paton Davies, Jr. $10.00/**$7.50**

791. Napoleon: From 18 Brumaire to Tilsit, 1799-1807
By Georges Lefebvre. $12.00/**$7.50**

The History Book Club
Stamford, Connecticut 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the books whose numbers I enter below. Bill those on the left at 99¢ for all three and the fourth at the low member's price—plus modest shipping charges.

[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

Within two weeks, I may return the books at your expense and owe nothing. Or I will take four more books within a year, always at reduced member's prices plus shipping. Thereafter, I may resign at any time.

WR 06S

Print Name

Address

City State Zip

In Canada: Mail to The History Book Club, 16 Overlea Blvd., Toronto M4H 1A6, Ontario

The History Book Club
Stamford, Connecticut 06904

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Page 12

Page 19

Page 62

October 23, 1973

FEATURES

4 Editorial *by N.C.*

6 Diversions *by Leo Rosten*

8 Letters From Readers

10 Top of My Head *by Goodman Ace*

16 World Progress Report

49 World Environment Newsletter

53 Curmudgeon-at-Large *by Cleveland Amory*

54 Manner of Speaking *by John Ciardi*

74 Light Refractions *by Thomas H. Middleton*

ARTICLES

THE OTHER AMERICA:

12 Military Rule in Latin America —Can It Spark a New Self-Reliance? *by Max Lerner*

JOURNEYS IN TORTILLA COUNTRY—SPECIAL SR/W TRAVEL REPORT

19 The Day of the Iguana *by Horace Sutton*

25 Three Stars Over Mexico *by Jerry Hulse*

30 Not on the Way to Anywhere *by Alan Riding*

35 Balaguer Is Beautiful *by James Whelan*

42 Brazil Puts a Boom in the Bossa Nova *by Joseph Sims*

46 The High Life at 8500 Feet *by Terry Johnson King*

BOOKS

55 Why Justice Fails *by Whitney North Seymour, Jr. Reviewed by Paul H. Weaver*

59 Bend Sinister *by Vladimir Nabokov Reviewed by Ed Grossman*

60 Books in Brief *by Dorothy Rabinowitz and Jane Majeski*

61 Trade Winds *by William Cole*

FINE ARTS

62 When I Think of Rome, I Think of Caravaggio *by Katharine Kuh*

SCIENCE SUPPLEMENT

65 Casting a Net on the Heavens *by Albert Rosenfeld*

66 The Outer Limits of Space *by Edward Edelson*

70 Chinese Medicine: A Truly Great Leap Forward *by Alton Blakeslee*

73 Science Research Notes

GAMESMANSHIP

58 Wit Twister No. 7 *by Arthur Swan*

75 Double-Crostic No. 35 *by Thomas H. Middleton*

76 Eye on Chess No. 35 *by Fairfield W. Hoban*

Cover photograph by Carl Frank: Photo Researchers

Cartoons: Lowell Hoppes, Malcolm Hancock, Jack Markow, W. Von Riegen, Bernard Schoenbaum

SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD published biweekly by SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Norman Cousins, President; S. Spencer Grin, Executive Vice-President; Nathan Cohn, Senior Vice-President and Treasurer; Richard L. Tobin, Senior Vice-President; Roland Gelatt, Editorial Vice-President; Joseph S. Iseman, Corporate Vice-President and Secretary; Lyn White, Vice-President, Corporate Relations; William J. McVey, Jr., Director of Advertising; Robert A. Burghardt, Vice-President of Advertising Services; Account Managers—Peter J. Brandon, Charles Harris, Fraser S. Howe, Walter G. Koontz, Larry Leins, Joseph Luyber, William H. Pearson, Richard Walsh; Advertising Production Manager, Robert Ziegler; Automotive Marketing Manager, Bruce E. Miller, 365 Notre Dame, Grosse Pointe, Mich. 48230; Advertising Representatives—Western Region, R. J. Friedman Associates, Inc., 3242 West Eighth Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; Midwestern Region, Joseph Wall & Associates, 400 Ascot Drive, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068; Southeastern Region, James A. Kridel, Inc., 7600 Red Road (Suite 215—A), Miami, Fla. 33143; Classified Advertising Manager, Charlotte Henkel; Fulfillment Manager, Gregory Rodgers. Subscription price in U.S. and its possessions, APO, FPO, & Canada: one year—$12; two years—$20; three years—$25 (all other countries—additional postage $2 per year). Vol. 1, No. 4, October 23, 1973. Back issues are $1 per copy. Entered as second-class mail in New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. © 1973 by SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35 mm microfilm and microfiche. SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc., assumes no responsibility for any non-commissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 2043, Rock Island, Ill. 61206, or phone Ms. André, 319-732-3451.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Six Great Sherries. One Great Name. Duff Gordon.

If you're a Sherry drinker, you know that the Duff Gordon name means great Sherry. It has meant that since 1768.

Today, the Duff Gordon name lives on in six great Sherries ranging from very sweet to very dry. Santa Maria Cream. No. 28. Nina. El Cid. Club Dry Amontillado. And Pinta.

So no matter what your taste may be in Sherry there's a Duff Gordon Sherry that will suit your taste.

Duff Gordon. Six great Sherries. One great name.

Duff Gordon Sherries

Sole Importer U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review World

Editor — Norman Cousins

Publisher — S. Spencer Grin

Managing Editor
Peter Young

International Editor
Roland Gelatt

Editorial Director
Horace Sutton

Executive Editor
Richard L. Tobin

Lively Arts Editor
Hollis Alpert

Literary Editor
Midge Decter

Music Editor
Irving Kolodin

Senior Editors
Hallowell Bowser • Roger M. Williams

Editors-at-Large
U Thant • R. Buckminster Fuller • J. Robert Moskin

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Cleveland Amory • Frank Appleton
James Cass • John Ciardi • William Cole
Henry Hewes • Fairfield W. Hoban • Peter Janssen
Stephen Koch • Katharine Kuh • Thomas H. Middleton
Albert Rosenfeld • Leo Rosten • Walter Terry
Margaret R. Weiss

Art Director
Judith Adel

Copy Editor
Harriet Heyman

Assistant Editors
Sharon Fass • Susan Heath
Dena Kaye • Susan Schiefelbein

Vice-Chairman
Walter H. Johnson, Jr.

Associate Publisher
Lyn White

Director of Advertising
William J. McVey, Jr.

America's Need to Know

Editor's Note: On September 18 a symposium on the subject "America's Need to Know" was held in New York under the auspices of the Magazine Publishers Association. The following editorial is adapted from a talk by the editor of SR/World *for that occasion.*

The subject before this symposium is "America's Need to Know." Need to know what? Obviously, the need to know the truth. Truth may be an esoteric language, as Carl Van Doren once suggested, but it is the only language that the U.S. government is authorized by its people to speak. Americans need not be grateful for being told the truth by their government; this is their natural right and expectation.

In recent years, however, a strange new notion has gained ground. It is the idea that government has options with respect to the truth. A possible beginning date for this departure is 1947, when the government was authorized by Congress to practice secret violence, deceit, and subversion as essential parts of the conduct of U.S. foreign policy.

The underlying theory was that we were living in a hard, predatory, cloak-and-dagger world and that the only way to deal with a potential totalitarian enemy was to imitate him.

We may live in a world of plot and counterplot, but we also live in a world of cause and effect. Whatever the cause for the decision to legitimize and regularize deceit abroad, the inevitable effect was the practice of deceit at home. Examples are not difficult to find. When it was revealed that the United States was secretly involved in an attempted coup against the government in Laos in 1959, we couldn't compartmentalize our denials. We couldn't tell the outside world that we had nothing to do with it and not expect the American people to be deceived along with everyone else.

Another example was the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution in 1964, which provided the legal basis for enlarged military operations in Indochina. It turned out that the administration had lied to Congress and the country about the episode in an attempt to obtain the authorizing resolution. Again, in 1966, the government announced a pause in the bombing of North Vietnam in order to probe for Hanoi's willingness to undertake negotiations. The bombing was resumed a month later with the announcement by the President that the efforts to arrange negotiations were unavailing. It was later learned that the probes had in fact turned up a positive response. Still another example: Late in 1971 the President declared that no military operations had been conducted against Cambodia. Pentagon officials testified to the same effect before a Congressional committee. It was later established that more than 3000 bombing operations had been carried out against Cambodia.

THE MAIN DANGER in all these and other episodes is represented not just by the break with truth but by the things we *did* that we had to deny. If truth is to mean anything, it must be a total process, including policies and actions of government that require neither concealment nor later denials or apologies.

Another prime liability of authorized lying in foreign policy is that it makes for bad habits. It makes officeholders casual about the practices of deception. In a world in which it is difficult to know where foreign policy ends and national policy begins, it is all too easy to transpose bad habits from one to the other. Not that it is all right to lie if the practice is confined to foreigners. The main point is that we went off the track the moment we went into the international business of deceit. From that point it was only a short and convenient step to use deceit and underhanded tactics in the general affairs of government at home.

It is all too easy to assume that all we have to do to correct these ominous failings is to identify rascals and throw them out. The cleansing process is essential, of course, but at some point soon it will be necessary to go beyond names and faces and to get at the structural flaws that have developed in government in recent years, flaws that will have to be repaired if an open society is to be preserved.

Truth in government will not assert itself. It has to be institutionalized. Truth needs a form of its own that transcends the men who happen to be in charge of the machinery of government at any given moment. This is what is meant by a government of laws rather than of men. This is what the main design produced by the Philadelphia Constitutional Convention of 1787–89 was all about. But this design has been slipping away from us in recent years. We have permitted exceptions from principle in the operation of our society, exceptions that should not be accommodated or metabolized. We have made it possible for men in government to become bigger than the laws they have sworn to uphold.

The problem, to repeat, is not met just by changing men. The problem can be

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

met only by restoring and bolstering the basic principles of the society. There should be a test at the earliest possible moment, for example, of the constitutionality of any government agency that can spend large sums without public accounting, or that can make decisions vitally affecting the foreign policy of this nation without constitutional sanction, or that can engage in subversion abroad.

Former Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, writing in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs*, proposes that only intelligence-gathering activities be maintained. "Specifically," he declares, "there should be no secret subsidies of police or counter-insurgency forces, no efforts to influence elections, no secret money subsidies."

Mr. Katzenbach's proposal seems incontestable. Nothing is more basic in American history than the need to respect the principle of self-determination for all peoples. It is no accident that the Declaration of Independence begins with a reference to a "decent respect for the opinions of mankind." This doesn't mean that all that is required of us is to acknowledge the existence of other peoples. What it means is that the rights of other people, including the right to truth from us, are no less inviolate than our own. For our society was dedicated to the proposition that it is a human enterprise before it is a national enterprise.

IT WILL BE SAID that we live in a chaotic and insecure world, that our style in the international arena is dictated by others, and that we have no choice but to play the game according to the way others play it.

Yet it is precisely because we have to take the world as it is that it becomes necessary to rise above the game if we wish to make our mark. We cannot expect to succeed in the world political arena by being more volatile than anyone else in the game of combustible anarchy. We will succeed only as we represent a rallying center in the world for a less hazardous and more sensible future for all people than is now apparent. We are apt to command a wider audience by talking about the possibilities for human progress than about shadowy balance-of-power or balance-of-terror strategies.

The proper model for America in its world position today is not Prince Metternich but Thomas Jefferson. And if we are looking for philosophical guidelines, we will find that James Madison and William James have far more to say to us than Niccolo Machiavelli.

Certainly let us take the world as it is. It is a world of anarchy, a world in which each nation regards its national security or national advantage as being its primary and frequently its solitary concern. But the sum total of all these individual national concerns is a volatile spew. There is not a government in the world that doesn't require traffic lights at the busy intersections of its metropolitan centers; yet the absurd notion persists that separate absolute national sovereignties can go their own way without mammoth collisions.

Everyone understands what happens when the machinery of law in a small community suddenly breaks down, but there is no comparable awareness of the dangers that confront every member of the human species because of the absence of law enforceable on nations. Heads of government unfailingly and unceasingly denounce lawlessness within their own countries; yet they totally resist the development of responsible law among themselves.

The essential truth, therefore, is that no rational process now exists for assuring the basic safety of the human species. We stumble into the future day-to-day, dependent for our survival more on the hope that our margin for error may not have been completely exhausted than on a working design for a peaceful world.

It is not reasonable or logical to assume that the national statesmen will lead the way in the taming of nations or in the rebuilding of the United Nations into a governed world. Do not expect, Alexander Hamilton wrote, nations to take the initiative in developing restraints upon themselves.

Governments are not built to perceive large truths. Only people can perceive great truths. Governments specialize in small and intermediate truths. They have to be instructed by their people in great truths. And the particular truth in which they need instruction today is that new means for meeting the largest problems on earth have to be created. Individual nations can unleash wars but are incapable individually of preventing them.

A single government cannot by itself keep the oceans from becoming a global sewer or the sky a poisonous canopy. Nor can a single government eliminate the need for the weapons that cost the world's people 250 billion dollars a year with resultant impoverishment.

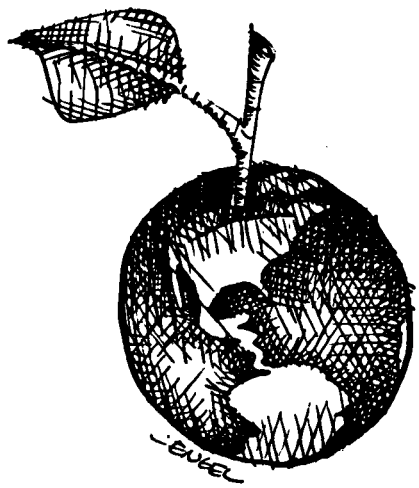
But an individual government can work with the large truth that our earth has to be governed. It can identify causes of world anarchy. It can come forward with a great design for safeguarding our small planet. It can recognize that we are dealing no longer with narrow concerns but with the safety of the human habitat.

The American people are paying a fearsome price today for the dominant condition of lawlessness among nations. This condition works back on the conditions of life inside the United States. It dominates the national budget. It is the prime cause of the inflation and the severe strain on our economy. It diverts energy, attention, and resources from our main needs. It subtracts from the quality of life. It makes a caricature of our ideals. It creates a mood and a context in which it is all too easy for the national security to be confused with the security of political parties or their leaders. It gives a President more personal options than it was originally intended he should have; nor is it healthy for the American people that he should have such options.

The big challenge, therefore, is to create a situation in which truth can live a less unnatural and precarious existence than at present, and in which the right to know doesn't depend on special dispensations. We do this best by making the achievement of world law the central and open objective of our foreign policy.

Any nation that comes forward with such a design can expect to be rebuffed. But there is a distinction between rebuff and defeat. There is no defeat for the American people when they tie themselves to the great idea that human intelligence is equal to human needs. Beyond the clamor of clashing ideologies and the preening and jostling of sovereign tribes, there is a safer and more responsible world waiting to be created.

N.C.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

News Items That Haunt Me

From time to time, which is the best way to avoid tiresome specificity, I receive letters from students of English, begging me to enlighten them on such cosmic problems as, "Whose work has influenced you the most?" or even "What advice can you give to aspiring young authors?"

My answers are ruthlessly candid: "I was influenced most by the genes I inherited, which gave me the constitution of a horse."

To the second query, I reply: My advice to aspiring young authors is to stop aspiring, especially during hot weather. If you simply *must* write, write nothing except best-sellers. Careful research has proved that best-sellers sell more copies than any other type of book.

Earnest majors in sociology sometimes write to ask, "Of all the things you read or have read, which gives or has given you the most pleasure and reward?"

To this, I always reply: "a newspaper."

The statement is true. It doesn't matter where I am or how I feel or what preoccupies me at the moment: *Nothing* is as delicious, intriguing, surprising, risible, or plain incredible to me as—a newspaper. I once described this marvelous progeny of Gutenberg as "a glorious bazaar, a circus of wonders and follies, a forum, a side show, a school, a stage."

This tribute is amply reinforced by the news items I have clipped and filed away for periodic rereading. They may enchant you as they did (and forever do) me:

SUIT THIEF IS WORSTED

LONDON—As Bernard Hill walked along a London street, he saw another man wearing his best suit. When Mr. Hill angrily demanded it back, the thief stripped off the suit and ran away in his underwear.

I can think of few things more discombobulating than meeting your own suit walking toward you, and few sights more rewarding than that of the heister dashing down the street in his skivvies.

And what sociological datum can compare with this simple ad in a Los Angeles paper?—

WEDDING GOWNS FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

It gives one to think.

Or take this dipsy-doodle, from *The New York Times*:

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has a problem—an extra pair of petrified hands.

The museum received the hands in the mail, along with a note saying that they had been stolen from the museum. But a check showed that all of the museum's mummies had hands.

If any Egyptian reader needs an extra petrified hand, I'm sure the people in Boston will be tickled pink to send him one.

And what red-blooded American can fail to sympathize with the plight of a fellow countryman in this contretemps, admirably reported by *The New York Times*?:

TEL AVIV—An American tourist picked up a hotel telephone and asked for a Seven-Up. The switchboard operator answered, in a charming accent: "Seven-Up? Yes, *sir*."

The beverage never arrived, but the next morning the tourist was awakened punctually at 7:00.

All you have to do is read the papers to be convinced that *nothing* is too wild for human wiles or credulity. Viz, from the London *Telegraph*:

A man who removed a stuffed tiger from a zoo's publicity display at Waterloo Station got no farther with it than the taxi rank.

The police arrived as he was trying to get into a taxicab with the stuffed animal, with the help of the driver and a porter. The tiger, a rare Sumatran specimen valued at £500, was too big to go into the vehicle.

At Croydon Crown Court, Samuel William Smith, fifty, was found not guilty of stealing the tiger. Smith told the court that while he was looking at the display, a youth told him he could have the tiger for £35.

"He said that as the exhibition was closing that night, the stuffed animals were for sale cheaply. I thought it was a bargain at the price; but because he [the youth] was so young, I hesitated. He suggested I phone Chessington Zoo for confirmation, and wrote down the zoo's phone number.

"I went straight to a kiosk and rang up the number. A man replied: 'Zoo here. . . . Can I help you?' I said I was interested in buying the tiger in Waterloo Station, and could he confirm that the price was £35? He did. So I asked a porter to help me put the animal into a taxi.

"A railway policeman came up to the taxi and asked where I was taking the tiger. I said I was taking it home to my wife. He arrested me for taking the animal without permission of the rightful owners."

Smith told the court he now believed he had been hoaxed, because the phone number the youth had given him must be another phone box right in Waterloo Station.

If that isn't quick thinking, I'd like to know what is.

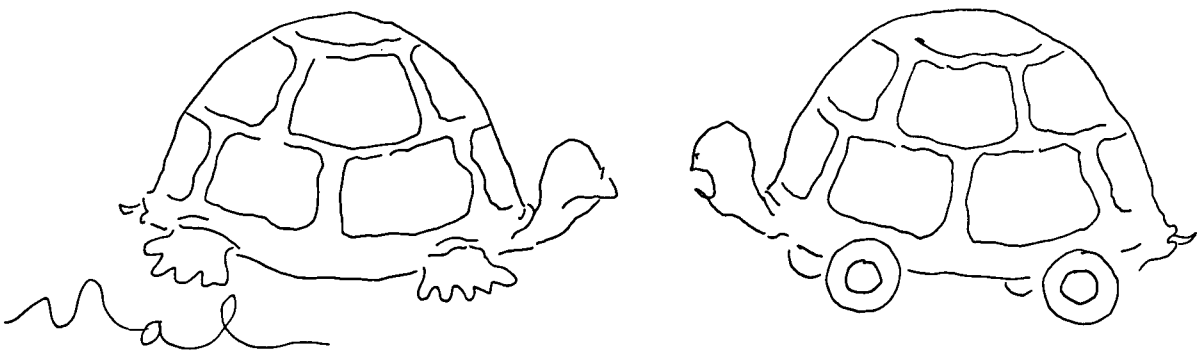
The *National Observer*, I think, recently filled space with this eye-popper:

LONDON (AP)—David Wickens, thirty-four, has bought the 300-room Tiddington Manor near Cheltenham and plans to spend the next one and a half years of sleeping at night for a week in each of the seventy bedrooms.

What I like best about this somnial datum is the caption given it by some unsung genius:

BEDSIDE MANOR

The correspondence column in the Arts and Leisure section of the Sunday *New York Times* featured this contribu-



"What's the matter? Haven't you ever seen a mobile home before?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion to our understanding of the Bard of Avon:

To the Editor:

I wholeheartedly agree with Harris Green's criticism of A. J. Antoon's recent production of *Much Ado About Nothing*. If Shakespeare had wished the play set in the time of Teddy Roosevelt, he would have written it that way.

Jerome F. Levy
Dresher, Pennsylvania

For drollery, of course, no people can match the English. An issue of *Punch* I would not part with for a thousand rupees contained this passage:

The *Daily Telegraph* has tersely announced that the Army Dental Corps Museum had acquired a seventy-year-old bar of chocolate.

The mind boggling, it must retreat into other speculations, such as why the army has to have a dental museum and what is on display there, old chocolate apart.

Only teeth of distinction, we imagine, or of historic military significance. A ruined bicuspid of General Wolfe's, perhaps, with a note explaining that this was why he didn't cooperate when George II wanted him to bite some of his other generals.

For the finale, I give you this item from the Personal columns in the back of the very magazine you are holding in your hand:

Are you prepared if the President drops in for a surprise visit? Every home should have a record of "Hail to the Chief" at hand to avoid embarrassment. The harmonica arrangement to this inspiring musical tribute is now available. WM, Box FW.

I sent for the recording at once. I would not want to embarrass *any* President who dropped in on me for a surprise visit.

I am also having a recording made of "Hatikvah." □

© 1973 by Leo Rosten.

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 58): owlets, towels, lowest.

Mary A. Grant
Lawrence, Kansas

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-GRAM NO. 34

(DONALD W.) GOODWIN (M.D.):
THE MUSE AND THE MARTINI

Writing . . . is hard work. In Anthony Burgess's words, it is "excruciating to the body: It engenders tobacco addiction, an over-reliance on caffeine and Dexedrine, piles, dyspepsia, chronic anxiety, sexual impotence." How he overlooked alcohol addiction is a mystery.

From the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, April 2, 1973.

Nine million young Americans get a subsidy.

(Thank heavens.)

If you have a youngster in college, we don't have to tell you anything about rising costs. You're feeling it.

But whether you have college-age kids or not, you know tuition, like everything else, is higher than ever.

And, yet, that's but part of the story.

For every dollar paid in tuition, our colleges and universities have to come up with additional dollars from other sources. Depending upon the college, subsidies cover from 25% to 95% or more of the cost of a college education.

America needs these "subsidies." For we need more college-trained minds. And that's the point of this appeal.

To the extent you can afford to give to the college of your choice, give to the college of your choice.

The need is real. And immediate.

The education of nine million young Americans is at stake.

Give to the college of your choice. Now.

CFAE Council for Financial Aid to Education, Inc.
680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

A Public Service of This Magazine &
The Advertising Council
Ad Council

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters From Readers

Friends of the Phoenix

It has indeed been a day of celebration in my small world to have SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD at my side. *Saturday Review of Literature* was my constant companion. . . . It was always there. At times it was read hurriedly, partially due to lack of time, but it was there like an old friend. Even though my primary interest has always been literature and my first love was the written word, I was happy to see SRL branch out into other areas that were of interest to me or to any reasonably intelligent human being with an awareness of the world in which we live, like it or not.

In an ever shrinking world and an ever more complex world society, it is, to my way of thinking, also appropriate that WORLD is now added to emphasize that we are not alone on this globe. . . . It was the diversity of *Saturday Review* that appealed to me. Granted that such diversity would limit the coverage given to any one field, it was thorough enough to give a well-rounded picture and to stimulate thinking in sundry directions, which one could always pursue more thoroughly if so inclined. It is good to have an old, reliable friend back with us.

Ann Thomas
Miami, Florida

I have just had a chance to read and digest the September issue of SR/W. I was quite disappointed. . . . The graphics and artwork were dull and lifeless. The writers, although obviously attempting to put their best feet forward, presented a monologue style similar to that of many newspapers. Perhaps I am being overly critical of the first issue. . . . I do agree fully, however, with your philosophy that a magazine should reflect the editors' views and not those of the intended market. Perhaps with future issues, our tastes will become less incongruous.

Stephen M. Sessler
Atlanta, Georgia

I want to share with you my enthusiastic support of SR/W and extend my heartfelt wishes for continued excellence in providing a vehicle that truly reflects abiding concern for humanitarian values.

I have been involved in many attempts to unearth the keys to human dignity, from the civil rights movement in 1963, when I went to Mississippi in search of some fundamental mechanism for the unleashing of human potential, until today, as I search for structural formats that will allow children to develop the sensitivity and sensibilities of caring and concerned adults. As the excitement and intensity of the earlier years mellow into the daily realization of my own enrichment through commitment, I have come to value the delightful *ambiance* of your magazine. . . .

The continued life of SR/W represents a beacon of light and hope for those of us who are daily engaged in the struggle to maintain human values in a chaotic world.

Mark H. Weiss, Ph. D.
Spartanburg, South Carolina

. . . Your editorial ("A New World for SR," September 11) was like drinking fresh water after a long, long drought. The positive, compassionate, healthy, objective viewpoints are just what the world needs. I'm tired of negativism, barbarism, hedonism, the bizarre, the ridiculous, and the extremes. . . . Every page I turned in SR/W was like coming home after a long time away.

Rose Jane Townsend
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

. . . Since SR/W "seeks to become a magazine on the human situation," it has an opportunity, even an obligation, to explore the newest and deepest realms of scientific, experiential, and intellectual revolution (evolution); to give its readers the gift of highest value; to expose them to the wonders of truth in words they can understand and in ways that inspire them to ponder and grow. This is the most noble task. This is love for man. SR/W's ability to be of real service to mankind is limited only by the degree of its aspirations. We are all participants in the ultimate contest.

Joseph Kloss
Hyattsville, Maryland

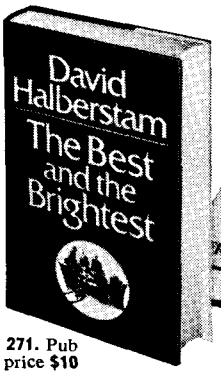
. . . Most particularly we thank you for reminding the American people that high moral purpose has not gone out of style nor become a roadblock in the way of progress.

Mimi Turner
Petersburg, Virginia

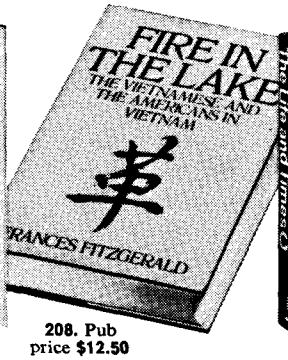
"I want to apply for an unlisted zip code."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

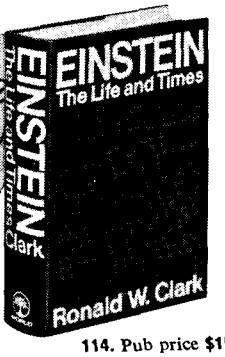
If you have a special interest in contemporary history...



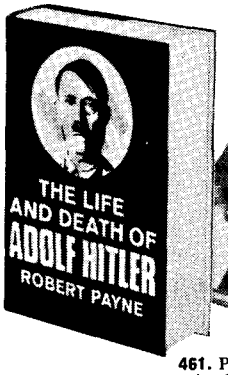
271. Pub price $10



208. Pub price $12.50



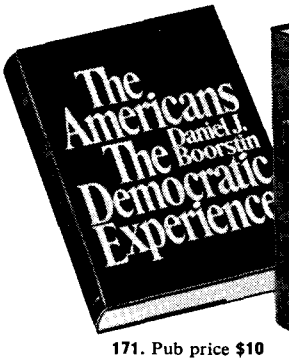
114. Pub price $15



461. Pub price $12.95

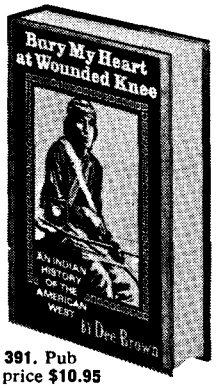
398. MARILYN
A Biography *by* NORMAN MAILER
More than 100 photographs
(Pub price $19.95)

isn't this a good time to join the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB® ?



171. Pub price $10

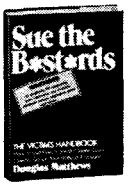
292. Pub price $10



391. Pub price $10.95

196. THE MATLOCK PAPER *by* ROBERT LUDLUM
(Pub price $7.95)

511. Pub price $10



505. Pub price $6.95

260. THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS
(Pub price $12.50)

318. WINES OF AMERICA *by* LEON D. ADAMS
(Pub price $10.95)

490. THE LUSITANIA *by* COLIN SIMPSON
Photographs
(Pub price $8.95)

156. STILWELL AND THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE IN CHINA 1911-1945 *by* BARBARA W. TUCHMAN
Photographs
(Pub price $10)

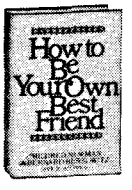
495. Pub price $10.95

197. THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK OF HOUSE PLANTS *by* JOAN LEE FAUST
Illustrated
(Pub price $9.95)

469. THE CHILDREN OF COLUMBUS *by* ERIK AMFITHEATROF
(Pub price $8.95)

499. BRIGHT BOOK OF LIFE *by* ALFRED KAZIN
(Pub price $8.95)

267. THE SALAMANDER *by* MORRIS WEST
(Pub price $7.95)



296. Pub price $4.95

140. THE COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D.
3rd rev. ed.
Illustrated
(Pub price $9.95)

359. SUPER NATURE *by* LYALL WATSON
(Pub price $7.95)

352. Pub price $10

314. THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL LOTTERY *by* LARRY MERCHANT
(Pub price $7.50)

127. THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST
Edited by EDWARD CONNERY LATHEM
(Pub price $10.95)

245. WHAT DO YOU SAY AFTER YOU SAY HELLO? *by* ERIC BERNE, M.D.
(Pub price $10)

478. Pub price $7.95

507. THE VICTIM IS ALWAYS THE SAME *by* I. S. COOPER, M.D.
Photographs
(Pub price $6.95)

431. Pub price $15

CHOOSE ANY 4 FOR ONLY $1

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at special members' prices

BOOKS THAT ANALYZE, interpret and discuss the major events and ideas of our time are among the hundreds offered each month by the Book-of-the-Month Club. The trial suggested here will prove, by your own experience, how effectually membership in the Club can **keep you from missing** these and other important books.

As long as you remain a member, you will receive the Book-of-the-Month Club *News*, a literary magazine announcing the coming Selection and describing other important books, most of which are available at substantial discounts – up to **40%** on more expensive volumes. All of these books **are identical to the publishers' editions in format, size and quality.**

If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, *for every Club Selection or Alternate you buy,* at least one Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.50** – somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes or sets – will entitle you to a Book-Dividend® which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes available over the year. This unique library-building system enables members to save **70% or more** of what they would otherwise have to pay.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
280 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

518. NINETY-TWO IN THE SHADE *by* THOMAS MC GUANE
(Pub price $6.95)

491. Pub price $10

375. OUR BODIES, OURSELVES *by* THE BOSTON WOMEN'S HEALTH BOOK COLLECTIVE
Photographs
(Pub price $8.95)

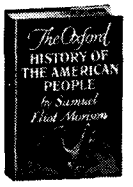
371. THE PROPHET *by* KAHLIL GIBRAN
Illus. *Boxed Deluxe Edition*
(Pub price $10)

514. THE HONORARY CONSUL *by* GRAHAM GREENE
(Pub price $7.95)

236. HUMAN SEXUALITY *by* JAMES LESLIE MC CARY
2nd edition
(Pub price $14.50)

255. SEXUALITY AND HOMOSEXUALITY
A New View *by* ARNO KARLEN
(Pub price $15)

496. THE WORLD OF APPLES *by* JOHN CHEEVER
(Pub price $5.95)

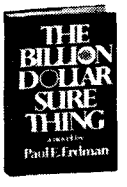


234. Pub price $15

501. THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER'S HANDBOOK *by* AARON SUSSMAN
1973 Edition
Illustrated
(Pub price $8.95)

132. AUGUST 1914 *by* ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN
(Pub price $10)

194. TARGET BLUE *by* ROBERT DALEY
(Pub price $8.95)



521. Pub price $6.95

177. ELEANOR AND FRANKLIN *by* JOSEPH P. LASH
Photographs
(Pub price $12.50)

244. THE NEW YORK TIMES COOK BOOK *by* CRAIG CLAIBORNE. Illus.
(Pub price $9.95)

415. WORLD WITHOUT END, AMEN *by* JIMMY BRESLIN
(Pub price $6.95)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

One Man's Loan Is Another Man's Lien

Dear Mr. Greenwald:

For more years than I care to remember, you have been our accountant—certified, bona fide, deified. Have I ever before written to you complaining about your tax estimates? No! Never!

However, after this year's tax bite, I have finally figured out what is wrong with you. You are honest! I recognized that grievous fault the day you sat for three hours adding, multiplying, with a minimum of subtracting. You rose from the desk and stretched. You gave yourself away when you arched your back. Mr. G., you have been bending over backward to be honest.

Come with me, sir, into our new era of permissiveness. Not one deduction for which I fought last year did you permit. You kept saying, "Dick Nixon won't like that; the government won't pay for those deductions." And you added, "It's not honest!" Man, don't you read the papers?

Listen, somebody buys a ten-room home, with five bedrooms, in San Clemente. The price is $1.4 million. He gets a loan of $625,000 from a friend. The friend later creates an investment company, which buys the 23.1 acre tract surrounding the home for $1,249,000 and, in doing so, wipes out the $625,000 loan and erases the lien on the home.

Can't you do little things like that for me? Don't you have a pencil with an eraser? No! You keep sticking to your old math. Since you began accounting, Mr. G., a lot of water has flowed under the gate.

REMEMBER LAST SPRING? I told you we were planning to landscape the long terrace of our apartment. It wasn't to be a big deal—nothing like the $76,000 landscape caper at San Clemente. Just some flowers I could smell when I'm sitting out there thinking of something to write. I create best when I'm smelling flowers. It's a deductible business expense.

But you said that smelling flowers is not a business expense. The government isn't going to pay for flowers. "If you want to smell," you said, "plant your own garden." So I did. And for the first time in botanical history, tulips came up upside down. And not one bee demeaned itself by walking around to the back door of one of my tulips to beg for a cup of honey.

Let's go now to last June and early July, a "time frame" our President designated as Salute America Week. We had made plans to sit on our terrace, where we were going to install our flag on a pole. Surely the government would allow a deduction for that. Nothing as grand as the San Clemente flagpole, which, according to the General Services Administration, cost $587, plus $1853 to install and $476 to paint. Ours was to be a small pole, complete with a can of paint.

Again you said the government wouldn't pay me to be patriotic and added that Dick Nixon wouldn't like that. But believe me, Mr. G., our President would have thought it a sorry sight to see my wife and me sitting out there, celebrating the Fourth of July with two small flag decals pasted on the terrace windows.

Then this fall I spoke to you about installing an electric heating system in our apartment. No $13,500 system as in S.C. A modest electric system, much needed for our security against the winter and the icy drafts that seep through our twenty-fifth-floor windows.

I wasn't too surprised when you told me the government wouldn't pay for that. What hurt me most—and that's why I'm writing you—was when my wife improvised a couple of rasping coughs and you said sternly, "Sorry, you'll have to pay for it yourself." Which sounded to me as if you had said, "Sorry, you'll have to cough up the money yourself."

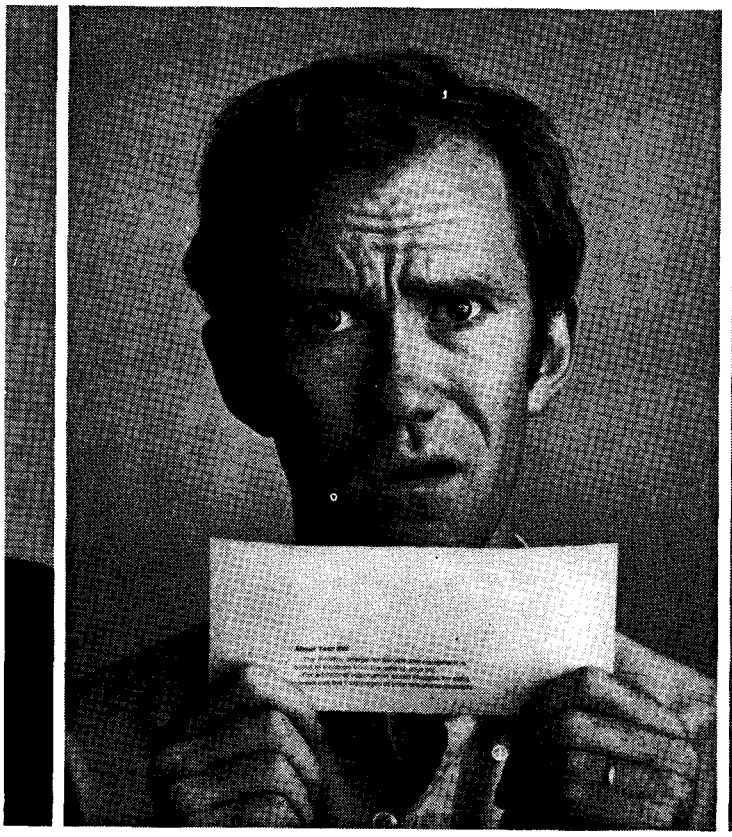
You make every item I want to deduct seem as if I were asking for $7515 worth of picture frames, or a $100,000 golf course, or $3800 for a couple of golf carts, or $999 for fertilizer. (I guess they got that at a sale.)

In closing, Mr. Greenwald, as our President has so often said, I think you are out to get me. You are just too precise. I suggest we have a talk about eating higher off the hog—the affluent lifestyle set by our leader. And when we meet, will you please, in your precise manner, stop pronouncing the second *c* in Connecticut. It's driving me up a wall.

And another thing: Please stop referring to our President as Dick Nixon. If you simply have to be familiar—and honest—try Rich Nixon. □

Wrong number?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Error on your phone bill?

We'll take care of it.

If you reach a wrong number when you're dialing a toll call, let the operator know about it as soon as it happens. We'll help you get the charge removed.

If the call does turn up on your bill, or if you are charged for a call you didn't make, just call your local Bell business office.

We know mistakes can happen. A service representative will be happy to correct any that turn up on your bill.

At AT&T and your local Bell Company, we agree: you shouldn't have to pay for calls you didn't make.

We hear you.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Military Rule—Can It Spark a New Latin Self-Reliance?

An overlooked continent seeks a stable identity of its own, even if it requires military power until the technocrats can create modern nations, internally free, and free, too, of foreign control.

By Max Lerner

The generals are on the move in Latin America—that much is certain, on a continent where much else is uncertain. The army overthrow of the Allende regime in Chile, a country with a strong tradition of a non-political soldiery, is added evidence of the sway of the generals. The *golpe*, or coup, has long been part of the landscape in South America, where the democracies are still young, the class gulf wide, the political emotions intense and volatile, and the leaders colorful.

Yet even on this score the changes in climate are becoming evident. The military regimes are no longer run, as they used to be, by a single charismatic tyrant with the nimbus of god or devil around him. The greater likelihood is that the junta members are somewhat anonymous men—professional soldiers, often trained in technical schools, and with little of the personal flair that Latin American dictators used to have. If they are not themselves technocrats in uniform, they seek out technocrats to carry out the self-imposed mandate the generals have assumed.

This is not the picture that most Americans have of the change or of the other America to the south. But that is because most of us have not really been watching. It bears watching. Speaking to a U.N. group just after the coup that toppled Allende and sent him to his death, whether by his own hand or not, an economist sympathetic to his regime urged the American people to "keep the Chilean drama in mind." It was a plea worth heeding.

The thing that strikes a North American like myself, traveling in Latin America, talking to students, media people, officials, businessmen, military men, is what one might call the paradox of caring. They keep asking why it is that North Americans pay so little attention to Latin America, and they profess not to care about it, one way or another. But the fact that they press the question shows that they do care about the answer.

They care, not because their huge neighbor to the north is rich and powerful—although wealth and power do count in the Latin American mind—but because there is a new awareness in the Americas to the south, a new phase in the centuries-old search for identity, and their self-image today is of immense importance to them. To get at that self-image, they must see themselves in the mirror of others.

Hence their persistent questions: Why do (North) Americans take them for granted? Why do the U.S. papers print Latin American news, only when there is a revolution or a major nationalization of a big American corporation in a Latin American country? Why does the State Department send down what many Latin Americans regard as second-rate diplomats? Why do U.S. Presidents visit Peking and Moscow, London and Paris and Bonn, but not Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires and Mexico City? Why do American universities concentrate on Soviet studies, Chinese studies, Asian studies, European studies, Middle East studies, African studies, but leave Latin American studies out in the cold? Why is there a Year of Europe in the strategic lexicon of Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger, after a decade of Vietnam and Cambodia, but no signs of a Year of Latin America?

And not least, Why do streams of American tourists flow into the tired channels of sightseeing in Paris, Rome, London, when the more dramatic glories of Palenque, Copán, Mérida, Chichén Itzá, Lake Titicaca, Cuzco, and Machu Picchu get only rivulets of attention?

In form these are questions thrust at convenient visitor targets like myself; in fact they are questions turned inward, self-explorations, tentatives toward a self-image, probings of awareness for a continent. The probings go with the territory. This is a continent settled from Asia, the scene of proud Mayan, Aztec, and Inca empires. Then it was discovered by voyagers from Europe, conquered by Spanish adventurers, and ruled for centuries by Spanish viceroys, landlords, and clerics, liberated by young, swashbuckling idealists, mostly *criollo* aristocrats, only to be conquered again from within by home-grown despots and *caudillos*. Finally Latin America was invaded again by an industrial Goliath, whose military attachés acted as viceroys and whose

---

Max Lerner, author, lecturer, and syndicated columnist, has recently returned from a trip to Latin America.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

multinational corporations were proconsuls. What could such a continent do except search for some unifying identity that would give meaning to struggle and survival in the midst of such tragic enactments?

Accordingly, the peoples of the continent sought a symbol of common effort and identity at each phase of their history. First in a common front of enslaved and broken peoples against the Spaniards. Then in following and almost deifying the Liberators (Bolívar and San Martín), who were themselves carried along in confusion on the tumultuous torrent they had set in motion. Then in yielding themselves—sometimes with enthusiasm—to a series of dictators on horseback—Iturbide, Rosas, Gomez, Vargas, Pérez, Jiménez, Trujillo, Perón, Batista, Castro himself. Then in rediscovering the heritage and reality of the Indian, on whose sweat and toil (especially in Central America and the Andean countries) so much of the social superstructure had been erected and whose early communities had possessed an organic character that many of the New Left intellectuals perceived as the road not taken. Then (especially for these intellectuals) in the ideologies of Marxism and the romanticizing of desperate guerrilla bands, whether in the mountains or the cities; finally in the common pathos of underdevelopment and the cult of salvation by industrial growth.

UPI

Aftermath of a coup—Chilean riot police patrol downtown Santiago following the military take-over of the government of Marxist President Salvador Allende.

TODAY THE QUEST CONTINUES, but there are new directions for Latin American energies, struggles, awareness. The day of the oligarchies is past. They are having to move to the back of the stage, and they are even unable to function behind the scenes, manipulating their puppets.

Everyone is more or less on the Left in Latin America, including the rightists. Whatever the actions may be, the language is liberal, welfarist, progressive, Populist, or Marxist. This applies to the Church, the big family-business corporations, even the military. It would be hard for a conservative—in the Buckley, Kilpatrick, or Kirk sense—to get a teaching post in a university or be a regular commentator in the press: He would have to teach or write as a moderate who is critical of socialism and a planned economy.

The earlier *caudillos* also have had their day. The return of Perón to power in Argentina is a special case of nostalgia for a golden age when wages were high, prices tolerable, welfare benefits bountiful, and the trade unions had a friend in power. Perón today, in his late seventies, is thus a throwback to the past—to the era of his earlier flourishing—and he is unlikely to set a fresh pattern in other countries. The earlier Perón captured power and developed authority; the current Perón returned with authority, and a new tenure of power followed. The most interesting thing about the new Perón is that he himself has become an arena in which the left and right wings of his movement contend for power, each pulling him in its own direction, neither of them able to win power except through him.

The guerrilla movements are also subsiding in importance. They may still be nuisance methods for kidnaping executives of foreign corporations and throwing a fright into the multinationals; but they are not a viable path to power in any country, including Bolivia, Venezuela, Brazil, Argentina, Colombia, even Uruguay, the scene of the American kidnaping that gave Costa-Gavras the film theme for *State of Siege*.

This doesn't mean that the students and young professionals who formed the nucleus of the guerrillas are no longer important but that they are in no sense decisive in the fate of the nation. The armed campus no longer exists anywhere. No military elite would tolerate it and still keep its prestige or self-image.

Even more important, the ideological climate that made possible the machine guns and arms cache on the campus, and the guerrillas with their legion of sympathizers and their "safe houses," has been transformed. Soviet communism has lost the halo it had earlier, and with it has gone the Castro cult, since the Cuban leader is so closely identified with Moscow. In its place has come a trend toward fragmentary "socialist" movements and parties, in part inspired by the "socialism with a human face" of the Czech experiment, before the Soviet tanks crushed it, and in part vaguely Maoist. We still don't know what will come of this trend, given another decade of growth.

For the present the two strongest movements, cutting across all the national variations in regimes, are economic nationalism and the political trend of the military elites.

ECONOMIC NATIONALISM is the strong, new battle cry. It has the double merit of rallying the party and nation against a foreign "imperialist" target, thus helping to unify both of them while also providing a loose frame for common sentiment and action among a number of nations that have the same enemy symbol in mind. The United States is of course the enemy symbol, and economic nationalism is thus the newest chapter in the long history of anti-Americanism among the Americas to the south. But it is a shrewder form; it isn't wholly negative; it doesn't depend on Marxist concepts or ideology; it is superior to the earlier "undeveloped nations" theme and the bitterness about the failure of aid, since it stresses not economic dependence but economic independence.

Currently, economic nationalism operates wherever the going rules and arrangements between the particular nation

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the United States are felt to need drastic change. This applies to the territorial-waters disputes, in which a number of nations are now claiming a 200-mile fishing limit as against the earlier ones. It applies to the ending of concessions contracts with foreign corporations, on the very solid ground that a sovereign people can reclaim their natural resources even though former regimes have signed them away. It applies to new "participation" agreements, which form the trend with oil agreements and which may be happening soon in Venezuela but may be relevant to other kinds of resources and operations as well. It even applies to nationalization, again because no government can sign away a people's basic sovereignty.

In the past the U.S. government and people have found nationalization more traumatic than any other event, because it touched the sensitive property nerve of Americans. For the future—provided there is some kind of compensation deal—they will have to lump it even if they don't like it. For not only the Marxist and other militant regimes and parties are committed to it but even the centrist Catholic Democratic parties. It is part of the fierce pride of the Latin peoples that they should have the right and power to take this ultimate step toward the holdings of foreign companies. It is a way of meeting their deeply inbred inferiority feeling toward the United States.

Does this mean that all left-of-center regimes are likely to be nationalizing their big corporations and that the ideological differences have been wiped out between the Catholic Democrats (as in Venezuela) and the socially conscious military regimes (as in Peru and Brazil, each in its own way)? No, it doesn't. This was sharply illustrated by a conversation I had with the mines and petroleum minister of the Venezuelan government. He had more than hinted that the government might act to take over the oil companies well before the expiration of the established terminal date. I asked whether he felt the same way about Venezuelan corporations, controlled by a number of affluent and powerful families that support his Catholic Democratic party. No, he shot back; that would be socialism, while the action on the foreign oil companies is merely economic nationalism.

It would have been idle to argue that state socialism and state capitalism are defined by how the industrial apparatus is owned and managed and where the decisions are made and where the profits go, and not by where the capital originally came from. The fact is that economic nationalism suits the present mood, attitude, economic need, and political convenience of Latin America, and it is here to stay.

Photographs: Wide World

Perón—"His return to power in Argentina is a special case of nostalgia for a golden age. . . ."

The second grand theme currently is the role of the military elites. Huey Long once said that if America ever goes Communist, it will be the fascists who will take it over. This was oversimple but with a shrewd grain of truth. One might say (also an oversimplification) that if the Latin American continent moves all the way to socialism in one form or another, it will not be the Castros and Allendes who will do it but the military elites.

What is happening is that the old ideological conflicts are being played out now not in the legislatures and trade unions and universities but in the barracks and military-cadet colleges. When the leftist Goulart regime scared the generals in Brazil, they formed a junta and took over and have remained in power ever since, dealing harshly with political opponents (including, at times, the use of torture), disarming the armed campuses, but also making use of good economic technocrats in dealing with inflation, expanding production, and prosperity. It is a right-of-center military regime, but independent politically and diplomatically, and an economic success story. It is likely to serve as a model for other right-of-center military elites, in a way the Argentinian regime failed to do.

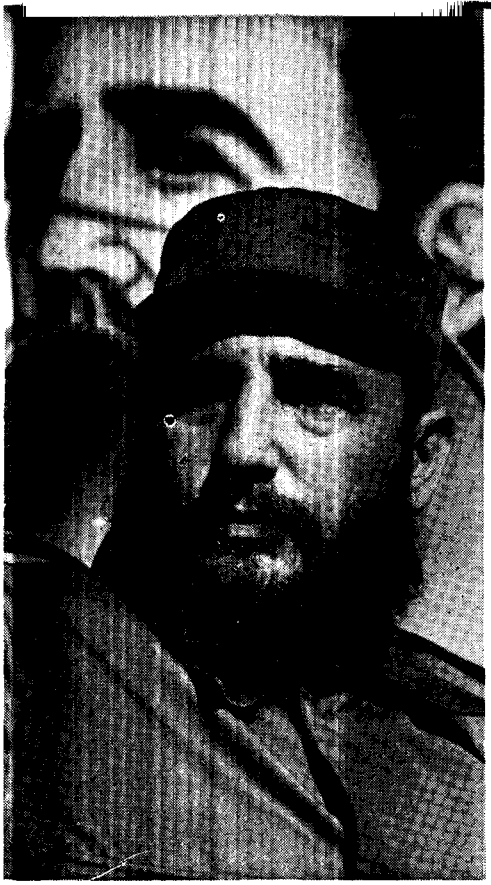
THE LEFT-OF-CENTER PARALLEL to Brazil is likely to be Peru. It furnishes a striking case history of how an elite entangles itself in coping with an internal enemy and takes over many of the features it has been fighting. One of the acronyms that frightened the possessing classes and the military in Peru from the mid-1920s until the early 1960s was APRA, the populist semi-Marxist party and program of Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre, who went back to the Inca collectivism for his mystique. However, he joined that technique with a modern social consciousness that left its mark on the leaders of the democratic Left of the past quarter-century. Returning from a long exile, Haya de la Torre modified and mellowed his doctrines, won a following, and twice would have become president if the military had not intervened.

But today, on the division of land among the peasants, on the nationalization of foreign corporations, on the control of the press through workers' associations, the Left military regime of Peru owes as much to its old APRISTA enemy as to the Nasser-style socialism that some of the younger officers have cultivated.

The Right-Center military regimes, like Brazil, Bolivia, and Uruguay, are perhaps less caught up in economic nationalism than the Left-Center regimes of Peru and Ecuador, but they too are drawn into its vortex. It was the blunder of Allende's Left civilian regime in Chile to threaten the independent classes—small landowners, small entrepreneurs, shopkeepers, bus and truck owners, large Chilean (not foreign) firms, professional classes—with the specter of state take-over. The result was a situation of economic resistance and chaos, which led to the overthrow of the Allende regime and the take-over of power by a military junta.

However, nationalism in itself, whether economic or military, will not win for the Latin American countries the freedom of action or the self-image they long for. To expropriate a foreign corporation may be a necessary decision, and a viable one if there is a trained native technical and managerial group; but while it adds to the *élan* of the people, it will not in itself solve much. To call in the military

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Castro—"Soviet communism has lost the halo it had earlier, and with it has gone the cult of Castro. . . ."

Allende—"The blunder of his regime was to threaten the independent classes . . . with the specter of state take-over."

may be a way to get some stability of a law-and-order brand, but the people pay a high price even for that; and it solves nothing else. Salvation doesn't come ready made in these packages. There are still obstacles in the way of a decent living standard and a humanistic life quality. All the nations share these obstacles: the continuing poverty, the swollen and unchecked birth rates, the unequal land hunger and land use, the one-crop or one-resource imbalance of the economy, the depressed Indian caste, the lack of a strong middle class, the widespread illiteracy. Above all, there are the shantytowns, by whatever name—*ranchos, favelas, calampas, barriados, casas brujas, villas miserias*—clinging to the hillsides around the big cities, crowded with peasants whom the rumor of jobs and the lure of a metropolis have uprooted from their villages and brought chasing after strange, false gods.

There are false ways of coping with these obstacles. One is through demonology. Whatever the faults of the North American demonology of communism in the past era of the cold wars, the Latin American demonology of North America is just as crippling and has even less basis in actuality. Another false way is to make a cult of economic growth and use the expectation of foreign aid—usually from the hands of a Goliath demon—as a crutch. Gunnar Myrdal has strongly underscored in his latter-day writings how false an illusion this reliance on foreign aid has been and how unhealthy the whole concept of "underdeveloped countries" is if it becomes a reason for twisting the economic and social organism into unnatural shapes dictated by the industrialization model. Few Latin American countries can do what Mexico and Brazil have done in terms of economic growth, but few have had their resources. The growth-industrialism rat race leaves most of them embittered, with a weakened self-confidence.

The current experiments with a regional Common Market setup—for the Central American republics and the Andean region especially—are far more hopeful. So are the efforts, inside the Organization of American States, to use the Economic Commission for Latin America as a way of achieving economic independence of the United States. The changes in the well-being of the Latin American peoples will come from many diverse directions: from better land tenure; from population control; from Common Market membership; from a better regulated structure of foreign investment, with majority "participation" by the governments; from the encouragement of small business and the independent professions as the basis for a middle class; from opening the career ladder to talent through higher education so that the army and the Church will not be the only channels through which a peasant's son can rise.

But more than anything, healthy change will be expedited by a clearer awareness within each nation of its own nature and self-image and the nature of the continent as a whole. This involves discarding the demonologies. A young British Labourite, John Mander, who has written one of the few brilliant books on Latin America in the past decade, *The Unrevolutionary Society* (Knopf), suggests that anti-Americanism will continue because "the United States is not hated for what she does but for what she is." As long as the United States prospers and remains a giant world power and exudes and exports its overflowing energy everywhere, the hostility will be there.

By the same token, Latin American peoples have a chance to express their rivalry not only in what they do, which will result in more income and power, but also in what they are. It is worth noting that with the considerable roster of Latin American philosophers and writers—on politics, history, national character—there has been little in the way of a philosophy or sociology of values. The daily ritual slaying of the North American father—or big brother—will cease to be much of a pastime when the elites and people to the south achieve the self-confidence needed to go their own way and to be themselves, not through the febrile short-distance urgencies and pantings but through the lonely awareness of the long-distance runner.

We, too, in the America of the north, will deserve better of our neighbors to the south if we change our perspective: if we value them as more than just a source of profits, a market for products, and an area for capital investment; if we accord them continuing quiet attention for what they do and are every day; if we visit them to see their great ruined cities, their artifacts, their majestic landscapes, and their living cities as well, and become part of their lives when we are there; if we report in our press not only on their kidnapings, coups, changes of government but also on the continuing cultural richness of a continent that produced the Mayan, Aztec, and Inca civilizations and has not lost its creative thrust since. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World Progress Report

Mind Reading

A collaboration between American medical hardware and British ingenuity has resulted in a new X-ray machine that reduces the risk and the expense of examining the brain. Developed by the British firm EMI, the $350,000 device scans the brain area of a fully conscious patient with X rays that penetrate only to the desired depth. The output is a Polaroid photograph of the exact cross section the doctors want to see, in full detail, in less than thirty minutes. Conventional brain X rays require hours of work by teams of specialists, with the patient often under anesthesia. Even so, the bone encasing the brain obscures most of the detail and the resulting image reveals only gross abnormalities.

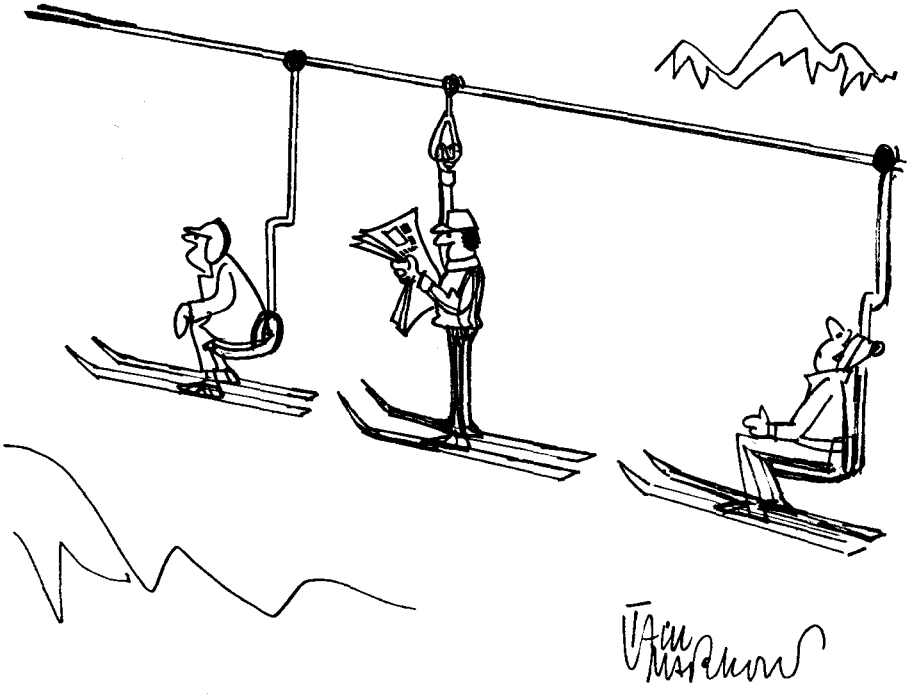
Making a Connection

After a century and a half of second thoughts, France and Britain have agreed to proceed with Napoleon's dream of a tunnel under the English Channel, linking the two countries. Planned for completion in 1980, the $2 billion project will include two parallel cast-iron or concrete tubes, each carrying a single railroad track, with a third service tube between them. The trains will carry automobiles, freight, and passengers between Paris and London in three hours and forty minutes, compared with today's six-hour schedule, which includes an often choppy channel crossing by ferry. By tunnel the thirty-two-mile underwater portion of the trip will take only thirty-five minutes.

Emerging European economic unity has soothed many Britishers' traditional fears that a trans-channel tunnel would be an inviting entrance for invading armies from the Continent. Still, critics continue to disparage the subterranean passage, claiming that it is technologically outmoded, financially unsound, and environmentally ruinous to the Kent countryside, where the English terminal will be located. However, the British government anticipates that by 1990 the tunnel will be carrying 30 million paying passengers a year, plus 10 million tons of freight at a saving of from two to five dollars a ton over the present rate.

Filet of Turtle

While horsemeat and various concoctions of soybeans are being touted as alternative protein sources to beat the high cost of beef, a group of English entrepreneurs on Grand Cayman Island in the Caribbean are working on an even more exotic beef substitute: the meat of the giant green sea turtle. According to *aficionados*, the meat under the creature's hard shell is not only tender and tasty but also low in fat and cholesterol. Turtle meat contains only 102 calories per pound, compared with 247 in beef.



Sea-turtle meat is hardly a newcomer to the menus of the world. Seafarers in centuries past commonly maintained the docile, easily captured creatures on the decks of their ships as a source of fresh meat during long voyages. And the turtle's leathery eggs, deposited in nests on Caribbean beaches, were such a favorite delicacy that as early as 1711 they had to be protected by law. Even so, a hundred years later the green sea turtle had been poached nearly to extinction in the Cayman Islands, and the species is still listed as endangered in the United States.

But the turtle enthusiasts on Grand Cayman Island, incorporated as Mariculture, pose no threat to the object of their affection. Quite the contrary: They propose to replenish the wild population, while stocking the world's larders with filet of turtle. They built up their initial inventory by rescuing eggs from nests that were too vulnerable to waves and marauding birds. Of green-turtle hatchlings left alone, say Mariculture's biologists, only 1 percent survive, while the rate rises to 85 percent for turtles nurtured in captivity. A minimum of 1 percent of the Mariculture hatchlings is set free.

Last April, after three years of patient effort, Mariculture succeeded in breeding its sea turtles in captivity, and in establishing its own supply of eggs for the future. Two wild male turtles were introduced into the company of several dozen mature, captive females in the company's pool. The result, some 4000 fertilized eggs, was described by Mariculture's consultant on reproduction as "a landmark in the conservation of the species." The first hatching of the eggs fertilized in captivity took place in September.

The hatchlings not lucky enough to be released in the sea will join 78,000 other turtles, ranging from a few ounces to 800 pounds, in Mariculture's inventory. After about three years of pampered growth, at about 125 pounds, they will become part of the 1.5 million pounds of turtle meat that Mariculture markets annually.

ANTHONY WOLFF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now! Preview the great new
Deutsche Grammophon
recording of the complete

FOUR SYMPHONIES OF BRAHMS

superbly conducted by CLAUDIO ABBADO

ALL 4 RECORDS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

plus free auditions of important new recordings
months before they are available to the public!

BRAHMS' *Four Symphonies*—most magnificent since Beethoven's! The extraordinary new recording of them from Deutsche Grammophon offers Claudio Abbado conducting *four* of the world's greatest orchestras. This album will not be available to the American public for many months, but you may preview it now for ten days, without charge, without obligation. And you may keep all *four records for the price of one*—yes, a full 75% off the suggested list price at which they will eventually be sold in stores!

The Carnegie Hall Selection Committee's report accompanying the album points out why these performances were singled out for their recommendation: freshly conceived, deeply felt interpretations by young Claudio Abbado, Italy's foremost present-day conductor . . . the unprecedented opportunity for you to enjoy and compare four orchestras unsurpassed in precision, responsiveness and tonal splendor—the Vienna Philharmonic, Berlin Philharmonic, Dresden State Orchestra and London Symphony . . . plus Deutsche Grammophon's incredibly lifelike sound. The four stereo records themselves are superior, silent-surfaced European pressings, manufactured to highest quality control standards, and come in a handsome hinged case with illustrated brochure and *exclusive* Committee report.

Try it for ten days FREE.
No obligation to keep it!

Our preview offer of Brahms' *Four Symphonies* is limited! So please mail the coupon on this page today. Listen for ten days. Then either return the album and pay nothing, or keep it for only $6.98 plus small postage/handling charge (and sales tax where required). This is a saving of *$20.94 off* the suggested retail price when the regular edition is finally released.

How you can be first to enjoy the greatest new recordings!

By replying now, you assure yourself of the privilege of receiving, for future ten-day free previews, special *advance editions* of major new albums . . . chosen *exclusively* for the International Preview Society by the Carnegie Hall Selection Committee. Since the Society is *not* a record "club", you will never be required to buy any album, nor will you receive a "record-of-the-month" like clockwork. Only when the Committee discovers a new album of the most extraordinary musical interest, artistic excellence and technical quality will it be sent for your free audition, so that there will often be months when no album at all is offered by the International Preview Society.

In every case, you will preview these records *long before* they reach the stores . . . with the option of purchasing any album you wish, in a superb imported pressing, including exclusive Committee report . . . never at a higher price than the ordinary edition will retail for months later, and frequently at *big savings!* You may cancel this arrangement at any time.

If you truly love great music, please mail the coupon today for your exciting Brahms' *Four Symphonies* preview.

All 4 records only

$6.98

(plus small postage/handling charge) if you decide to keep them after your free audition!

Fill out and mail this coupon today

FOUR-FOR-THE-PRICE-OF-ONE PRIVILEGE

THE INTERNATIONAL PREVIEW SOCIETY
333 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60601

Please send, for my free preview, the advance edition of Brahms' *Four Symphonies* by Claudio Abbado. I may return it after ten days and owe nothing, or keep all four records and pay only $6.98 complete, plus small postage/handling charge (sales tax extra, where required). This is *$20.94 off* suggested list price of the regular edition, when it becomes available months from now. I will also receive, at intervals of one or more months, free ten-day previews of albums chosen by the Carnegie Hall Selection Committee, far in advance of general release. I may keep any album for no more, and often for far less, than suggested list price. *I am not obligated to buy any minimum number of albums and I may cancel this arrangement at any time.*

NAME _____
(please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Only new members eligible for this offer.
Offer limited to U.S. and its possessions.

CSW-3

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Other America:

JOURNEYS IN TORTILLA COUNTRY

Was the lost continent really legendary Atlantis? A more likely contender for that appellation might as well have been South America. Except for Mexico, so handy and so full of color and spice, the other America, clear to Tierra del Fuego, is in reality the overlooked America. Rumba, revolution, and Rio were about all most *norteamericanos* knew or cared about Latin America. Way back in 1933, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers produced a fleeting incandescence when they danced through *Flying Down to Rio*. There was a splendid and romantic idea that could trap the imagination, but little encouragement came from south of the border. After the end of World War II, when new airplanes began to shrink the world's great distances and Europe lay battered and hardly in mood or condition for visitors, South America seemed less than interested in entertaining travelers. Indeed, it all but waved them off with tiresome entry requirements that necessitated anything from a fistful of photographs to a certified letter of good conduct from one's clergyman and local police station. The ancient ruins, the broad boulevards of the cities, the splendid beaches, the curiosity of the Indians who shared nations with the oligarchs—all this went undiscovered. The travelers island-hopped the Caribbean, hied off to Europe when it was ready. Then, proving distance was not the dissuader, they crossed half the world to explore Hong Kong, Bangkok, and India. Even the blue-haired ladies could be found tiptoeing through Bora-Bora, Fiji, and Tahiti: Yet few Americans were ready to spend a week in Buenos Aires or think of engaging a villa in Venezuela. Broadway scored the clincher when, in a sardonic song that urged the continent to take back its rumba and its samba, it exhorted South America to "Take It Away!"

Perhaps in the end it was the bigger and faster planes. Perhaps it was the travelers' relentless search for the new and unexplored. Perhaps Latin America had it all thrust upon it. Whatever, the other America is no longer overlooked. Sprouting now with new hotels and new developments, even in such unlikely places as Santo Domingo, Latin America may well turn out to be tomorrow's fancy. The World Travel Congress meets this month in Acapulco to look south. Two years hence it will convene its cumbersome convention in Rio, its first penetration into South America. By that time the resorts will be well developed, the inns spread across the nations, the ancient cultures and ruins, so long overlooked, will unfold as the new adventure. A preview of the future and some lively notes on what already exists for the traveler who is ready to turn to the other America is the theme of the special section that commences on the facing page.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nicholas Lynn: Photo Researchers

The beast that made it all possible—An iguana poses on the beach at Puerto Vallarta.

The Day of the Iguana

The scruffy town that romance made beautiful emerges as an encampment of style, wit, and left-over heartthrobs.

By Horace Sutton

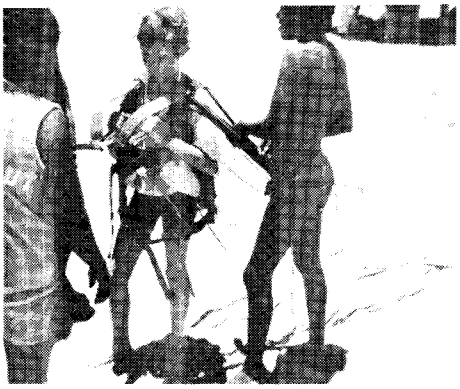
As it must to all the world's storied lovers—Romeo and Juliet, Héloïse and Abélard, Antony and Cleopatra (I would mention Howard Cosell and Howard Cosell, but they're still together)—separation has come to Liz and Dick. Ah, but for those who journey to Puerto Vallarta, on the western coast of Mexico, 375 miles north of Acapulco, the memory of their love endures in nature. One can stand on Elizabeth Point, a little garden with a pebbled walk, and look down on the beauty of little Mismaloya Beach, a sandy cove where the sand is dotted with straw parasols and an emerald sea washes against the shore.

Amid the palms on the south bank of the cove stand the houses, still vacant, that were used in *The Night of the Iguana,* the film that brought worldwide fame to the celebrated love story of Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor and created an instant resort of the scruffy little town of Puerto Vallarta.

All that is left of that liaison are the memories, the $350,000 Krupp diamond, the million-dollar, 69-carat diamond from Cartier's, the Queen Isabella pearl, and the sign that stands next to Elizabeth Point. "Come and See the Most Beautiful Place of the World," it implores, "Where One of the Most Famous Couples Found Love Inspired by the Magnificent Sight of Nature." The grateful town—which was little more than a cluster of roughly cobbled streets, the inevitable bandstand, a tiny cathedral, and a string of expatriate nests along a rock riverbed called Gringo Gulch when *The Night of the Iguana* was made in 1964—also created Richard Point. That hallowed snippet of real estate is appropriately near yet appropriately (as things turned out) apart from Elizabeth Point. Burton's park looks to the sea and to the shadows on the horizon that are the Islas Marietas, three hours away by boat. At Richard Point the commemorative sign says, "A Hidden Place —Its Beauty Makes It Appropriate for Lovers. Here the Most Famous Romance Began." It was only out of a sense of beauty, surely, that the gardeners lined the path to Richard Point with corn.

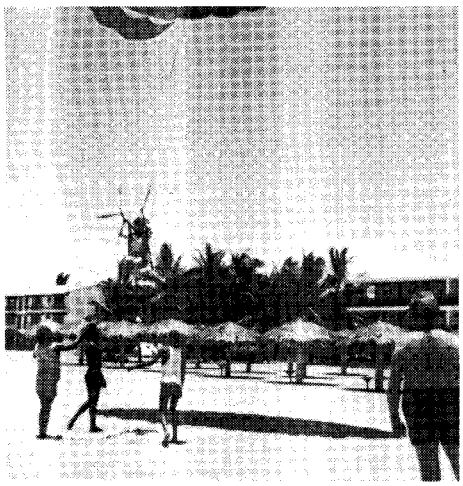
Since those days less than a decade ago when the Burtons bought a house along Gringo Gulch and came regularly in the late afternoon to sit in the Oceano bar and watch the sun drop like a round, red ingot into the Pacific, Puerto Vallarta has emerged as a favored nest for the international *cognoscenti* and those who follow in their wake. It is the sister city in fact, and perhaps in style, of Saint-Tropez. The mayor of that storied watering hole on the French Riviera, along with the chief of the port, came to visit its Mexican relation, and Vallartans returned the call. Posada Vallarta, the pioneer hotel of the resort town, which opened just after *Iguana* was finished, sent its master chef, Nicolas Leon, to the beautiful Byblos Hotel at Saint-Tropez. Now *ceviche,*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

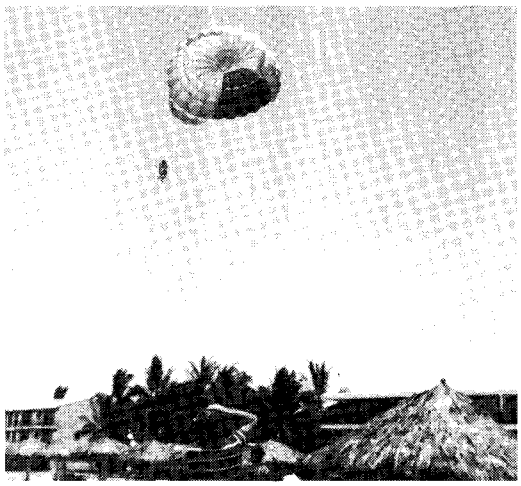


Parachute sailing is a beach sport . . .

that requires ropes and harness . . .



a strong boat to lift the rig . . .



no effort and no acrophobia, either.

fish marinated in lime juice and spices and eaten raw, is available along the Mediterranean littoral clear to Cannes. No *loup de mer,* the basslike fish served in flaming fennel branches, and no bare-bosomed ladies on the beach (to mention two Saint-Tropézienne staples) have yet appeared in Vallarta.

Like Saint-Tropez, Vallarta is often hung up on *outré* fashions, and the town is strung with smart little shops that cater to the trends. A flour-sack shirt worn floppily over jeans is a popular style for men, topped with a white sombrero. In that costume, and a pair of sandals, one is properly equipped to probe the town; to view the ornate church with its angels holding the large, gilded crown that forms the cupola; to climb the steep-stepped street called the Hidalgo; to drop in at the Oceano or El Patio; or merely to sit along the sea wall for the daily ritual of the sun's plunking into the sea.

IN THIS TOWN of romance, the flower shop is called Florería Cupido. The push-cart that sells oysters calls itself Las Vitaminas. Horse carts still rattle over the cobbles, and the milkman, done up in chaps, still makes his rounds on horse-back, the milk cans bouncing on the flanks of his steed in a steady rhythm that seemingly would turn the milk to butter before the day is half done.

One stops in at Nelly's to dig among the racks of gowns, hand-appliquéd blouses, and tailored slacks that Nelly Wolff exports north to San Juan Capistrano. Her son Luis runs Guillermo's, a smart men's shop named after Nelly's former husband. It was Guillermo Wolff, Nelly says, who persuaded John Huston to film *Iguana* in Vallarta.

Even Saint-Tropez has no boutique to match Viva, which designs caftans, imports supple Ecuadorean straw hats and dresses them with colorful bands, embroiders pillows, and cultivates piles of papier-mâché vegetables. Its collection of Mexican antiques and aged bric-a-brac is one of the most stylish in Mexico. One then has only to turn the corner to come upon the Galeria Lepe, which shelters—among the works of other artists—those of Manuel Lepe, the creative darling of Vallarta. He paints in a primitive style that summons images of the Haitian school, but his works are often so lush with foliage that some Mexican critics see in his canvases the themes of Henri Rousseau, who spent four years as a soldier in Mexico before he started to paint. Lepe now sells for $400 to $1000, but one can take home a limited-edition serigraph (thirty-five copies) for $100 or, for even less, find a copy of the splendid Lepe poster on Puerto Vallarta commissioned by the Tourist Department of Mexico.

MARGARITAS, that potion made with lime juice and tequila and served in a cocktail glass edged with salt, is the drink of Vallarta. One imbibes at the Oceano, where an enormous wall candelabra is lighted when the sun disappears, or on the beach at Daiquiri Dick's, or at the local convention hall called Carlos O'Brian's, which is decorated in early nuthouse. Silver boots, old black shoes, a broken bugle, an old ice skate, a stuffed turtle, and an open parachute are among the *objets d'art* that hang from the ceiling. The walls are hung with posters that once advertised old Bogart films and Gable and Vivien Leigh in *GWTW*.

One also dines at Carlos O'Brian's, choosing from a rinky-dink menu that is studded with one-liners: "fish smellington—love it or leave it"; "heartburn soup—green chili sauce with eggs in a soup"; and "consommé with rice (boring)." All this fare is fetched by waiters who wear red derbies, green top hats, bandsmen's hats, and aprons, part of the put-on that goes far into the night and never lacks for a crowd.

In more refinement one can repair to Bernardo's, a restaurant built by a Swiss from Saint-Moritz around an open Spanish court. Dishes can vary from red snapper Vera Cruz style to beef tips in the manner of the Swiss Grisons. La Fonda del Sol is like a satin-lined candy box of good taste, a tiny, candlelit boîte filled with paintings, statuary, trees, plants, and cushions. Fans swirl in the ceiling, and music drifts through the house. There is no menu; but the captain recites the dishes of the night.

There could scarcely be a more entrancing place for lunch than the poolside restaurant at Posada Vallarta, where the tables are set with blues and lavenders, and the open Mexican kitchen turns out recherché gems from the local cuisine never seen in a *taco* parlor. There is, for instance, *queso fundido*—melted cheese with *chorizo* on top, served with *guacamole, frijoles,* and *tortillas*. Spread the *frijoles* on the *tortilla* first, then add the melted cheese, follow with *guacamole*, and add green chili for steam. Or try the *tortilla* soup, a consommé that provides an inland sea for a flotilla of *tortilla* strips that have been previously left in the sun to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nicholas Lynn: Photo Researchers

On the rocks—Americans in Gringo Gulch, red derbies on the waiters, but no real history . . .

dry. To add spice, dip in (but for heaven's sake, don't *drop* in) a chili *pasilla*, a dried, red pod loaded with dehydrated napalm.

The first of the important hotels in Vallarta, the Posada sprawls its 250 rooms across a broad expanse of beach, charges sixty dollars double with two meals, which is forty dollars to fifty dollars a day less than first-class Caribbean prices. In summer the same arrangement costs forty-eight dollars a day, or twenty-eight dollars a day if you want to eat out. It is adding another 200 rooms, as well as a whole village of low-rise condominiums spread over four and a half acres. Two bedrooms and kitchenette and terrace cost $53,000. When the condominiums open in November 1974, the clientele is expected to be 70 percent American, 30 percent Mexican.

AMERICANS DOMINATE the splendid patch of new homes that have sprouted on the south end of town. The directory of the foreign colony (published with phone numbers) includes Charles Collingwood of CBS, Richard Wiles of the biscuit company, and William Wilson, the West Coast furniture magnate whose five-bedroom mansion, Quinta Laura, was used by President Nixon when he met here with former Mexican President Don Gustavo Díaz Ordaz in 1970.

The new hotels have turned, like the American colony, to the south side of town. The Camino Real, a high rise rammed into a tiny patch between the mountains and the sea, faces west toward Tahiti. It has a white-sand beach, and the architects have performed a number of nimble tricks—unsuccessfully, I think—to give its public rooms and pool a sense of space.

Infinitely more winsome is the small Garza Blanca (only forty rooms), spread along a splendid white beach on the road to Mismaloya and Manzanillo. It offers beach-front suites (white tile and brilliantly hued rugs) as well as hillside units (each with its own pool) at forty dollars to fifty dollars, without meals, 25 percent less in summer. Dinner is served under a thatched-roof dining room open to the sea.

Puerto Vallarta's real history did not begin until the 1850s, when colonists came to work a salt mine on the Cuale River. It took more than a hundred years, which is to say until 1968, for it to be officially ordained a city. Two years later it got a proper airport, paved in marble. In the days when *Iguana* was filmed, DC−3s came in twice a week. Now Air France sends it Boeings down direct from New York (one stop at Guadalajara) three times a week. Mexicana and Hughes Airwest float down from California; Aeromexico connects with Houston three times a week; and there are links with Acapulco, and more than two dozen flights a week, from Mexico City. Coming soon: service with Atlanta and Chicago.

There is a new marina within walking distance of the Posada Vallarta and a fleet of fishing boats that takes out after sail and dorado at forty dollars for a half-day (or half the Miami price). And the fish are willing. From the beach in front of the Posada, one can float like a frigate bird over the Bahía de Banderas, suspended in a parachute that is pulled by a speedboat. Far below is the serenity of the sea; far to the left is the serenity of the implacable Sierra Madre. There would seem to be no way —at least from this bird's eye view—for Puerto Vallarta to expand. And there is a new movie coming, starring Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jacqueline Bisset, filmed in Puerto Vallarta. Can there still be a promontory left on which the township can establish a Point Jacqueline and a Point Jean-Paul Belmondo—this time without the corn? □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One great tradition of service

American Airlines first-class table for four dining on 747 meal flights

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leads to another.

American Airlines takes you to the great cities of the United States, the Caribbean, Canada, Mexico and the Pacific. We give you the best service and most comfortable flights in the air. And we bring you back down to earth with a smile.

But we know that there's more to travel than flying.

That's why we've brought our kind of comfort and quality into hotels. Americana Hotels.

From the sun-splashed beaches of Acapulco Bay to the busy boulevards of Washington, in key resorts and convention cities, we give you extra service, style and facilities. Fun that never fades and living that never lags.

All in the best traditions of American Airlines hospitality. There are two sides to every travel story. And we're on both of them with the good life.

To book American Airlines and Americana Hotels, call your travel agent or your local American Airlines office. Or make the toll-free Americana Call: 800-621-1776 anywhere in the Continental U.S. (800-972-0440 in Illinois, 346-2550 in Chicago.)

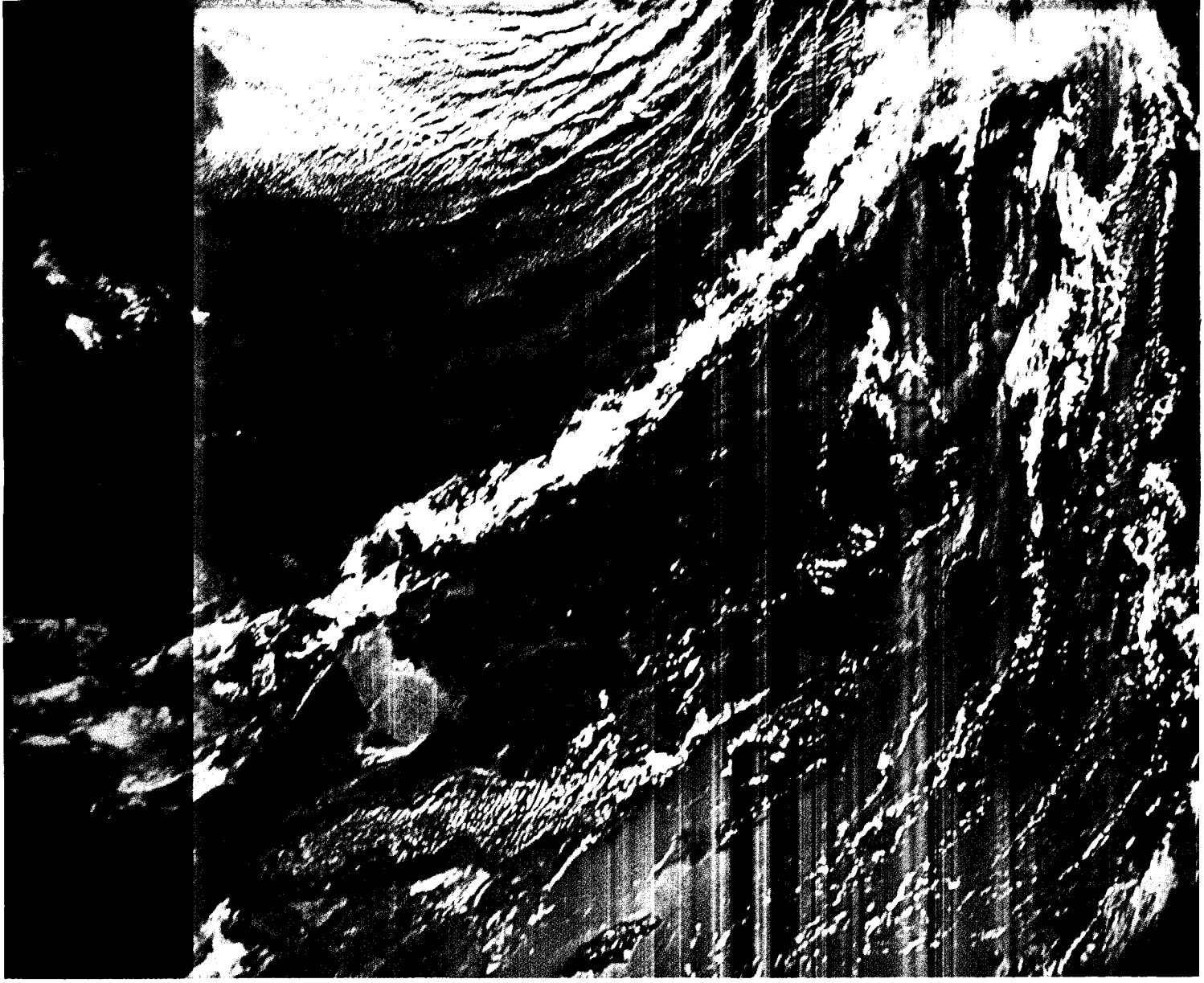
American Airlines/Americana Hotels

To The Good Life.©

Americana Hotels hospitality is yours in cities throughout the world:
Acapulco: Condesa del Mar, El Presidente, Fiesta Tortuga (opens early 1974)/**Albany, N.Y.:** Americana Inn (opens late 1973)/**Cincinnati (Airport):** Flagship Inn (Barkley House)
Dallas/Ft. Worth: The Inn of the Six Flags/**Fiji:** The Beachcomber/**Honolulu:** Ala Moana/ **Los Angeles:** Americana of Los Angeles (opens late 1973)/**Mexico City:** Fiesta Palace
Miami Beach: Americana of Bal Harbour/**New York City:** Americana of New York, Americana City Squire Motor Inn/**Pago Pago:** Pago Pago Americana
Puerto Rico: Americana of San Juan/**Rochester, N.Y.:** Flagship Rochester, Towne House Motor Inn/ **Seoul, Korea:** Chosun/ **Washington, D.C.:** Shoreham Americana

"The Good Life" © 1963, Paris Music Co., Inc. Used by permission.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It took a moonshot to show you the clearness of the waters of the Bahamas.

We've been telling you for years that the waters of the Bahamas are more beautiful than anywhere else in the world. It took a moonshot to let us show it to you. In this incredible Apollo 8 Earth-Sky View, the distinctive aquamarine waters of the Bahamas contrast sharply with the rest of the Atlantic and all of the Caribbean. The Bahamas. Almost 250,000 miles from the moon. Only 50 miles off the coast of Florida.

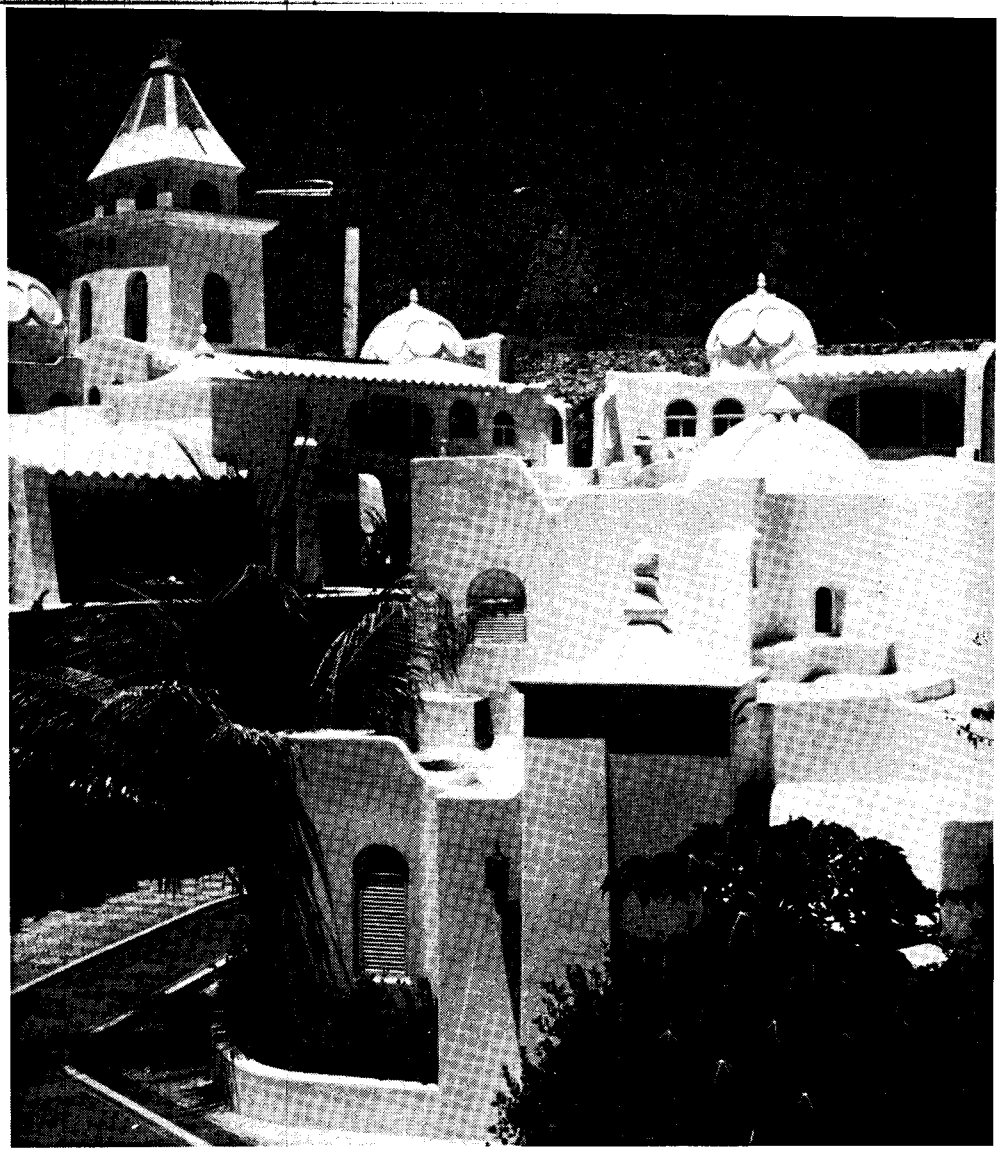
©1973 Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First Street, Miami, Florida 33131

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three Stars Over Mexico

No longer a land of seedy spas, Mexico emerges with resorts of distinction. A professional peregrinator notes a trio that sparkles.

By Jerry Hulse



Las Hadas—"A transplant from North Africa, complete with poolside harem . . ."

Having jetted around the earth more times than I care to recall, I recently put my mind to computing a list of the world's grand resorts—vacation spas ranging in station from a remote Polynesian-like village on Hawaii's Kona coast to a rare gem awash in the Aegean. While diverse in certain respects, all of them obviously share a common bond: They are the superstars. None to my mind, though, outshines a popular threesome settled in Mexico: Las Hadas, Hacienda Cocoyoc, and Las Brisas.

In a land with a dozen other resorts worthy of similar superstar status, the process of elimination was a wearying one. Still, placed in their proper perspective, it was evident that Las Hadas, Cocoyoc, and Las Brisas reign at the very top and for a very simple reason: Each is individualistic; each possesses its own peculiar charm. Few would argue that they rank alongside the grand resorts of Europe and the United States. Thus, having come of age, no longer can Mexico be associated with visions of seamy spas and hotels, hung together only so long as the termites agree.

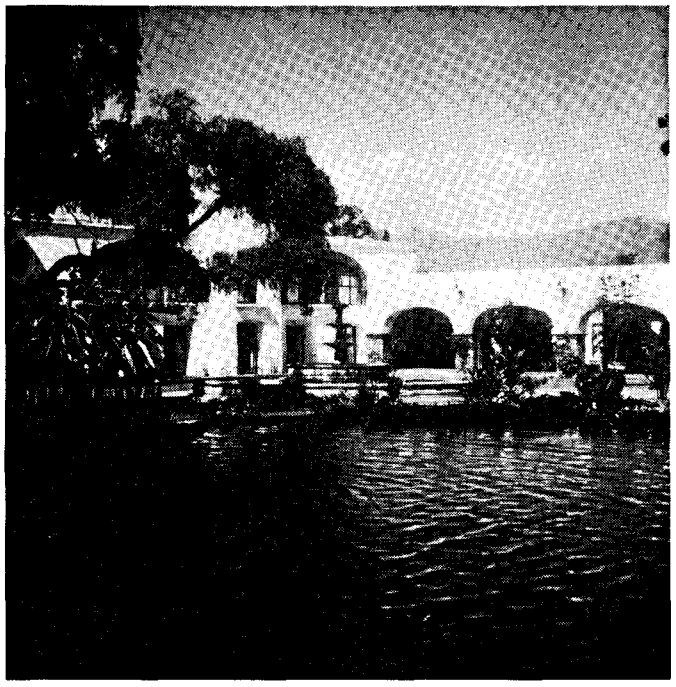
It doesn't matter a whit where in the country you place these outposts; the discerning traveler, equipped with taste and purse, will seek them out. Take Las Hadas. A station of rare imagination, it rises along an uncluttered beach 185 miles from Puerto Vallarta, on Mexico's Pacific shore, a remote and wondrous place. In the land of the *tortilla* and the *taco,* one would hardly expect to find oneself strolling among a maze of minarets, cupolas, and mosquelike domes, but such is the case at Las Hadas. I came in for several surprises after presenting my credentials at this new oasis, assembled at Manzanillo by Bolivian tin king Antenor Patiño. Whitewashed and spotless, Señor Patiño's Las Hadas resort resembles a transplant from the shores of North Africa, complete with poolside harem.

It is a way station for those who otherwise might jet off to the Costa Smeralda or the Costa del Sol. Señor Patiño advises that even a jet-setter soon tires of the same old scene. For this reason he sought out a new enclave for his world-weary companions. He surveyed the Mexican coast and settled on Manzanillo and bought up Santiago Peninsula, with its beaches and unscarred hillsides.

Patiño, white-haired and seventy-nine, was seeking a haven for himself as well as for his friends. An expatriate living in Paris and Portugal, he too had become distressed with the crowds. Putting pen to checkbook, he began writing. The figure for creating his own personal casbah came to a trifle over $20 million—this for a retreat that's every bit as Moorish as a minaret in Morocco. Blindfolded, a guest led through its winding streets would have difficulty determining whether he'd been put down in Morocco or perhaps cast off along some Algerian beach. Cobbled streets wind past row on row of villas—handsome and blindingly white, some with private swimming pools. The

From his home port in Southern California, Jerry Hulse explores the world—preferentially, places that are toasty. He is travel editor for the Los Angeles Times. *His column often bears a Mexico dateline.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Cocoyoc near Cuernavaca—"The air is soft-sweet, the nights blissfully still . . . and the peacefulness is of another time . . ."

main swimming pool—one of the biggest in all Mexico—would accommodate a pasha's harem in the proper style. Islands rise at either end, and Patiño has added a bridge so that guests may stroll across. Elsewhere, there are tennis courts and an eighteen-hole golf course, which meanders among pineapple fields, sugar cane, banana groves, and coconut palms. When a local homeowner refused to move from the path of Patiño's progress, the hombre's home was simply surrounded by golf course. Now the stubborn fellow has the biggest lawn along the entire Pacific coast.

Patiño cautions that he built Las Hadas with no intention of picking up pesos renting out bungalows. On the contrary, he expects to operate at a deficit, simply because there's not the slightest possibility of earning back the immense amount he has already spent. From Spain he recruited architect José Luis Ezquerra, who, all his life, had dreamed of building his own casbah, an Arabian wedding cake the likes of which would cause a sheik to sing him praises. It took billionaire Antenor Patiño, though, to make the dream a reality. One of the world's wealthiest men, Patiño opened his pocketbook, and Ezquerra went to work. Each stone in the mosaic-like streets was laid by hand. Statues were fashioned, and a hill was dynamited in order to make room for more villas.

When it officially opens in November, Patiño's casbah will contain 240 bungalows, the donation for living like Moroccan royalty coming to fifty-two dollars a day. Or, if one chooses, one may buy a villa outright or become a joint owner with others. It's a rather complicated procedure in which Patiño will "sell" you a villa for a particular month. Should you "buy" January, for example, you may return and live rent-free each January thereafter for thirty years. The price varies, depending on the month, from $8293 to $16,577.

This, of course, applies only if you are buying. Otherwise, Las Hadas is operated as a guest resort, charging by the day and accepting guests who are recommended by a club elsewhere—and from what I gathered, any club will do. It's a small effort to make it all appear exclusive. Presently there is air service via Mexico City and Guadalajara, but soon a new jet strip will be welcoming big airliners from the United States, Canada, and Europe. Among the carriers will be Aeromexico, Hughes Airwest, Air France, and Canadian Pacific Airlines. Patiño lent the government an estimated $5 million to prepare the jet strip. Next he intends to surround his casbah with other villages: French, Italian, Mexican, Swiss, Hungarian, Russian, Oriental—altogether nearly a dozen themes. In the hills near an active volcano, Patiño envisions a hunting lodge fashioned after Africa's Mount Kenya Safari Club. Besides hunting, guests will fish, ride, attend bullfights, and watch rodeos. These are big ideas, but Patiño has a big bankbook.

He came looking for solace. Now there is the possibility that Manzanillo may eventually grow bigger and more prosperous than even Acapulco, to the south, or Puerto Vallarta, to the north. Currently, though, Manzanillo is for day people. There is little night life. Only a few cantinas and the usual dismal B-girl bars and brothels. It is a port town with an ugly village. Manzanillo's beauty is found elsewhere, along the beaches, miles from the humdrum of the port itself. If the town blossoms, as certainly it threatens to do, it will flower around Patiño's sparkling Las Hadas, a resort with snob appeal.

THE SAME SNOB APPEAL prevails at Hacienda Cocoyoc, a grand and peaceful plot slumbering in the valley of eternal spring—just beyond Cuernavaca. Hacienda Cocoyoc has stood since 1550, surrounded by miles of sugar cane, with viaducts running through its walls, and at night the musical sound of water lulls its guests to sleep. Romantics, young and old, choose Hacienda Cocoyoc. Behind its old adobe walls they discover a peacefulness belonging to another time—a time when life was rich in simplicity and less hurried. The air is soft-sweet, and the nights are blissfully still.

Eight years ago Paulino Rivera Torres, a Mexico City real estate developer, had a dream. At Hacienda Cocoyoc he

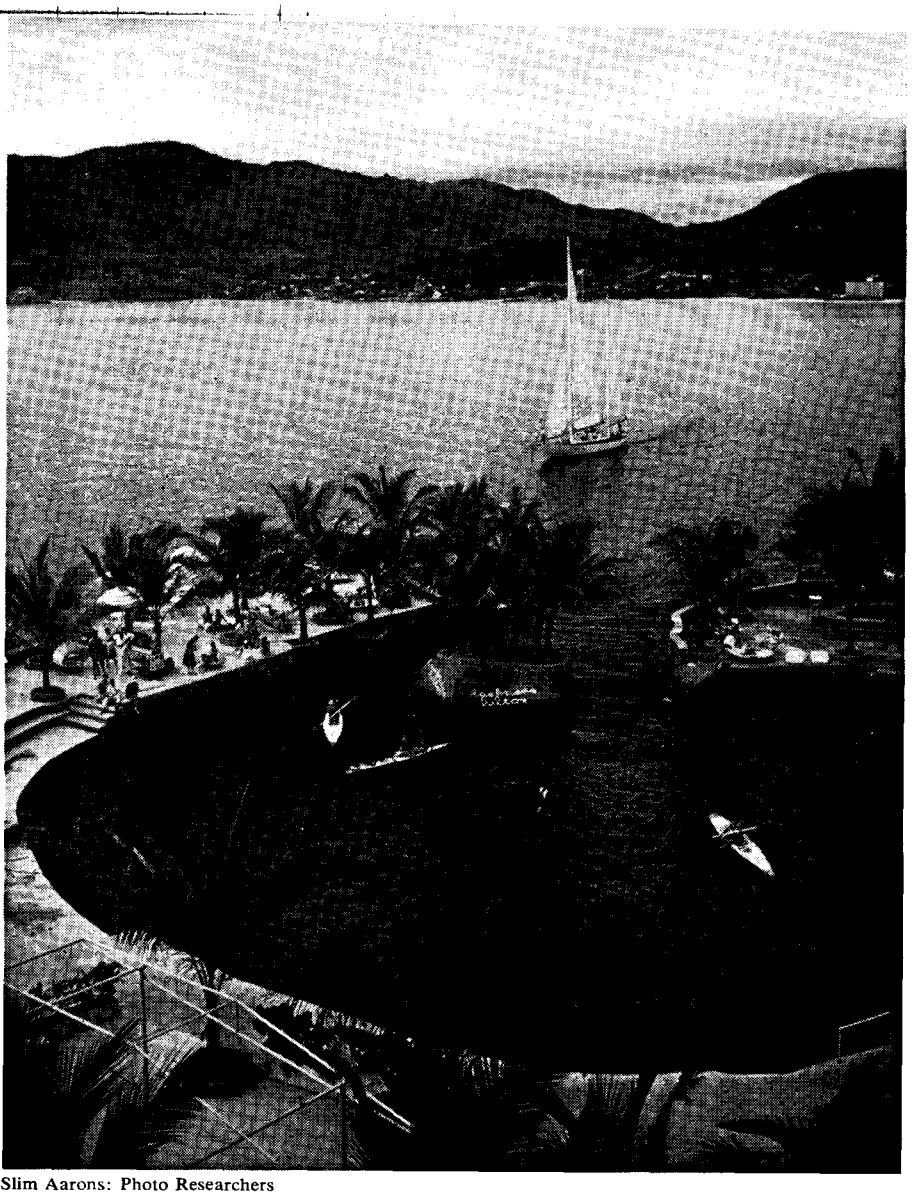
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would create the most romantic hideaway in all Mexico. His promise is a reality. Without disturbing the ancient walls, he established a 150-room hacienda, including forty *casitas* and twenty honeymoon suites. Couples seeking total solitude may choose one of fifteen suites, each facing a private swimming pool. The hacienda's remaining guests share a huge pool the size of a small lake. It is fed by a waterfall and surrounded by magnificent crumbling walls grown over with bougainvillaea.

Night owls run off to El Trapiche, a club installed inside the hacienda's old sugar mill, and meals are taken in an ancient barn. The menu changes daily, the choices ranging from enchiladas to scallopini. Once the old hacienda employed 500 workers. They tended the sugar fields and harvested oranges, and there were fiestas when the work was done. Now gardeners clip away at the seventy acres, all of it as meticulously manicured as a debutante's nails. The cost for living in such luxury starts at twenty dollars a day for a double room, plus twelve dollars per person for three meals. In the hacienda's private chapel, mass and marriages are performed, and there is a fountain that plays musically in a shaded patio outside the sacristy. During my visit thunder rolled through the valley of Cuatla, and lightning flashed above the Sierra de las Tetillas. Later it rained, but by morning the air was springtime fresh; beyond the hacienda small pools mirrored the cloudless sky, and I rode off down a dusty road to explore other haciendas in the valley.

A few miles away, Hacienda Pantitlan rises ghostly with its weed-choked rooms and crumbling walls; the life is gone, except for the Mexican family living in a single, roofless room. The deserted hacienda, like Cocoyoc, was once an immense sugar plantation, and where the weeds grow there were fiestas, and the peaceful days were alive with voices of hundreds of workers.

After exploring the valley, the guests of Hacienda Cocoyoc are delivered to Cuernavaca, the city of eternal spring. It is also a city of flowers and grilled balconies—and more swimming pools than Beverly Hills. Besides this, it has been described as the gentlest town in Mexico. The weather is mostly warm and sunny. Waves of bougainvillaea spill from the rooftops and fences that surround the houses. For 400 years Cuernavaca has been entertaining tourists. Still they come—by car and by bus, some even by burro. Once Cuernavaca was the stronghold of the Aztecs. Maximilian vacationed here. And Cortés lived here after he was finished with his conquests. For centuries Cuernavaca, blooming like an orchid in a valley drenched by sunshine, has been a retreat for the rulers of Mexico.



Slim Aarons: Photo Researchers

Acapulco's Las Brisas—Jeeps instead of elevators, petals in the pools.

Both Las Hadas and Hacienda Cocoyoc are unique among resorts in Mexico—these along with Frank Brandstetter's world-famous Hotel Las Brisas in Acapulco. Here guests repose in stylish *casitas,* each with its own swimming pool (and there are more than 200 *casitas* scattered up the hillside).

During my first visit, Lynda Bird Johnson was honeymooning next door with Captain Robb. I was still unpacking when a group of Mexican girls gathered outside the door, sprinkling our pools with hibiscus petals. Others appeared daily to stuff our refrigerators with fresh fruit and juices and to deliver hot rolls and coffee. The private bars were constantly restocked, so that when the sunset hour arrived, we were prepared to salute the end of the day.

At Las Brisas there are jeeps instead of elevators—altogether a couple hundred of the candy-striped machines, the equivalent to three army transportation companies. A single key will start any car. Mine was stolen. No problem. I looked around and stole another. The policeman at the gate just shrugged and waved us on. Why fret? The jeeps are returned when the guests go home.

By day, guests luxuriate beside the pool at La Concha, the hotel's private piece of seacoast. The bartender drives around the pink-hued concrete edge of the pool, steering a pink jeep banked with flowers (like some dwarfed entry in the Pasadena rose parade), and the longer he circles—delivering those exotic pink drinks to guests who are turn-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hidden in Africa, a 4,000-year-old culture called Ethiopia.

We've been here with our castles and churches, our paintings and jewels, our rare wild life and birds for centuries. Hidden by natural barriers. Now the treasure chest is being opened. Call your travel agent or mail the coupon for information about the Hidden Empire.

ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES 200 E. 42nd Street, Dept. M-5
New York, N.Y 10017 Tel. (212) 867-0095

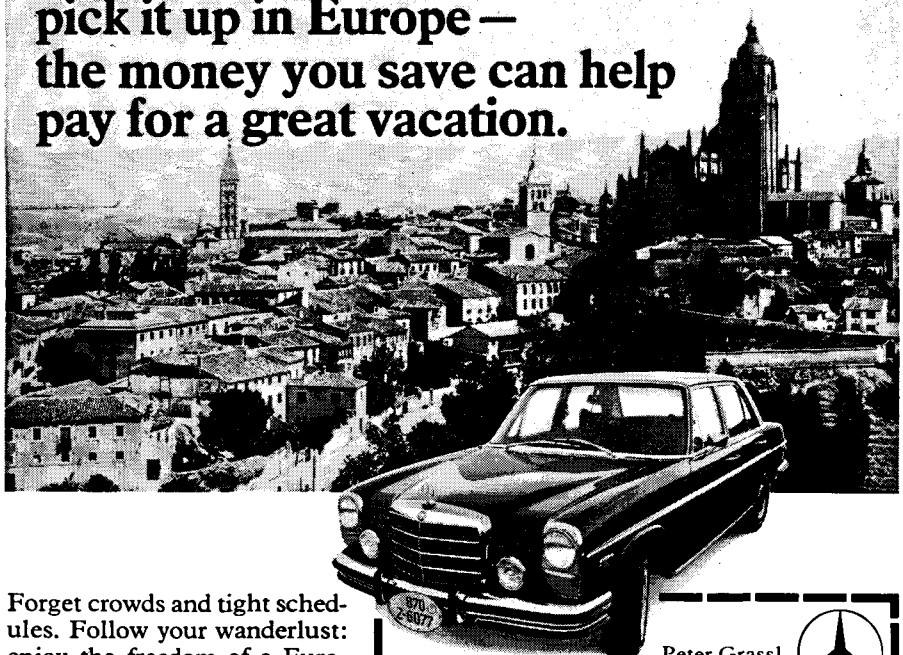
Name

Address

City State Zip

ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES
The key to the Hidden Empire

Buy a Mercedes-Benz here, pick it up in Europe — the money you save can help pay for a great vacation.



Forget crowds and tight schedules. Follow your wanderlust: enjoy the freedom of a European motoring holiday *and* the joys of a new Mercedes-Benz. You'll treasure the adventure—and the car—long afterward. A European Delivery Portfolio gives details and lets you calculate how much you can save. Send the coupon today.

Peter Grassl
Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc.
One Mercedes Drive, Montvale, N.J. 07645
Please send me the Mercedes-Benz Guide to European Delivery.

Name

Address

City State Zip

SWD-1

ing pink on their pink mats—the more relaxed everyone seems to become.

Famous though Las Brisas is, Frank Brandstetter added to its commanding presence by creating a modern fortress that looks down on the entire rosy scene. It was a "pipe dream," he said. The dream cost him 45 million pesos, or nearly $4 million U.S. The idea took flower after Brandstetter learned that Las Brisas was the site of an ancient fort. In 1615 a bastion was built to dissuade an eager band of buccaneers, among them Sir Francis Drake. In the war of independence against Spain, the old fort was the last stronghold of defending forces under Commander Valdez. With this knowledge, Brandstetter gathered his own battalion—1200 men—and blasted a new path up the hillside, creating thick, fortresslike walls, new roads, and, incidentally, another 100 *casitas,* along with an equal number of swimming pools. Now, at night, torches flame, and sentries walk the ramparts as passersby look up in amazement. While the original fortress was built to discourage pirates, Brandstetter's fort encourages invaders—that is to say, travelers.

"It's a great tourist gimmick," said Brandstetter pointing to the crush of traffic on the highway below. "Everybody who drives by, flies by, or sails by looks up and gasps, 'What in heaven's name is that?' We get more famous. We get more bookings. Get the idea?"

EVEN WITH SUCH dramatic touches, Mexico, it seems to me, remains unspoiled. One need only look beyond the façade of those fussy hotels. Take the other day: I stopped for a beer at one of those roadside cantinas near Acapulco. It faced a cobbled street, and while I sipped my beer a fighting cock fluttered in and perched on the stool beside me. It crowed loudly, and the bartender cursed softly and chased it outside, shooing it with his bar towel. After this the bird stood on the sidewalk and crowed back angrily and then ran squawking across the street, feathers flying, straight through the open door of an ice-cream parlor.

Even with all its high-powered development, there is a place for everyone in Mexico—trippers, conventioneers, winter refugees, ruin-fanciers, itinerants, or even homeless fighting cocks—and, with the advent of such pearly places as Las Hadas, Cocoyoc, and Las Brisas, a nest for the Party People, restless, fickle, world-weary band that they are. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

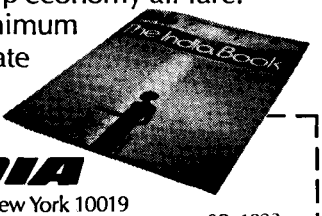
Our free book of tours to India will free you from another ordinary trip to another ordinary place.

The India Book is a gift to you from Air-India. It's filled with extraordinary tours of an extraordinary land. You'll see that there's no one place in the world like India. And there's no one place in India like any other.

And the tours in The India Book are as different as India is. Whatever the duration of your stay, price range or special interest, there's a special tour for you in the India Book. We have everything from a 16-day first-timers tour of New Delhi and the Taj Mahal for $665* to a fully escorted deluxe tour of Southern Asia for $2496*. And lots of tours in between. An astrology tour. A photography tour. There's nothing ordinary in The India Book because there's nothing ordinary in India.

You can be there this year. Send for The India Book. Wander through the beautiful full-color photos. Then see your travel agent to help you with your arrangements. When you get to India, you'll know just where you're going. You're going to have an extraordinary time.

*Tour prices for departures from New York for 2 people travelling together and sharing double accommodations based on 14/120 day, or 17/35 day economy individual excursion air fare; or 14/45 day 4 person group economy air fare, or 14/28 day 10 person group economy air fare. We form the group. If minimum group not attained alternate dates will be arranged.



AIR-INDIA

666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019
Yes! I'd love a free copy of The India Book. SR-1023

Name_____

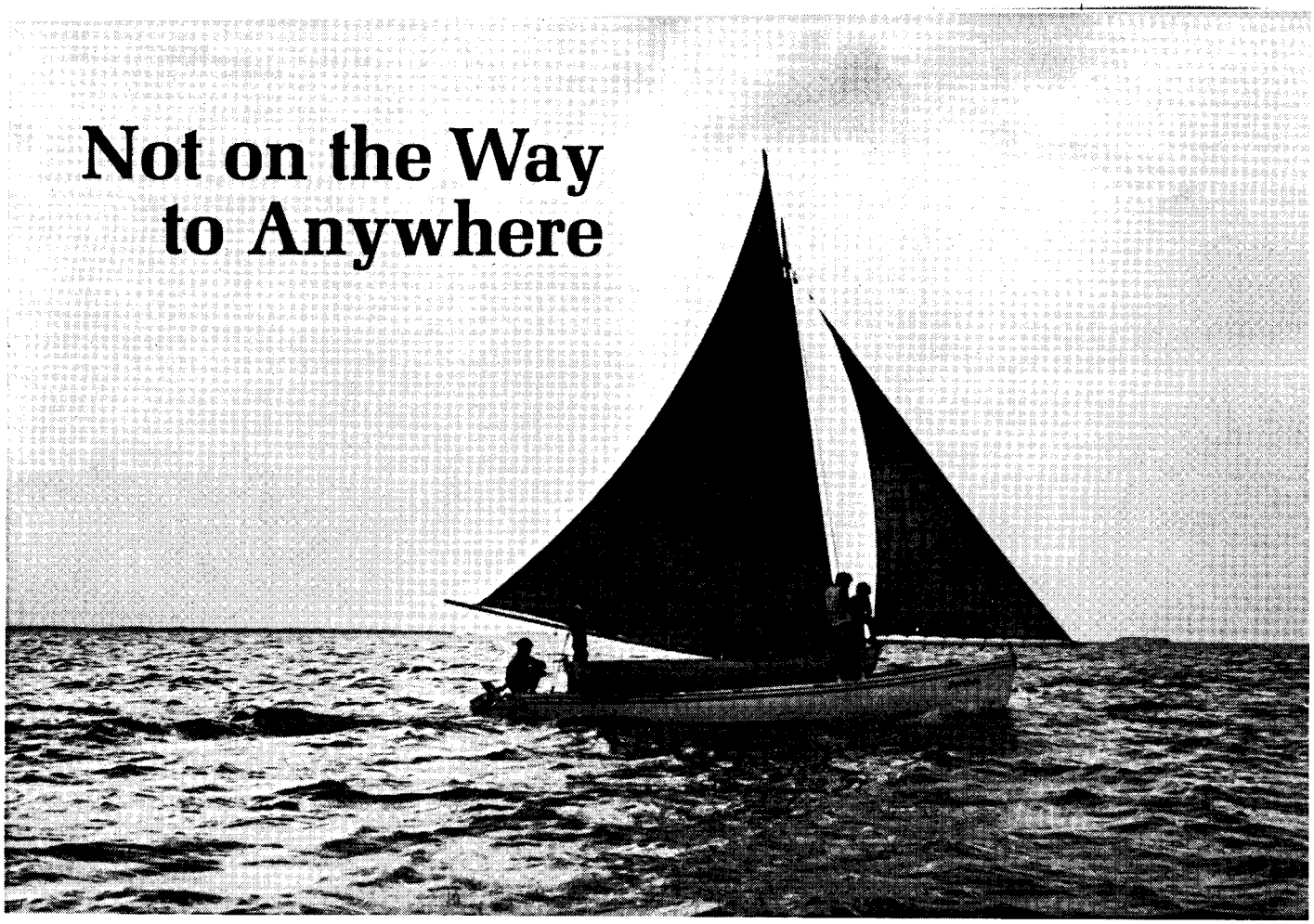
Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

We work all day to make your night with us a dream.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not on the Way to Anywhere



Photographs: Alan Riding

Belize is a Central American secret—still, happily, overflown by big airlines.

By Alan Riding

George the porter has a good thing going at Belize Airport: He guesses which bags belong to which passenger, carries them to a taxi, and collects a tip; he then climbs into the cab for the ride to town, carries the bags at the other end, and collects another tip.

It takes visitors a few days to get used to Belize and Belizeans. First of all, most people think they have "discovered" the forgotten British colony of British Honduras. Well, they have, except the name has been changed to Belize in anticipation of independence—although independence is not anticipated. "Can someone please explain?" A Union Jack flutters over the air terminal, and a company of Irish guards is garrisoned nearby, so the British must be here, but the Belizean immigration officers deliberate over the merits of each passenger as if the morals of future generations were at stake.

Everything is hybrid; most things are topsy-turvy. Perhaps Alice would understand if she flew straight in from Wonderland. Belize is a Caribbean hideaway attached to the Central American mainland, a British possession where many people speak Spanish, a colony that is self-governing, a poor country that caters to the wealthy.

TODAY BRITAIN'S influence in Belize is hardly apparent. Belize City, the country's capital until a new "mini-Brasília" was inaugurated at Belmopan three years ago, has only 40,000 inhabitants and looks more like a West African port than a transplant from England. The houses are almost all wooden, standing on stilts like strange tropical birds to provide natural air conditioning and protection against the damp ground below. The city has been destroyed twice by hurricanes in this century—in 1931 and in 1961—but it has always been rebuilt in the same dubious "hurricane proof" style.

London seems far away. Occasionally a British army Jeep trundles through the dusty streets, waved on by smart young Belizean policemen in khaki shorts and starched white armlets. There is also a vague reminder of nineteenth-century Kensington in the grandiose names painted crudely on the fronts of tumbledown wooden shops: The New Ideal Shopping Centre; or Rita's Smart Shoppe; or Odette's where Nobody Absolutely Nobody Undersells Odette. Even the quiet conservatism of Belizeans could be a colonial heritage. But the local sense of humor is pure Caribbean. A meeting of two Belizeans resembles a crowd, and peals of laughter are launched into the humid air like multicolored firecrackers.

The population of Belize is made up of Africans, Maya and Carib Indians, Europeans, Chinese, Arabs, and a few thousand Mennonites, whose nineteenth-century garb suits the quaint atmosphere of Belize. Except for the Mennonites, however, these ethnic groups are now so truly mixed that racial discrimination would be a challenge. Evan X. Hyde, a

---

Based in Mexico City, Alan Riding covers Latin America for London publications and has contributed to World.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

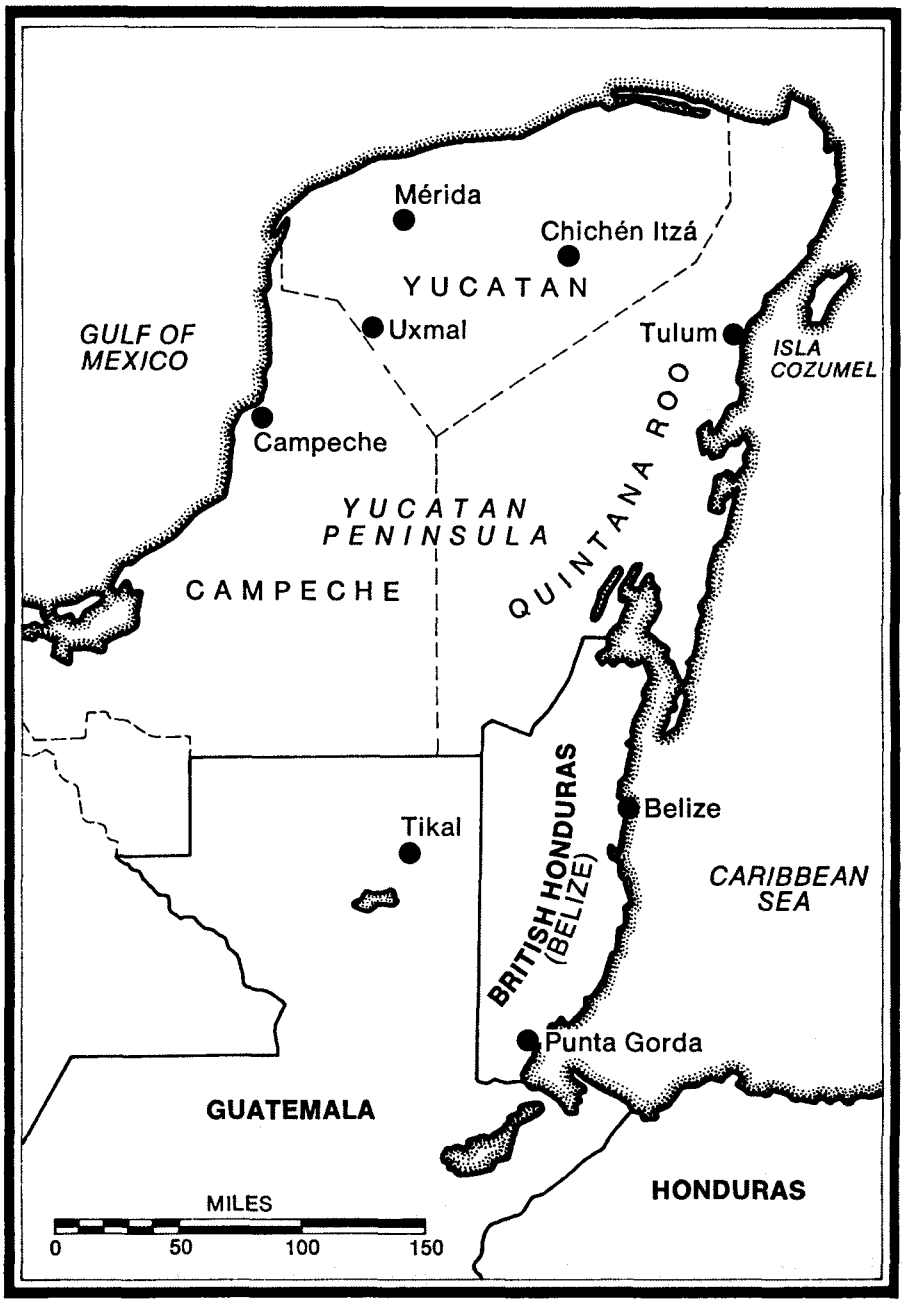
young black intellectual who studied at Princeton in the late Sixties, returned home with black-nationalist ideas; but his efforts to form a political movement around this banner have so far failed. The local Creole language, which is unintelligible to outsiders, helps strengthen a Belizean sense of identity and unity. It is the local language, and everyone speaks it. In fact, in so many ways—in language, in territory, in character—Belize is very much a country. Yet it is frozen as a colony.

Britain has offered it immediate independence; Belize would like independence but fears that, without an agreement with Britain, it would be unable to defend itself. Britain, however, is unwilling to take on an open-ended defense commitment with a tiny, unstrategic territory 6000 miles from London.

The more adventurous tourists can bump their way overland from Guatemala City to Belize City to take in the extraordinary Mayan ruins of Tikal in the Guatemalan jungle province of El Petén. Another pre-Columbian city hides among the trees at Xunantunich, not as grand as Tikal, but nevertheless worth a ferry ride across the Mopan River.

So far, probably only one-tenth of Belize's Mayan ruins have been found, although many have already been ransacked by traffickers in pre-Hispanic art. The government recently has tightened up the law to fight the smugglers, but it lacks the resources to enforce its legislation. In fact, Belize even lacks a museum in which to keep its own pieces. For example, the extraordinary ten-pound carved jade head that was found at the ruin of Altun Ha, thirty-five miles north of Belize City, is kept in a bank vault, and the other artifacts from the site are in the custody of Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum.

Altun Ha merits a visit if only for its setting deep in the tropical bush. The city comprised some 500 stone structures in a five-square-mile area, but so far only a handful have been excavated. "You have to fight the bush all the time," the guide explained with resignation, "and when you're fightin' nature, you're fightin' yourself." Even at its largest, Altun Ha probably had only 10,000 inhabitants, but the city survived more than 1000 years, until around 900 A.D., and new constructions and pyramids mark each religious cycle. "There is evidence that the site was abandoned after a peasant revolt," the guide intoned as he swiped at passing mosquitoes. "They probably got



Bob Pelletier

fed up with carrying around all these stones."

After tramping in the heat, the suggestion of a soda in the Altun Ha Beer Parlour was hard to resist. Inside a wooden shack, a huge unshaven mestizo in a deteriorating T-shirt sat behind a crate with a paper and pen before him. Children were everywhere, and one of them handed out cold drinks. The owner slumped silently, lethargically, pessimistically, as if the *African Queen* had gone by without picking him up.

Even with the bad roads, all the sights and sounds of Belize can be ticked off in a few days. Altun Ha takes up half a day. Another day can be given to driving to Tikal and back, or perhaps only as far as Xunantunich. One can take in the new capital of Belmopan and its few scattered buildings. Mountain Pine Ridge, where the best hunting can be found, is less than a day's drive toward the Maya Mountains. Light aircraft can also be chartered from Belize City to go south to the resorts of Stann Creek, Maya Beach, and Placentia, all within an hour's flying time. Even the Mexican contraband capital of Chetumal, just across the border from Belize, can be reached in a wild three-hour taxi ride.

Most foreigners who come here, however, spend only a night or two in Belize City. They are heading for the offshore islands and keys, loaded with fishing rods or scuba equipment or just a few thick

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The secret Belize—"Total seclusion and a sea in emerald shades . . ."

books. This is the secret Belize—total seclusion, the sea in shades of emerald, a cool breeze tempering the sun, the luxury of simple living and unique fishing, diving, sailing, and eating.

Most of the keys can be reached only by boat. Glover's Reef—named after an eighteenth-century pirate, John Glover—comes into view after five hours and seventy-five miles, an oblong string of coral islands where Frenchman Gilbert Lomont runs a resort of just twelve double cabins. The resort's isolation (no telephone) and its privacy (the huts are fifty feet apart) were the attraction for Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau, who spent his holiday here a few winters ago. He later wrote Lomont from a snow-bound Ottawa: "I do not think I have ever seen a greater variety of fish and plant life in unsoiled conditions. For me there was the added advantage of virtual inaccessibility, which allowed me a week of peace and informality."

Lomont provides all the necessary diving equipment, and he even leads outings to several shipwrecks and up to the Great Blue Hole inside Lighthouse Reef, where the coral seabed has opened up a cavern 410 feet deep and 1000 feet wide. Jacques-Yves Cousteau was drawn to explore the phenomenon, and it is already legendary among divers. Capt. Ray Auxillou, who runs the Island Traders' Hideaway Lodge on Cay Caulker (pronounced COR-ker), insists that he saw a monster in its depths three years ago, and no one has yet disproved him. Captain Ray's place is one of several little beach hotels on Cay Caulker, all of them catering for the fishing and diving folk. "The lodge can accommodate parties of sixteen comfortably, and fairly easy with a little crowding," Ray's brochure announces in triumphant Belizean style.

Ambergris (pronounced Am-BUR-gis locally) Cay is the most famous of the keys. It is separated from the Mexican territory of Quintana Roo by only a small river, but it has all the qualities of a lost paradise island, narrowing down to nothing as it travels thirty-five miles into Belize. At its southern tip, where the town of San Pedro dozes like a lazy crab, the key is just a sandbank held together by a few coconut palms. San Pedro has a population of about one thousand bilingual (English and Spanish) descendants of the Mayas, who seem to understand what life is about. They run a small fishing cooperative that guarantees them good prices for the lobsters, shrimp, and turtles they pluck from the waters. Now tourism is also beginning to benefit them. The Coral Beach Hotel is run as a cooperative. Boatmen can make up to eighteen dollars a day for sharing their boats and secrets with fishermen and divers.

THE BARRIER REEF—the second largest in the world after Australia, Belizeans like to remind visitors—stands just half a mile off San Pedro's dazzling white beaches and attracts endless species of fish. The area is shallow and safe for the novice diver or snorkler, but it also offers innumerable unexploited underwater caves for the more daring. Big Phil, a blue-eyed diver from Texas, who seems to have established near-permanent residence in the San Pedro Holiday Hotel, says he has never known better diving. The life seems to suit him, too. San Pedro is total informality and simplicity, but it also means spending money. The Coral Beach Hotel costs twenty dollars a day for two, including food, and the San Pedro Holiday Hotel is almost twice as much. In the Holiday Hotel everyone sits down together for meals at a large table with infinite varieties of fish and sea food served up in as many different ways. Owner Celi Grief ("I'm going to change my name to Happiness") does the cooking, then floats around dropping sharp quips and mysterious smiles like some Caribbean Justine. "San Pedro is addictive," Celi warns visitors. "People come back time and again. I'm booked through March, and I know most of the people who are coming. I could take a personal check for a thousand dollars, and it wouldn't worry me a bit."

Farther down the beach, a middle-aged American with ginger hair on his belly, and a satisfied smile framed by a large straw hat, stands knee-deep in water, throwing up pieces of fish for seagulls to catch in flight. "I'm from Tennessee, and I come here three or four times a year. These are the best fishing grounds I've ever tackled. You can catch fifty or sixty fish in a day." The seagulls struggled wildly for control of the air. "These fish are fighters, too. You can get a ten-pounder on your line, and you'd think he was a fifty-pounder. I've snapped more lines down here. . . ."

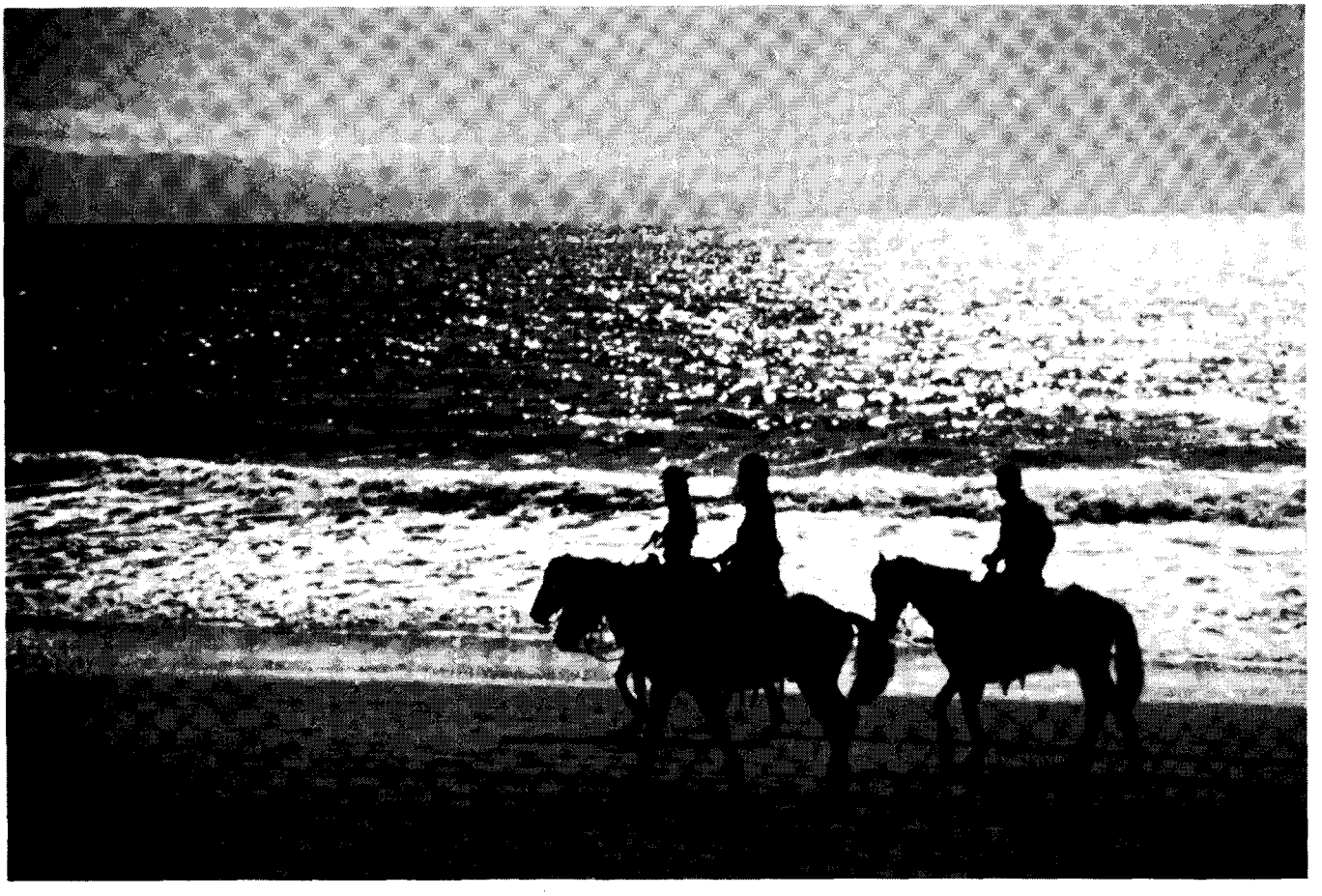
The only break with the traditional wood-framed architecture comes beyond San Pedro's iguana-infested cemetery, where American Jerry McDermott has built half a dozen round, native-type huts for his Paradise House Hotel. "Someone wrote that Paradise House was like something out of a Gauguin painting," McDermott said, "but I think that's going too far." McDermott, a handsome forty-six year old with long salt-and-pepper hair, has been in San Pedro for the past three years, and he is now unapologetically possessive. "It may seem nutty, but we have a thing about discouraging people from dropping trash in the water or spearing fish unnecessarily," he said. "And we don't like hippies who want everything for nothing."

Beyond the barrier reef, the coral sea-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEXICO IS

...a hat that glitters • a smile that sparkles • a sun that radiates life • stars that twinkle • a trumpet that flashes in a shower of high notes • a land which scintillates with the joy of living • a people who glow in warm welcome to you. Come...and you'll see why more people fly from the U.S.A. to our wonderful country than to any other country in the world... *and this is only the beginning.*



AEROMEXICO

Gateways: Boston • Detroit • Houston • Cd. Juarez (El Paso) • Los Angeles • Matamoros (Brownsville) • Miami • Montreal • New York • Philadelphia Phoenix • Tijuana (San Diego) • Toronto • Tucson • Offices: Chicago • Dallas • Denver • El Paso • Honolulu • Newark • Orange, Cal. Portland, Ore. • San Diego • San Francisco • San Juan, P. R. • Seattle • Washington, D.C.

AEROMEXICO
500 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10036
SRW—10/23

Begin with us.

Please send me your latest folders on Mexico.

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ *Zip*_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's only one hotel swimming pool in Bogotá. And only one José Zabala.

Hilton has them both.

José Zabala, the Manager of the Bogotá Hilton, is a very unique man. Unique for his indoor pool, his expertise and, of course, his hotel.

For one thing, it's located right in the center of the city. For another, it's the second tallest building in all of South America. Each room offers a spectacular view of the city and the Andes beyond.

Equally spectacular is the fact that when you ask for a double room, you'll get a suite—complete with large living room, bedroom, television and AM/FM radio.

There's even a fully equipped gymnasium and health club with Turkish bath, sauna and masseurs to relax you.

You can satisfy your hunger for fine food from the glass-walled *Le Toit* restaurant atop the hotel.

And if you need a place for a meeting or a banquet, the meeting facilities of the Bogotá Hilton are flexible enough to accommodate small groups or as many as 600.

The Bogotá Hilton. It has everything.

José Leite of the São Paulo Hilton: As Front Office Manager of Brazil's São Paulo Hilton, Mr. Leite will make sure that you are checked into accommodations that suit your needs as quickly as possible. He knows you probably want to relax in the hotel's swimming pool or browse in one of our fine shops. Or walk to a business appointment in nearby downtown São Paulo.

Peter Hofer of the Caracas Hilton: Executive Chef Peter Hofer presides over several fine restaurants. He takes particular pride in *La Rotisserie*, a stunning dining room where the superb cuisine has won every top culinary award in Venezuela. You can enjoy it all at the Caracas Hilton, centrally located in a handsome resort-like setting.

When's the last time you stayed with people who care?
For reservations call your travel agent or Hilton Reservation Service.

HILTON INTERNATIONAL

bed falls away, and the deep-water fishing begins. "May and June are the best months for sailfish," confided Jim, who's from Florida. "You can average seventy-pounders, and what a fight!" In the winter Jim earns his living in Miami by taking people fishing in his boat, but he comes to Belize in the summer for pleasure. "There's no comparison with the fishing here. It's all overfished around Florida, but here the sports fish are still extraordinary. Take the wahoo, a fish that has been clocked at 80 mph. If you touch the reel when it's going, you can burn your finger off. And there are sailfish, tarpon, barracuda, groupers, and snappers galore!"

Fishermen frequently land sharks in the area, but even the local lobsterfolk who dive to forty feet without tanks have a good safety record. Helping keep the area free of sharks are the porpoises that come inside the reef to play among the boats. "Anyway, we need some sharks so the Chinese can make their shark's fin soup," a boatman said understandingly as he guided his launch by the glare of the moon through the dark waters between the keys.

SAN PEDRO normally can be reached in a twenty-minute, seven-dollar flight from Belize City, although the strip got rough in the summer and the government was called in to put it into shape for the season. Since perhaps 50 percent of Belize's tourists are heading for San Pedro, the government agreed to spend the money. But as with the rest of Belize, there is a serious lack of accommodations in San Pedro. Most of the hotels are booked months ahead by the real *aficionados*, and the new hotels going up on the keys and on the mainland must rush to keep up with demand. The high prices, the simple surroundings, and the long journey are the premiums paid by visitors for the quiet seclusion and simple charm of Belize.

Aldous Huxley wrote forty years ago that Belize "is not on the way to anywhere or from anywhere," but the small TACA International Airlines is nevertheless providing an excellent service to the colony from Miami, New Orleans, and Guatemala City. The big airlines and the big aircraft still fly over Belize, unaware of its existence. "We're not entirely unhappy about that," one government official told me. "We don't want our country taken over by Americans before we're even independent of the British." □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Balaguer Is Beautiful

In a land that lived in tyranny, the Dominicans may be creating the last West Indian nirvana.

By James Whelan

If it wasn't actually happening, it would be outlandish even to suggest that a country known chiefly as a crucible of violence, when it is known at all, should now be well on the way to becoming the most spectacular success story in Caribbean tourism. Yet there is every indication that this is exactly what is happening in the Dominican Republic, which, until 1961, had lived for thirty-one years under the tyranny of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo.

Managing Editor of the Miami News, *James Whelan covered Latin America for UPI and Scripps-Howard for a dozen years. A Nieman Fellow at Harvard, he was cited by the Overseas Press Club last year for excellence in Latin American reporting.*

The excitement about tourism in this tropical nation, which shares the island of Hispaniola with Haiti, is based on painstaking planning and a fat bank roll. Add to that its natural beauty and a people still too poor to be spoiled.

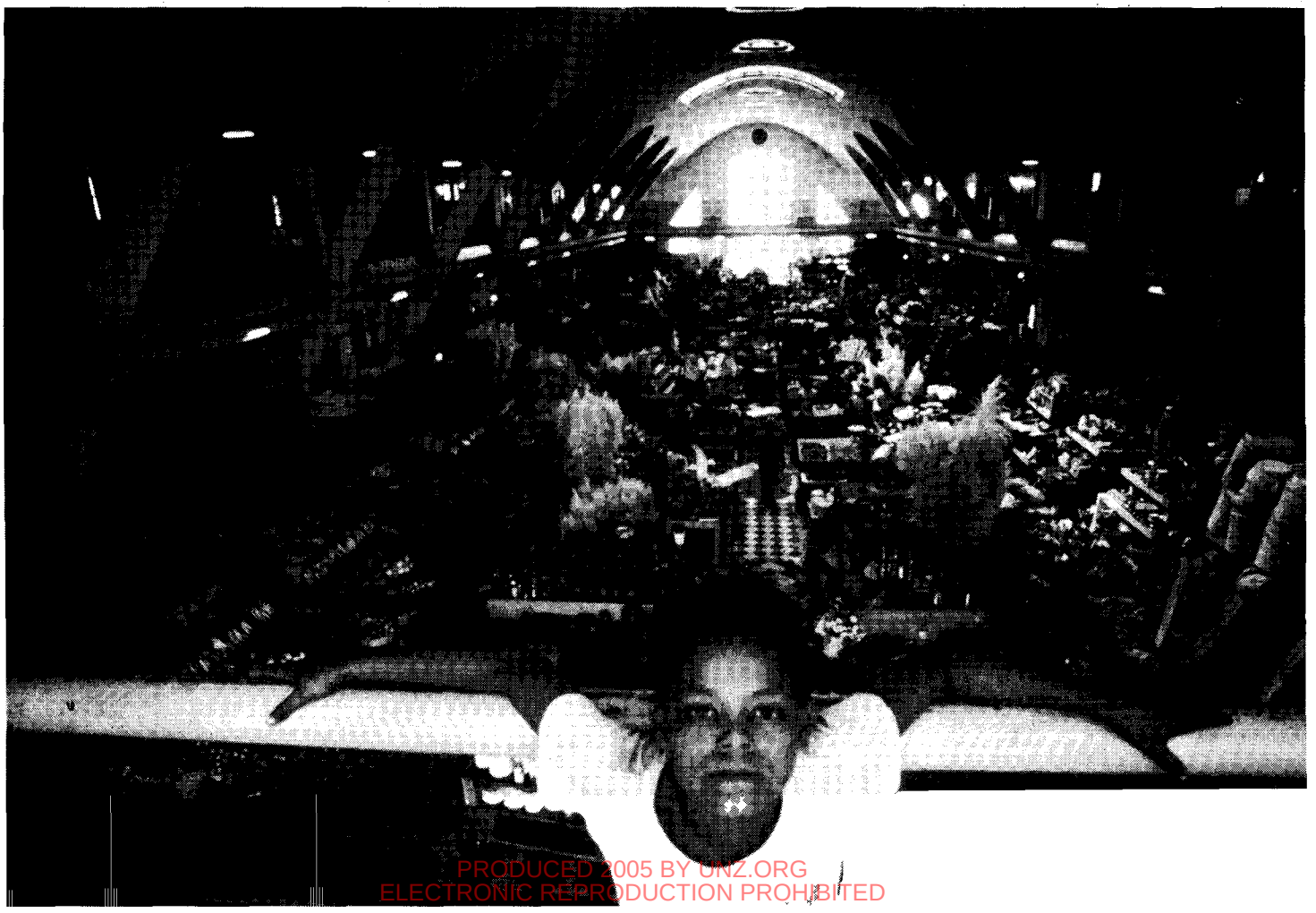
It is excitement orchestrated by a man who is living proof that appearances deceive, for it would be hard to imagine a less commanding presence than that of Dr. Joaquin Balaguer, president of the Dominican Republic. But command he does, in a voice so low his listeners must lean forward to hear, and lean they do, because he is a no-nonsense man in a hurry to build a nation.

Last year, the third in Balaguer's second term, the Dominican economy bounded ahead by 12.5 percent, the highest growth rate in all of Latin America. The country is a long way from the millennium, to be sure, but it is a country that only a few years ago, after the 1965 civil war, was in a state of collapse.

While poverty is still pervasive and per capita income only $363 per year—about one-tenth what it is in the United States—the fact is that Balaguer has turned despair into hope, stagnation into prideful prosperity. A recent Associated Press dispatch said the Dominican economy "isn't booming; it's bursting," and signs of the explosion are everywhere visible, in handsome private homes and public buildings and also in the growing pains of prosperity: traffic jams and power shortages.

BALAGUER, an abstemious bachelor of sixty-five and a stickler for details, buzzes around the country so much to keep things moving that he is known as "the man of the helicopter." Lately he is keeping his alert brown eyes focused on tourism, because he has decided to make it the centerpiece of the country's development. Tourism not only generates in-

Covered market, Santo Domingo—"The excitement about tourism is based on planning and a people too poor to be spoiled."
Bettina Cirone



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come; it also generates jobs, and in a country with a 15 percent unemployment rate, jobs have top priority.

Beyond Balaguer's personal drive is the Dominican conviction that tourism is in trouble, deep trouble, elsewhere in the Caribbean. They are willing, able, and, they hope, ready to pick up the glittering pieces. Dominicans view with fascination the Caribbean's tribulations, which include black power, mass murder, high prices, surly service, and soul searching over whether the tourist ought to cater more to the country or the country to the tourist. In their primeval innocence, Dominicans claim they suffer none of these afflictions. They are, they say, unabashedly fond of visitors.

I give you an example: The fishing village of Bayahibe, ninety miles or so east of Santo Domingo, is a private place reached only by boat. At the edge of a crescent bay of coconut palms and limpid, warm waters and white sand with a silken, mushy texture such as I have never touched sits the modest fishing village of 250 souls. A girl's name is Luisa; her skin is honey brown; her hair is dark; her smile, tender, as if she really cares about these sun-broiled Norsemen she has never seen before. She walks us over the spiny coral rock and mud streets of the village, past the blue-and-red-and-yellow wooden huts, and then she leaves us to fetch water from the spring; we think we shall see her no more. But later, as we are clambering into the skiff to leave the village, we see her again, moving shyly toward us; and she hands a white woman a flower and smiles.

But one doesn't have to go to remote Bayahibe to be treated warmly, for the simple truth is that everywhere we went, the waiters, chambermaids, and taxi drivers, official people and unofficial people, breathed new life into the experience of Columbus 480 years ago, when he spoke of finding here "gentle beings, hospitable . . . curious and merry, walking in beauty. . . ."

BOTH THE CAPITAL CITY of Santo Domingo, with its colonial relics (many of them due to be restored), and the hinterlands will be part of the tourist transformation of the Dominican Republic. The north coast itself may be the threshold of the future. The focal point of one of the most precision-planned tourist complexes ever seen anywhere is Puerto Plata, until a few years ago a forgotten city punished by Trujillo for its role in a rebellion against him. Puerto Plata is 130 miles north of Santo Domingo, at the end of a modern highway that curls past the highest mountains in the Caribbean and dips into two of the loveliest valleys in the tropics, the historic La Vega Real and the rich farmland of El Cibao.

I TOURED THIS LAND by helicopter with Francisco J. Cruz, whose title alone may impart how serious the Dominicans are about tourism and its future. Señor Cruz is the director of the Department of Tourist Infrastructure of the Central Bank. For two hours we buzzed over several hundred miles of Señor Cruz's infrastructure. Stretched along sixty-five miles of magnificent seacoast on the Atlantic coast are two vacation communities being created by the government where only sagebrush, palm trees, and foam-fringed beaches used to exist. One will be large scale for middle-class tourism, the other smaller and more posh for the big spenders.

> "If the terror and opulence of the past or the promise of the future doesn't excite you, try alligator hunting at Lake Enriquillo."

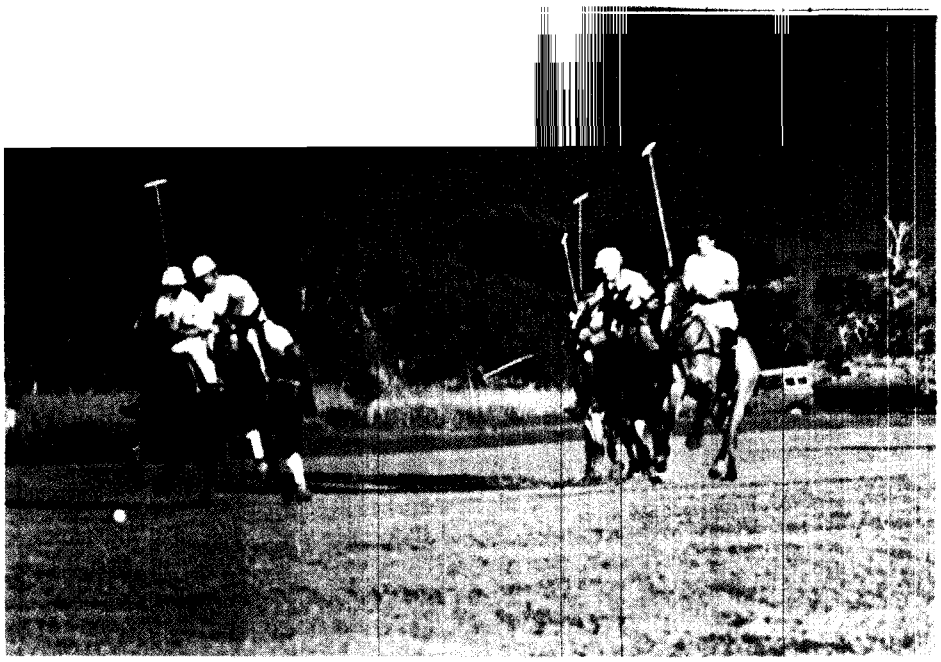
One is tempted to linger over the imposing particulars of these projects, but suffice it to say that they are real enough to have Sheraton and Inter-Continental hotels, Eastern and American airlines, and even golf architect Robert Trent Jones all locked in serious negotiations with the government. A new international airport, five miles east of Puerto Plata, with a 10,000-foot runway—big enough for jumbo jets—is due to be operational by mid-1974; ground is to be broken for the first luxury hotel late this year, and one cruise ship, the *Bohème*, has already begun to call at Puerto Plata. By mid-1975, with the condominiums and town houses in, the place should resemble the Condado section of San Juan, but done with space and taste. The Balaguer government has committed $22 million and a great deal of care to further the enterprise.

At Punta Caña, on the eastern tip of the island, an unlikely syndicate that includes George Meany, Park Avenue labor mediator Theodore Kheel, Alexis Lichine, the vintner, and John T. Dunlop, who heads Phase Four, has created a remote resort in the trackless bush. The nearest town is sixty-five miles away, but it happens to be across the water in Puerto Rico. The nearest village reachable overland is Higüey, seventy miles over a dirt road. Planes fly every afternoon and take forty-five minutes from the capital, including a stop at La Romana. The round-trip fare is only twenty dollars, and winter rates are thirty-four dollars for two with two meals (fourteen dollars for two in summer). Book early. There are only twenty-four rooms, although there are five miles of beach and 15,000 acres of land.

But the traveler's *pièce de résistance* is eighty miles east of the capital, or sixty-two miles from the airport. Romana is a resort complex destined to become one of the two or three most coveted in the Caribbean. To reach it, one must ride over a sometimes-bumpy road, paved only in theory. Yet the visit is worth every bounce along the way. It is owned by a subsidiary of Gulf & Western, a conglomerate that is the country's biggest private employer (20,000 persons), operates the world's largest sugar refinery there (referred to affectionately by Teobaldo Rosell, the man who makes it go, as "the monkey"); keeps 77,000 head of cattle, and owns 270,000 acres, or slightly less than half the acreage of Luxembourg. Hotel Romana started as a guest house for G & W executives visiting the sugar refinery, which looms over the hotel and, when the wind is wrong (infrequently), sprays the place with sugar ash. It is now a seventy-seven-room layout so posh that Oscar designed the waitresses' uniforms (he also had a hand in designing drapes, slipcovers, and waiter uniforms). Oscar, as everyone for at least 100 miles around there knows, is Oscar de la Renta, the Dominican-born high prince of haute couture, who now spends a good part of his time puttering around a $150,000 house he built on ocean-front property there.

Despite my affection for the crescent-shaped mahogany bar at Hotel Romana and the liquorless, fruit punches concocted according to a devilishly imprecise formula at that bar, Hotel Romana has since been superseded, at least to my taste, by a sister establishment a few miles up the road. Called Casa de Campo, the affiliated hotel has sixty huge rooms with cathedral ceilings, scattered among six houses planted among sugar cane and guinea grass. The insinuating, sensual throb of merengues eddies from the main

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Paul Barton

Polo near Casa de Campo—Also rodeos, skeet shooting, and a beguiling merengue.

building in the evenings, an irresistible invitation to hurry your dressing and report for dinner. The food and service at both places are superb, notwithstanding the snide remark of a clever friend in the diplomatic service who sniffed that it was just a trifle too much like staying at a hotel school. True, they are learning, and the fish fork occasionally winds up on the bread plate; but that kind of enthusiasm I can cheerfully sustain. The two hotels share an eighteen-hole golf course built by Pete Dye of Hilton Head fame, a course that cost $1 million to build and involved a work force of 1000. The two also share a landing strip and a fleet of leisure boats, including a fifty-two-foot, gaff-rigged schooner and a thirty-one-foot cabin cruiser, which takes guests, without charge, ten miles up the coast to that enchanted beach of Bayahibe. Guests pay $120 per day for the use of the merengue, and there's a fee, too, for renting the fourteen-foot skiffs for chasing snook and tarpon in the Chavon River. A dude ranch offers miles of trails and a selection of thirty Morgan quarter horses. There are weekly rodeo shows, polo games, and trap- and skeet-shooting ranges.

I ASKED ALFREDO LATOUR, the handsome Cuban bachelor who runs the resort properties, for whom the place might not be right. He guessed that only those who didn't like the sound of roosters would fail to find happiness there. I'm inclined to think, though, that the place is too new (Hotel Romana is three years old, and Casa de Campo opened only this year), a bit too unspoiled, and too off-the-beaten track. Yet it is right for all those who have their fun wherever they find it and are not troubled where others are having theirs. Rates at Hotel Romana require a Ouija board to follow but roughly run from thirty-six dollars to sixty-three dollars for singles, fifty-two dollars to seventy-three dollars for doubles, with two meals, the year round. At Casa de Campo, which is in the process of adding twenty-four rooms, the rate is seventy-three dollars daily for two in a room, with two meals, going to a top of ninety-five dollars after December 15. G & W also includes twenty-two golf villas now abuilding and selling for $35,000 to $50,000, as well as a number of ocean-front villas in Oscar's neighborhood that are slightly higher.

Altogether the government projects $150 million in public and private spending by 1985 to transform the country into one of the giants of Caribbean tourism. They've got a long way to go. Last year 113,000 tourists visited the country, and they include thousands popping in and out for a pressure-cooker divorce (a twenty-four-hour whirl for which only one spouse need appear; a key figure in this trade is Manuel Espinosa, a lawyer who used to churn out as many as 70,000 divorces a year in Juárez until the U.S. courts put a crimp in divorce, Mexican-style).

This year the country expects to receive 150,000 visitors, still a pittance compared with the number who go to Puerto Rico (around 1 million) and to the U.S. Virgin Islands (over a million). Although the number will double by this time next year, there are now only around 900 first-class hotel rooms in the entire country, or about one-tenth the number in neighboring Puerto Rico.

Columbus happened on Hispaniola on his first voyage and established the very first colony in the New World in Haiti (sacked by Indians) and the second, Santo Domingo, which has lived on to become the oldest city in the Western Hemisphere. Although Columbus is said to have loved this land best, the association was not always felicitous: In 1499, for the alleged peccadilloes of his brother Bartolomé, whom he had left behind to look after things, Christopher, his son Diego, and brother Bartolomé were all imprisoned there, until Queen Isabella intervened.

In 1508 Diego Columbus was named the first viceroy in the New World, and for the next twenty-five years, the colony flourished as a center of power and elegance without rival. It was the consolidation of Spanish power in Mexico by Cortés, as well as the discovery of precious metals in Peru and elsewhere, that led to the decline of the colony, the first of destiny's contretemps.

That period did, however, produce several of the treasures recently resurrected to restore Santo Domingo's colonial air. Among them are the Alcazar de Colón, the palace where Diego and his wife, Maria de Toledo, held court, and the 1514 Cathedral of Santa Maria, where the remains of Columbus are said to be interred. In the old city and around the island, in Puerto Plata, Higüey, and La Vega, there are some 300 buildings, many dating from the "building boom" of 1502–03, that are earmarked for restoration.

Wandering around the old city without having to wait for guided tours (though guides are available) is one of the joys of the city. At the Alcazar, an architectural cross between Moorish forts and public buildings in Extremadura, Spain, I availed myself of the guide service of Prof. Dulce Maria Perez, a woman with a good grasp of English and boundless enthusiasm for her subject. Unlike so many guides programmed to disgorge all they know in prepared spiels, Professor Dulce Maria improvises as she goes along and really uncorks at the slightest cue of curiosity.

In Santo Domingo the premier hotel is El Embajador, which features a doorman with gold epaulets and a lobby resplendent with chandeliers and marble. It also offers 309 rooms, a swank night-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR FIRST TASTE OF THE ORIENT IS FREE

But very valuable. Cathay Pacific's free tour book gives you a look at the most colorful people and places in the Far East. All kinds of tours, from the airline of the Orient for 27 years. All kinds of experiences you could miss without this book.

Yes, give me a free taste of the Orient.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

My travel agent is_____

Cathay Pacific Airways – Dept. SR10/23
291 Geary St., San Francisco, CA 94102

CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS

The airline to fly in the Orient after you fly to the Orient.

HOTEL las brisas ACAPULCO

very special... because it's your very own

Imagine your own casita with its own terrace and pool, its own fully stocked bar and refrigerator, replenished daily. Imagine your very own complimentary breakfast waiting outside your very own door when you wake and your very own jeep also awaiting your pleasure. Imagine your very own membership in private La Concha beach club with access to its land and water sports, its rolling bars and gourmet buffet. Like Bella Vista dining room, all facilities are exclusively for Las Brisas guests. That goes, of course, for its brand new tennis club with three resilient-surfaced tennis courts overlooking the bay. They are lighted for night play, fenced in to prevent lost balls. There's a tennis pro on hand and instruction available. Facilities include a bar, sauna, rest rooms and showers and umbrella-shaded tables for spectators. Imagine all this with no extra charge for one or two children sharing parents' quarters. A daily service charge is added in lieu of tipping. Las Brisas . . . Very special . . . because it's your very own.

200 POOLS • 250 CASITAS
150 PINK AND WHITE JEEPS

See your travel agent or
CALL FREE 1-800-527-6168
(except Texas, Alaska, Hawaii)
CALL FREE IN TEXAS
1-800-492-6824
Acapulco, Mexico • P.O. Box 281
Phone 4-15-80 • Telex: 016-837
Also represented by
Hetland & Stevens/George R. Smith

MAUPINTOUR UNHURRIED HOLIDAYS!
LEAVE CARES AT HOME . . .

SOUTH AMERICA AND THE GALAPAGOS

UNCOMMON PLACES! Seven different tours! Only $599 complete from Miami for 8-day *Peru FlyAway* (Lima, Machu Picchu). 14-day three-country, only $859. 15 days for Colombia, Ecuador, Panama, Galapagos Isles, $1099. 31-day *Grand* includes full Galapagos Cruise, San Blas Indians, Los Colorados, unspoiled life off-the-beaten-path, $2068. Plus 22-day and 30-day *'Round South America* from $1534.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for the new *MAUPINTOUR SOUTH AMERICA* folder or write Maupintour, 270 Park Ave., New York City, N.Y. 10017. Phone 212/687-7773.

our 23rd year of quality tour operation **Maupintour**

ASK ABOUT THESE MAUPINTOUR HOLIDAYS:
☐ Spain/Portugal ☐ Morocco ☐ Greece/Aegean Isles
☐ Middle East ☐ Egypt/Luxor ☐ Italy/Lakes/Sicily
☐ France ☐ The Alps ☐ Bavaria/Austria ☐ Balkans
☐ Germany/Rhine ☐ Middle Europe ☐ British Isles
☐ Dalmatia ☐ Scandinavia ☐ North Cape Adventure
☐ Europe Continental ☐ Soviet Union/Eastern Europe
☐ South Pacific ☐ Orient ☐ South America ☐ Africa

club, a gambling casino (all major hotels have one), and a swimming pool with a huge acoustical shell just beyond the diving board, the only one of its kind I've ever seen. Rates run from eighteen dollars to twenty-three dollars for singles, twenty-two to twenty-eight dollars for doubles, and sixty dollars for suites. All rooms are furnished in ornate French provincial, all of which may be a bit too Miami Beach baroque for some tastes, but the establishment is run with professional help as a first-class hotel. El Embajador has been the town's biggest hotel and showpiece since it opened eighteen years ago, but there's a challenger on the horizon: A Gulf & Western Corporation subsidiary breaks ground shortly for an even bigger hotel. To meet the competition the Inter-Continental people are spending $1.2 million to spruce up *their* place. G & W is refurbishing the second-largest hotel, the Hispaniola (headquarters for the Inter-American Peace Force during the 1965 civil war and somewhat shell-shocked ever since), and hopefully will have it ready in time for the February avalanche of athletes and spectators converging on the city for the Caribbean–Central American games.

Eighteen miles west of Santo Domingo is the town of San Cristóbal, birthplace of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, whose rule of terror ended twelve years ago when seven angry men filled his corpulent body full of shotgun, M–1, and revolver slugs. In that town, on a 75,000-acre spread, Trujillo had built a $6 million palace so gaudy that not even he ever used it, and another, lesser place, Casa las Caobas, which cost only $1 million. It was at Caobas, in only modified splendor, that he spent the better part of his life, romancing an endless procession of mistresses and entertaining the mugwumps of the world. A retired army sergeant named José Roman Meldromo Ruiz looks after the decaying property now, aided by his wife, son, and a pair of cleaning ladies. He charges fifty cents to show visitors around. The government, meanwhile, tries to figure out a way to make tourist capital from man's eternal fascination with evil. It is worth the drive out, if only to discover how little taste all that money could buy.

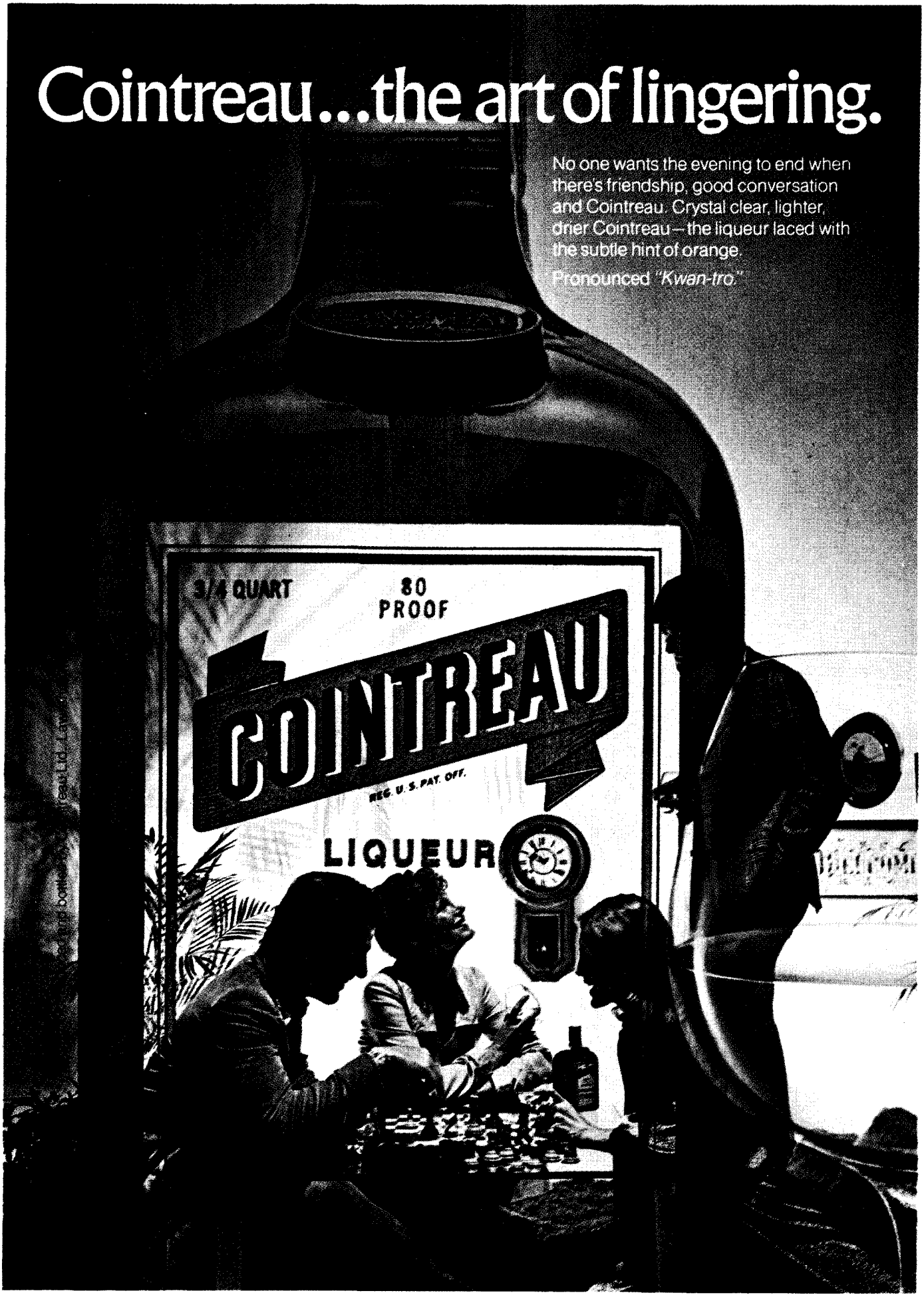
If the terror and the opulence of the past don't move you, if the promise of the future doesn't excite you, I have one more Dominican opportunity to suggest: How about trying the alligator hunting at Lake Enriquillo? To get there . . . ☐

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cointreau...the art of lingering.

No one wants the evening to end when there's friendship, good conversation and Cointreau. Crystal clear, lighter, drier Cointreau—the liqueur laced with the subtle hint of orange.

Pronounced *"Kwan-tro."*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY COMICNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1974 A.D.
THE VIKINGS CAPTURE THE SUN.

We catch it shimmering throughout the Caribbean and coastal waters of Mexico and Central America. All its warmth, its brightness, its power to renew —ours.

And yours. For you're invited to capture the Sun aboard one of our resplendent ships. The all new, all first class *Royal Viking Star, Royal Viking Sky,* and *Royal Viking Sea* are sailing on a year-'round schedule of voyages, of two weeks to over a month, from New York, Ft. Lauderdale, San Francisco and Los Angeles, to the sunniest ports in the Americas. These are ships of Norwegian registry—and spirit—built to capture all the things you go to sea for.

Picture this: green jungle gliding by either side as you lunch in a cool, high windowed dining room during a Panama Canal transit. Or the glow of El Salvador's volcano, Isalco, seen far out at sea from a lounge above the captain's bridge. Or a ceiling of stars over a softly lit dance deck, music filling a balmy Caribbean evening.

Vikings know better than anyone the real pleasures of cruising. That's why we build our ships spacious and airy as the sea itself. Why both the dining room and main lounge accommodate everyone in a single seating. Why 94% of all passengers have outside staterooms. Why there are acres of deck space for sunning and sporting, and a swimming pool actually large enough for swimming. Why we have more than three very Continental crewmembers for every five passengers. And why we sail to capture the Sun.

Caribbean/Mexico/Trans-Canal Cruises. These are Caribbean cruises, Viking-style. Which means they don't stop with the Caribbean, but go beyond: to Central America, the Panama Canal, and Mexico's enchanted west coast. Besides spots like Montego Bay, Pointe-a-Pitre, St. George's, Aruba, and Curacao, we take you to off-the-beaten track finds like Acajutla, El Salvador, and the Mexican riviera ports of Acapulco, Mazatlan, and Puerto Vallarta. *From Ft. Lauderdale,* cruises ending in Los Angeles or San Francisco sail January 16, for 19 days; October 28, for 17 days (or a 34 day round trip); and December 4, for 17 days. *From San Francisco/Los Angeles,* cruises ending in Ft. Lauderdale sail January 22/23 for 12 days; April 29/30 for 16 days; June 6/7 for 15 days; and November 16/17 for 17 days (or a 34 day round trip).

Mexico Cruises. The Norsemen sail south of the border on two 13-day cruises from San Francisco and Los Angeles. The first sails January 5/6 and the second, a Christmas and New Year's voyage, leaves December 22/23. Both take in amazing Acapulco, with its famous beaches and fascinating night life; pretty little Puerto Vallarta, celebrated by the celebrities; Mazatlan, the marlin fisherman's paradise; and the latest discovery—Manzanillo.

Christmas and New Year's Cruises. The Vikings think the holidays should be celebrated with plenty of turkey, carols, good feelings, champagne—and sun. So besides our Mexico holiday cruise, we have two three-week cruises, one from each coast, to brighten your Christmas and New Year's. We sail December 10 from San Francisco, December 11 from Los Angeles for a tour of Central American ports like Esmeraldas, Ecuador, and Puntarenas, Costa Rica, highlighted by a visit to the Galopagos. Plus Puerto Vallarta and Mazatlan. And back to California. Our East Coast sailing departs New York on December 16, Ft. Lauderdale December 18, for Port Barrios, Guatemala; Port Cortes, Honduras; and some of the brightest jewels in the Caribbean, including Martinique, Antigua, and Anguilla, returning to Ft. Lauderdale and New York.

Worldwide cruising? The Vikings wrote the book. A thick, 92-page book in full color about all the Royal Viking cruises in '74 and '75. Northern Europe, the Black Sea and Mediterranean, Africa and the Atlantic, the Pacific and Orient, and Around the World. Your favorite travel agent has a copy for you (plus all the help you'll ever need in arranging your Royal Viking cruise). And so do we: 800-227-4246 toll free (N. Cal & Can., 415-398-8000 collect; S. Cal, 213-627-1365 collect).

To: Cruise Consultant, Royal Viking Line,
Dept. D-68
One Embarcadero Center,
San Francisco, CA 94111

Please send me a copy of your worldwide cruise book.

Name_____

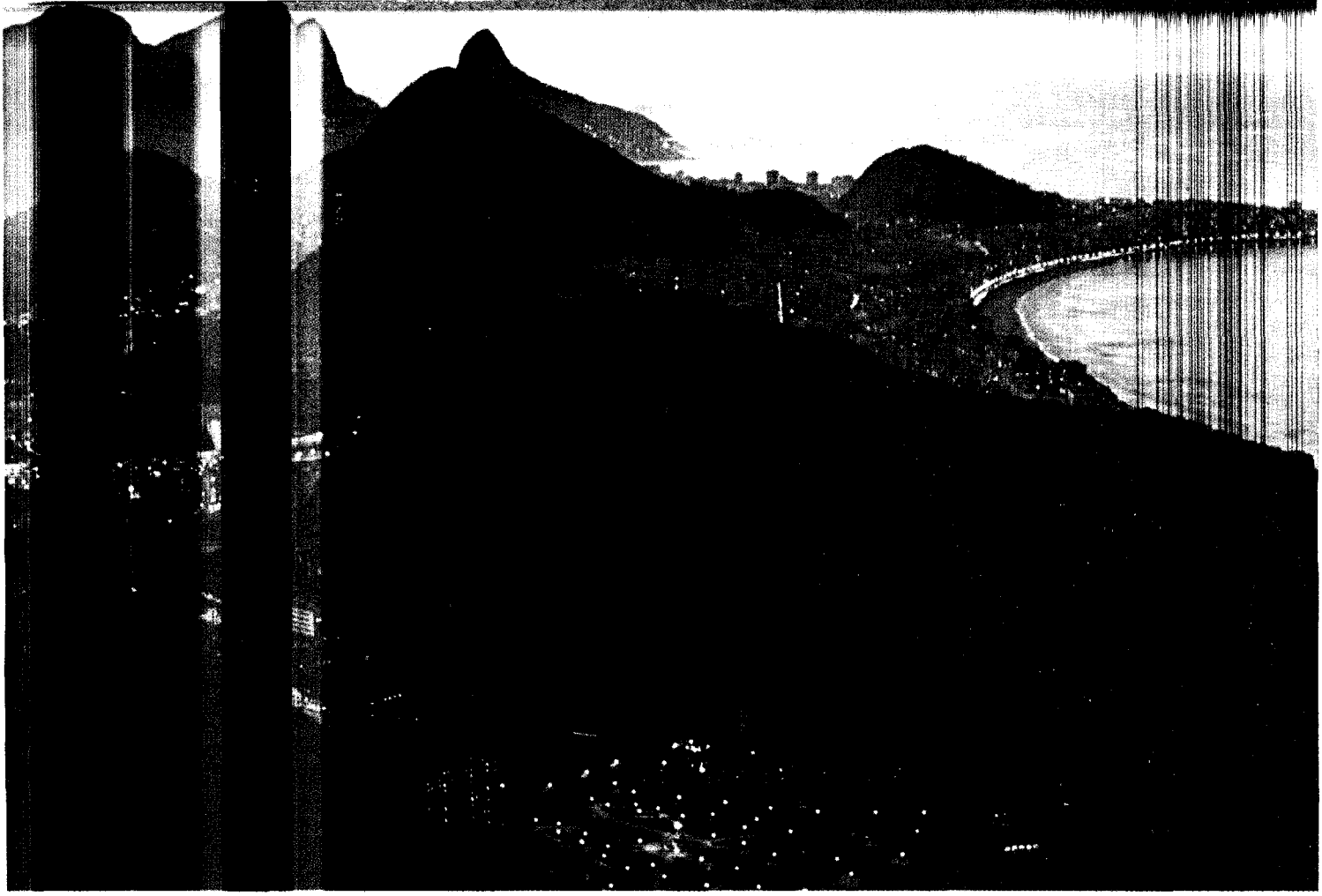
Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Travel Agent_____ City_____

ROYAL VIKING LINE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Carl Purcell: Ph[illegible] Researcl

The new Rio—"T[illegible]nels and elevated highways that skirt around blue-and-green rocky heights, above a rolling surf."

Brazil Puts a Boom in the Bossa Nova

By Joseph Sims

When I arrived in Brazil in 1961 as an apprentice foreign correspondent, Rio de Janeiro still justly deserved its reputation as a wicked tropical port city. Like many travelers arriving in Rio in those days—before shipping companies from the States had ended passenger runs—my first sight of the city itself was Praça Mauá, at the dockside. The plaza was bounded on one side by the Touring Club and on another by a tall hill, the Morro de São Bento, where a seminary and boys' school were located. On a third side was Rio's first skyscraper, the twenty-story Edificio da Noite, which housed a newspaper. Dominating Praça Mauá—not only physically but economically as well—were scores of bars, brothels, and restaurants with such colorful and romantic names as the Hanseatic, the Florida, and the Charleston. The tourists walked by these bars quickly, fascinated though with the scene of merchant mariners, sailors, and drifters from all over the world, laughing and drinking with beautiful—and not so beautiful—black- and cinnamon-skinned Brazilian girls.

A huge Portuguese named Zica was the ruler of Praça Mauá. He owned practically all the bars, brothels, and restaurants, and many of the girls as well. One of his cafés used plates made in Belgium especially for him. Instead of intricate designs or simply the name of the restaurant usually found on chinaware, Zica had a portrait of his girl friend, who managed the place, imprinted on his plates. It was his kind of touch. He was of great wealth, and he had many friends. When his first daughter married, the ceremony was held in Rio's most fashionable church. Politicians, celebrities, and even the chief of police were his guests.

I remembered all this recently when I was in Praça Mauá. São Bento, the Touring Club, and the da Noite building are still there. But the bars are gone. The 1964 military government cleaned them out early on, after wresting control from a leftist administration. They took over the skyscraper for the Ministry of Industry and Commerce. The Hanseatic was turned into a government bank and a Tourism Room, and the Florida has become a new post office. There are still many bars and restaurants—and maybe a brothel or two—along the narrow side streets that lead into the plaza; but they are largely out of view. And anyway, most of the travelers who come here now land out at Galeão International Airport.

A forty-one-year-old midwesterner, Joseph Sims came to Brazil in 1961 with UPI. After four years in government work in Washington, he returned to Brazil last fall to take up free-lance journalism.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A unique combination of business firm and governmental department operates out of the old skyscraper, and the people working for that organization are transforming the business of tourism in Brazil and putting the country forth as a prime vacation spot for the Concorde and Jumbo Jet era.

The Emprêsa Brasileira de Turismo (Embratur) was created in 1966 with the idea of developing tourism at the national level. But it didn't pick up much steam until last year, when a thirty-two-year-old, self-made businessman was appointed as its president. Paulo Manuel Protásio, while still in his early twenties, opened one of Brazil's first part-time employment agencies and made it a success. He subsequently became director of Rio's Commercial Association, then secretary-general of the commerce and industry ministry's development council. Recently he was appointed president of SATO, the South American Travel Organization. Commerce Minister Marcus Vinícius Pratini de Moraes—himself only one or two years older—named Protásio to the tourism post in December 1971. Within a few months the two young men had made tourism one of the most lucrative business ventures in Brazil and shaken up the hotel and travel picture so thoroughly that the big foreign chains made their first move into Latin America's largest country.

They invented fiscal incentives for building new hotels and for expanding and modernizing old ones; they created a fund to finance anything and everything having to do with tourists. Corporations and individuals now can direct part of their taxes to tourism, thus buying shares in hotels and other travel ventures. There are market studies, promotion programs, statistical bulletins, and a program for selecting and training the manpower needed to make the whole thing hum along in harmony. Last year alone Embratur approved seventy-six tourism projects for tax incentives and government financing. Eight new hotels were added in 1972, and sixty more will be finished this year, expanding the hotel network by 9444 new rooms. Nearly 10,000 direct jobs and three times that many indirect jobs were created in the travel trade over the last two years. For 1974 Senhor Protásio is projecting a whopping 112 new hotels. All in all, some $182 million—including $77 million from taxpayers—has been spent on tourism since 1972.

This rush to build up Brazil's hotel system involves the biggest of the U.S. and European chains. Hilton already operates one hotel in São Paulo and plans to set up its most extensive network in any one country—some fifty hotels over the next year. Inter-Continental has one hotel nearly finished in Rio and has plans for one in São Paulo and another, with a golf course for guests alongside, in Brasília. Sheraton also has one hotel nearly ready in Rio and four more on the way in Brasília, Manaus, Salvador, and São Paulo. Holiday Inn is building hotels in and around São Paulo and considering as many as ninety other sites. Air France's Meridien chain is constructing one hotel in Manaus, up the Amazon River, and will build others in Rio, Salvador, and São Paulo.

One of the new hotels is Rio's Hotel Nacional, where the 1975 World Travel Congress of the American Society of Travel Agents will hold its meeting. The $17 million, 526-room cylindrical structure overlooks Rio's São Conrado beach, in an area of near-wilderness coastline only recently opened up by construction of tunnels and elevated highways, which skirt around rugged blue-and-green rocky heights just above a rolling white-and-blue surf. Inter-Continental's smaller, rectangular hotel under construction down the beach is slated to open in July 1974. The $13 million, 596-room Sheraton is back in, closer to Rio's Ipanema and Leblon beaches.

> "A Rumanian immigrant who used to be a taxi driver and multilingual travel guide started Brazil's bid for big-name status in tourism."

Construction of these three luxury hotels—plus the São Paulo Hilton—marked Brazil's bid for big-name status in tourism. Roly-poly José Tjurs, a Rumanian immigrant who used to be a Praça Mauá taxi driver and multilingual travel guide, started it all with his Hotel Nacional, number nine in the HORSA chain. He was the first one to see the possibilities in Embratur's incentive program. The Nacional was the first major project to get Embratur backing, and Tjurs also signed up for a 50 percent reduction on his corporate income taxes by modernizing other properties. Hotels become eligible for this by carrying out work "which implies greater comfort for the guests"—everything from new air conditioners to a new bar.

Against all advice Tjurs started his circular-hotel construction not on Copacabana Beach, where the other major tourist hotels—including his own Copacabana Excelsior—were located, but, rather, more than twenty minutes farther out, in an area of difficult access and of no commerce; indeed there were no neighbors. The Nacional and Inter-Continental are still a bit far out, but Tjurs was sure the unspoiled area would be developed sooner or later by authorities. It was the only place left to hold Rio's growing population, now bursting out in all directions. Just as if it had been scripted, federal authorities and Guanabara state officials decided that the long-planned Rio-Santos highway, which eventually will be part of a coastal road from the far north to the extreme south, would be built almost in front of the hotel. A series of tunnels was cut through the hills and mountains, following a master plan by Brasília builder Lucio Costa. By the end of the century, clusters of circular apartment and office buildings will go up along the beach, one kilometer apart from each other, and the center of Rio will have been shifted over the hilltops and past Copacabana's cement jungle. Large areas of green parks and gardens will be preserved. Two natural lakes will be maintained. The Rio-Santos highway will be Rio's main thoroughfare, and José Tjurs will be right in the middle of what looks to be one of the world's most striking, modernistic beach cities.

The same French planners who urbanized the road from Languedoc to Roussillon, in the south of France, are drawing up a plan to turn the now-untouched coastline along the 225-mile highway into a major South American travel attraction. The highway will be called the Estrada do Sol, the "Sun Highway," and will pass in front of white, unpolluted beaches with a mountainous backdrop that hopefully will remain uncluttered by strings of hotels, apartments, and housing developments and unobscured by smog and dirty air. The federal government is overseeing the plan, and they seem determined to maintain the region's natural beauty as they gradually open it up as a tourist playground.

Brazil is a land of mighty rivers and awesome rain forests; of twentieth-century jet-setters and Stone Age Indians; of splendid modern cities made up of swank *barrios* and squalid slums; of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The wonder you lost somewhere along the way- you can get it back in India.

If you consider yourself well-travelled, if you think you have seen everything once and once more again, and you now look at the world with a weary eye, this is where you must come.

You must come to the India of bustling cities, strutting peacocks, seers, vibrant saris, dotted foreheads, painted elephants, and thriving bazaars.

The India filled with music and dance, festivals held for the sheer joy of celebration, and air-filling jasmine, spices, incense.

The India of mosaicked temples, ivoried palaces and ancient kingdoms, graced by winding canals, lotus-filled pools and stately cypress trees.

You must open your ears to the soft sitars in the night, the gentle vocal chants by day. You must taste paan, tandoori, barfis. You must see the Taj Mahal bathed in moonlight. You must ride an elephant taxi up to the Amber Palace. And you must buy yourself treasures—carved boxes, jewels, hand loomed silks and rugs—and pay a precious little sum.

You must come to India with a curious eye. And an open mind. You must be prepared to see things you have never seen before. Do things you have never done before. And perhaps, learn things about yourself you have never known before.

But there are two things you needn't bring to India. One is a great deal of money. You see India is an inexpensive country. (Moreover, the air fare is now lower than ever before.) The other is a translation book. We Indians do speak the English language. You also find Western comforts in India—air conditioned hotels, dim-lit bars and chauffeur-driven cars, to name but a few.

Come to us on the other side of the world. You will not go through the motions of just another vacation time. You will live the experience of a lifetime.

For more information for your trip to India, either please see your Travel Agent or send in the coupon below.

Government of India Tourist Office, N.Y., 19 E. 49th St.; Chicago, 201 No. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 685 Market St. Also Canada.

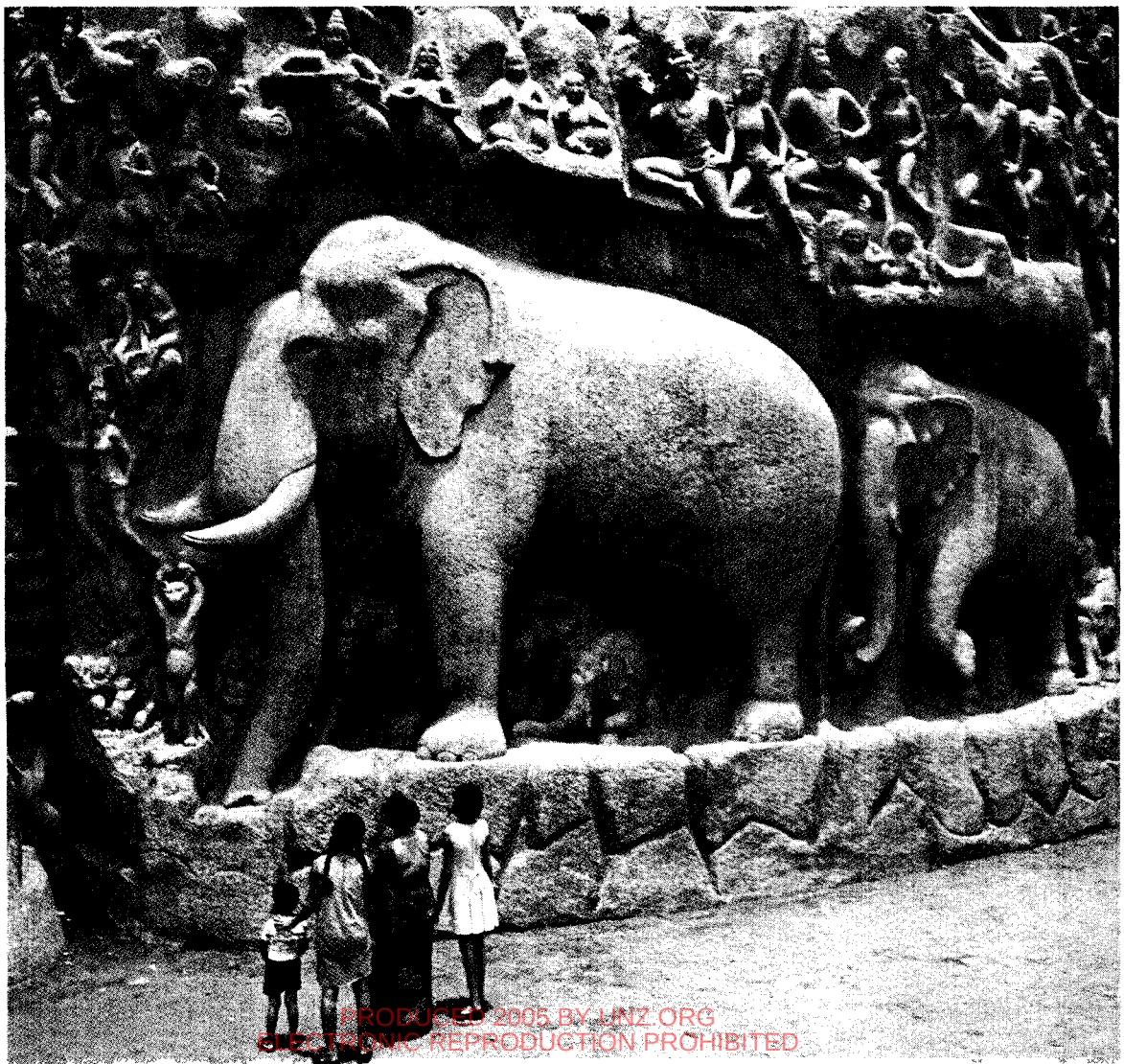
Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

My Travel Agent is_____

India.
It's not just another country.
It's another world.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deeply religious feast days and wild, pagan Carnaval rites; of safaris in the Mato Grosso outback and deep-sea fishing off the coast at Cabo Frio; of gilded cathedrals and gaudy dance halls, nightclubs and discothèques. There is a strength of sun and a beauty of racially mixed people that spellbind the tourist. The climate is unbeatable, and the people are extremely friendly. Unspoiled beaches stretch along 4500 miles of scenic coastline. You have to duck to avoid orchids hanging on trees along hundreds of streams pouring into the powerful Amazon.

Strangely, tourism has been untapped in this vast land—the world's fifth largest country. But the new hotels, the development plans, the drive to bring travel facilities up to international standards mark the start of a tourism boom that will make Brazil a five-star vacation destination within a few years.

René Burri: Magnum

Copacabana Beach—"V-shaped bikinis the size of a pirate's eye patch."

Although the federal capital was moved to modernistic Brasília—on the high, inland plateau—thirteen years ago, Rio de Janeiro is still Brazil's tourism capital. A new international airport will be ready by 1974, and a goodly number of the new hotels are planned for Rio. Who can visit Brazil without riding up the funicular railway to the Christ statue atop Corcovado? Or without taking the cable car to Sugarloaf at dusk to watch the city's lights twinkle on? Or without ogling Rio's contribution to beachwear—a V-shaped bikini the size of a pirate's eye patch? Or without catching the latest, gayest Carlos Machado floor show, starring his young, knockout daughter? Expatriate Americans who have been here for ten years or more still are amazed and hypnotized by this city and its beauty.

São Paulo undoubtedly has better restaurants than Rio—indeed this is São Paulo's main attraction. But there are a large number of good restaurants in Rio offering an unlimited variety of fare. For the tourist who likes to try everything there is the native dish, *feijoada*—a thick, murky Brazilian stew of black beans, sausages, dried beef, and pork, heaped over rice and topped with strips of greens and chunks of oranges. With this plate you must drink *batida*, a sort of Daiquiri made of fruit juice and a raw sugar-cane spirit called *cachaça*. The Erotika Restaurant in Copacabana serves *feijoada* for lunch on Saturdays.

Probably the most popular—and the safest—meal is the *churrasco*, Brazilian barbecue. There are dozens of good *churrascarias* where you can sit down to a steak or mixed grill, accompanied by French fries, rice, *farofa* (manioc flour fried with scrambled eggs, sausages, and olives), salad, and a good bottle of wine or several tall glasses of excellent draft beer (called SHO-pee) for five dollars a head. Stay away from the *churrascarias* in Copacabana, though—with the exception of the Churrascaria Jardim, on Rua República do Peru. The others, by and large, are tourist traps, with high prices and poor food.

But no one should make the grave error of thinking Rio is Brazil. There are dozens of other top travel spots in this huge land of 3.3 million square miles. Salvador, made famous in the Jorge Amado novels, is just over an hour away from Rio by 727 jet. Here the African influence is almighty—in the food, in the jagged sails of small fishing boats, in the graceful Capoeira foot fight, and in the mystic rites of *candomblé*, Brazil's version of voodoo. The visitor can buy antique statues of saints, colorful canvases by primitive artists, tapestries, magic amulets—all at the Mercado Modelo, in the old *cidade baixa* on Salvador's waterfront.

Manaus, and the opera house that rubber barons built for Jenny Lind 1000 miles up the Amazon, should be worked into the tourist's itinerary. The $20 million Hotel Tropical is one of the new hotels financed by Embratur. Manaus is a free port, and its streets are lined with shops hawking Japanese TV sets, cameras, Dutch ice cream, English chocolates, and Amazon marmosets and macaws. Motor launches ply the Solomões and Rio Negro tributaries. Dugouts are used to explore the smaller streams in the Amazon's thick, green hell.

Brasília, with its carefully laid-out esplanade of government ministries, provides us with a look into the future. Hunting expeditions are available in neighboring Goias state, Brazil's Wild West. The colonial cities of Ouro Preto, Sabará, and Congonhas do Campo, halfway between Rio and Brasília, are steeped in history and contain a treasure trove of baroque sculpture and art that was commissioned when the area was rich in diamonds and gold.

Brazil's domestic airlines and buses with sleeper seats are excellent and generally on time. The overnight train is a good way to travel between Rio and São Paulo. Car rentals are a bit high, but the roads are very good and getting better.

When I was in Europe last summer, I overheard a group of Brazilian tourists chatting away in Portuguese in the Tuileries in Paris. One fellow was telling his wife that he had enjoyed their two weeks on the Continent but that he felt there were still so many things to see back home.

"We aren't leaving the country on vacation any more without first seeing everything in Brazil," he said.

I thought it was pretty xenophobic then; but now that I'm back here after four years in the United States, I agree with him and have made the same pledge. I'm looking forward to this Brazilian tourist boom, and I'm keeping my bags packed. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The High Life at 8500 Feet

Perched in the upper reaches, Bogotá is a capital of rarified atmosphere and rare treasures.

By Terry Johnson King

In Bogotá, the sybaritic pleasures are not entirely in the narrow, fleshpot sense but are uniquely Latin indulgences of the soul. The Bogotano revels in the ecstasy of guilt, the sweetness of melancholy, the torment of remorse.

"Man must have sadness to live," an expatriate Colombian once told me. "The Bogotanos are masochists; they love to cry." When you go to Bogotá, he said, you will find this exemplified in the Club Camucol.

The club is a gaunt, two-story house on Calle 25. It looks more like a whorehouse or a Twenties speak-easy than a night club, with its smoke-filled atmosphere and its sleek little men toting guitar cases, the difference being that there actually are guitars inside. It is a Friday night, and there is a scattering of couples at the tables, but mostly there are men who—in that glorious Latin tradition of male chauvinism they call *machismo*—are having their weekly night out.

In natty black suits, their hair slicked down, these Bogotanos disappear from home early Friday evening, to reappear through the mists early Saturday dissipatedly triumphant. The more sensitive of them, yearning for the catharsis of a weep, fill the twenty rooms of the bare club—a carpetless arena set with plastic tables.

Bottles of *aguardiente*, the country's fiery, aniselike liquor, are slapped on the table, along with dishes of sour orange slices to suck on between sips. In and out of the room stroll constantly changing groups of singing musicians, clutching their guitars and mandolins and *bandolas* and *tiples* like lovers, as if they have nothing else in life. They sing the saddest of songs, providing for the patron the ecstasies of a night: guilt, melancholy, remorse. And they move on, having accepted payment, if it be forthcoming, or a large swig from a bottle of *aguardiente*.

Bogotá, nestled into a high Andean plateau, is one of the early pauses on every South American grand tour, but those who stop over are eager to get on to the dizzying heights of Machu Picchu or the bikini-filled beaches of Rio's Ipanema. Colombia's Salt Cathedral and Gold Museum and cathedrals tend to run together in a soon-forgotten kaleidoscope.

Taken on its own, however, Bogotá is an alluring destination, a high-altitude (8500 feet) scramble of skyscrapers and slumped adobe, wretched *barrios* and palatial estates, blaring political loudspeakers and pastoral silence to be found in the suburban hills of Suba, where the really genteel people live.

And the natives are friendly. "They really do put themselves out for people," says my friend Alberto Franco, who looks like Alfred Hitchcock and is never seen without his derby hat and furled umbrella. "I think it's because they don't yet truly believe we have enough to offer the tourist, so they try to make up for it with cordiality." Alberto was once Colombia's director of tourism, and even his detractors would admit that much of his country's amiable attitude—this was just about the only country where Nelson Rockefeller wasn't insulted during his ill-fated 1969 Latin tour—sprang from Señor Franco's preachments.

When it comes to seeing Bogotá, officialdom suggests the visitor order the table d'hôte instead of à la carte. Their

Terry Johnson King writes on travel for a variety of publications, mostly on Caribbean and Latin American subjects. She is also lifestyle editor of the Miami News.

The boys in the band, Bogotá—An early pause on a high Andean plateau.
Carl Frank: Photo Researchers

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recommended gringo trail: the ancient, gold-encrusted churches; the Cathedral at Plaza de Bolívar; the Quinta de Bolívar (actually, this seventeenth-century villa of the revered liberator is a gem); and the two national prides, the Salt Cathedral and the Gold Museum.

The Salt Cathedral at Zipaquirá is an hour's drive, then an hour's walk. It is a cold, dank, underground experience, which yields a view of a high altar with many surrounding side altars, all sunk deep within a salt mine. The whole thing was put together by salt workers, and it might be inspirational to those religiously inclined.

At the Gold Museum, the denouement is stupendous, incredible, and magnificent—and lasts about ninety seconds. There is an hour's stroll through lanes of archaeological history, depicted on placards and in showcases filled with gold trinkets. Then, as armed guards stand ready, a vaultlike door silently opens, and the visitor is ushered into a room filled with millions of dollars' worth of gold artifacts, a supremely elegant conglomeration of pre-Columbian treasures. This stunning experience is limited to one and one-half minutes; then everyone silently files out of this Banco de la Republico museum on Calle 16.

Well, it is all very mind bending, but as alternatives—or, if you have the time, additives—one can:

• Shop for clothes in the downtown arcades, where strident phonographs play yeah-yeah music to the masses, or in Chapinero, a nearby suburb. Nimble-fingered tailors customize their on-the-rack wear so that a man's twenty-dollar suit has a Saville-Row look, and a woman's fifteen-dollar pantsuit would challenge Bill Blass.

• Find a spot in one of the hundreds of parks, to which people flock when the sun comes through, and munch on things the vendors sell—fresh white cheeses wrapped in banana leaves, *empanadas* (small meat pies), *pastelitos* (gooey, mouth-watering pastries).

• Bargain for solid-gold chains and emeralds at the hole-in-the-wall *joyerías*; but remember, the larger stores and hotel shops have non-negotiable price tags.

• Sit in a *confitería* sipping hot, strong Colombian coffee *con leche*, then go shopping at the Museo de Artes Populares, a tranquil artisan exhibition with a gift shop that is one of the best-kept secrets in town. (One of the worst-kept secrets in town, incidentally, is that Bogotá is a veritable nest of pickpockets. The country's Fagins train their boys here before sending them out to reap great pickings in America's resorts, like Miami Beach; so keep your wallet next to your heart.)

Bettina Cirone

The milliner's siesta—"Late and leisurely dinners aided by Chilean wine . . ."

THE CLIMATE is brisk, rather like early spring in New York, although the nights are chilly and a permanent wreath of clouds produces a feathery haze. The mist creeps into every corner of Bogotá much of the time.

To ward off the chill of the fog, the Bogotanos created the *ruana*, a coat of wool with a poncholike slit for the head. Originally, it was just peasant attire, but it has been adapted in rich fabrics. *Ruanas* can be bought in bright colors and plaids for about eight dollars. Elegant variations called *pañolones*, with silken macramé fringes, sell for around twenty dollars.

The peso, once worth a dollar, is now pegged at around twenty-four to the dollar, which makes souvenir shopping a delight. The two major hotels, the pioneer Tequendama and the Bogotá Hilton (which opened last year), have good rooms for about twenty dollars and thirty dollars a night respectively, without meals. But there are smaller hotels and pensions for much less. The Continental, the Bacatá, Dann, and Santa Fe are all quite acceptable.

Colombians speak Spanish, a classic Spanish, quite slowly and have little difficulty in communicating. They are, however, expert in high living at high altitudes and can run a stranger ragged who is suddenly introduced to the long, liquid lunch, late and leisurely dinner aided by bottles of Chilean wine, and nightcap at one of Bogotá's fancy discothèques, such as the Unicorn or Le Drugstore. The altitude doubles the punch of drinks.

Some very wealthy Colombians have salted some of their capital away in European banks and have broken up their big holdings. Family treasures have been finding their way into the markets, creating an antiques craze. It has become a Saturday sport to prowl the junky emporiums. The best known are Cancino's, next to the cathedral at the Plaza de Bolívar, and the Hijas ("Daughters") de Cancino. They are dusty mazes of madonnas, statuary, porcelain, cracked oil paintings, religious trinkets, old chests, and silver. One treks up rickety stairways, past walls hung with brass shoes and cowbells, to stumble on an exquisite icon covered with dust.

Saturday antiquing is followed by *ajiaco* in one of Bogotá's restaurants, where families who live across town from each other stage reunions. *Ajiaco* is to the Colombian what *ragout* is to the French: a delicious catchall, basically thick potato broth and chicken that is a salve to the palate and a leveler of mankind—for the *campesino's* bowl will contain exactly the same ingredients—doorstep foodstuffs all—as the president's. Its high-protein richness comes from the patient simmering of the fowl, until the very marrow is melded with the herbs and a slice of huge-kerneled corn is boiled with it for thickening and flavor. The potage is then drizzled with thick

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cream at serving time, accompanied by side dishes of capers, avocado slices, and *aji*—a hot, green sauce made with *cilantro* and peppers.

Many of the older, heritage-conscious residents patronize Casa Vieja or Los Arrayanes on a Saturday. The two restaurants are side-by-side adobe relics of the seventeenth century, located on Avenida Jimenez, and on a crisp, sunny day my choice is one of the tiny clusters of tables in Casa Vieja's flower-strewn courtyard. Bogotá chefs do grandiose things with duck, veal, and chicken, but beef, chronically in short supply and seldom well aged, is disappointing.

The Sunday buffet at the aging Hotel Continental is such a tour de force of European entrees that no other place in the city has been able to capture its Sunday trade. The Balalaika, housed in the residence of an ex-president, serves up Slavic dishes and iced Russian vodka to the tunes of a plaintive accordionist and a pianist. And El Noventa, with soft opulence and strolling musicians, corners a good share of the dinner trade. La Fragata and Salinas specialize in sea food, unbelievably good and fresh from the cold Pacific Humboldt Current. And there must be a hundred Chinese restaurants, called *chifas*, in the town.

MEALS ARE fairly inexpensive. A dinner for two, with South American wine, might average ten dollars per person in one of the better places—late, of course. I once went to a dinner where my host, Julio Gerlein Comelin—a sort of one-man chamber of commerce for Colombia—finally insisted that we order, as he said to his other guests, "out of courtesy to my American friend." It was 2:00 A.M. The dining hour is not usually that late, but he who wants to dine at 9:00 P.M. may find himself alone.

Colombia, of course, is not just Bogotá, and the fact that there is any national unity at all is surprising in light of the very abrupt differences within the country. Along the southern border lies the Amazon Basin—steamy, lush jungles where orchids grow wild. It is almost impenetrable except in port towns like Leticia. The port is the entry for most of the contraband found in the country: electrical products, cocaine, Scotch, cigarettes.

To the east are the *llanos,* endless prairies, and the jungles of the Macarena, domain of the hunter. The safari is still very much alive in Colombia. *El tigre,* "the jaguar," is the prize. In his absence one makes do with the piglike tapir (it has delicious meat) or the wild turkey, or one takes a moonlight ride with an Indian guide in search of crocodile, whose tail makes a sweet meal.

Throughout the country the people seem to be as outrageously hospitable as they are in Bogotá. I went once to a folk festival in Ibagué, to the west, underestimating the lure of that mini-Mardi Gras, for there were no hotel rooms left. I joined a parading group of masquerraders and received an impromptu invitation to the elegant party that the reigning dowager, Doña Melendre, gives every year; and finally, at the insistence of two revelers, I took the guest room in their apartment.

The next morning I awoke in an exquisite four-poster bed as a maid was putting beside me a breakfast tray of croissants, hot chocolate, and a thimbleful of Fernet-Branca, that evil-tasting liqueur that is a salve to the hang-over.

And once, after a Macarena safari, on which I hunted butterflies and lived in fear of meeting a jaguar, I was stranded planeless in the remote Indian village of Los Micos. One of the guides, Don Esteban Mosquera, and his wife, Lilia, slung my hammock in their tiny, earthen-floored living room, instead of in the common sleeping room. The entire village of seventy, whose huts made an open quadrangle, with a combination pasture-landing strip at one end, put together a potluck supper of *sancocho,* a simmered stew of pumpkin, and whatever else was at hand, and the inevitable *aguardiente.* There was no Fernet-Branca, but *aguardiente* can kill or cure anything. □

OUTSIDE BOGOTA

Other new towns are growing up around the country, especially in Bogotá's suburbs; many of them reflect the swing of the Catholic church away from preoccupation with solid-gold altars to concern over social welfare. Just outside Bogotá, in the new town of Minuto de Dios, a sign proclaims: A Revolutionary Solution to the Problem of Living . . . in the Name of Jesus Christ. Church planning and pushing, government loans, and the increasing realization from industry that there's no progress in peonage have produced a community beyond the wildest dreams of those who live there.

A museum of modern art, an auditorium for cultural programs, an artisan co-op where the residents can market their crafts—who among the former slum squatters could have envisioned such things? Householders, who, in partnership with both church and state, now own tiny houses, festoon their walls with votive lights and arrange shrines in thanks to the God that bailed them out of their urban hell. The sense of community has produced a flush of pride that transcends the garish statues and mock-Frank Lloyd Wright architecture; it pervades Minuto de Dios as the mist pervades Bogotá.

BERMUDA

One of Bermuda's finest cottage colonies on a beautiful sweep of natural pink beach in fashionable Tucker's Town. Enjoy breakfast prepared in your deluxe cottage; gourmet dinner in our clubhouse with its superb seascape; luncheon on the Pool Terrace. All in the best Bermuda tradition. See your travel agent or David B. Mitchell (212) 371-1323.

PINK BEACH
CLUB & COTTAGES

Last year, Fielding's Guide said we were possibly the best. When they see what we've added, they're going to go bananas.

Fielding's Guide to the Caribbean plus the Bahamas by Jeanne and Harry E. Harman III, 1973 edition, called Romana "This newest and very possibly best entry in the current Caribbean Hotel Grand Prix."

That was before we added Casa de Campo, a second resort hotel at Romana, one so beautiful it was recently featured in *Vogue Magazine.*

Casa de Campo is a series of vacation cottages nestled along the fairways of our now-famous Pete Dye golf course. The guestrooms are all weathered wood and native tile, with huge louvered wooden doors that open to the cool ocean breezes. The place is out of sight.

Before Casa de Campo, Fielding's thought we might be the best new resort in the Caribbean. Fielding's, wait until you see us now.

For rates and information write: Casa de Campo, P.O. Box 1329, Vero Beach, Florida 32960.

CASA DE CAMPO
La Romana, Dominican Republic

Represented by Hetland & Stevens/George R. Smith

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS
© 1973 Philip W. Quigg. All rights reserved.

U. S. Is Pressing Population Hard

The key document for the World Population Conference to be held in Bucharest next August is the so-called World Plan of Action, which is now in draft form. Prepared by a group of fourteen experts, it will be presented at the end of this month to the U.N. Population Commission, the twenty-seven-nation body serving as the preparatory committee for the conference. There, in Geneva, the hard bargaining will begin.

As usual, the most fundamental division will be between the developed and developing nations. Generally speaking, the advanced industrialized nations with low-population growth rates will seek acceptance of stringent measures to reduce high birth rates wherever they occur. The poor nations will insist that the problem can be solved only by speedier economic development, better education, and improved medical services of all kinds. Some will deny that there is a population problem, while others will assert that the rich nations are responsible both for the conditions that have spawned the population explosion and for much the greater part of the drain on the world's resources.

No responsible person in the population field believes that excessive growth rates can be treated in isolation, without attention to social and economic conditions. But small differences in emphasis can create major political confrontations. Many observers, especially perhaps Americans, are fearful that the United States is bound to bring on such confrontation by insisting on a set of tough proposals. An interagency committee in Washington has prepared a position paper that is said to contain no less than fifty-five specific recommendations, constituting an alternative World Plan of Action in itself. Outsiders who have seen the paper in draft consider it totally unacceptable to a majority of nations.

The developing world is already highly sensitized to what it considers U.S. militancy on the population issue. Although the extent of American concern is justified and although the United States has given more generously than any other nation to family-planning programs, this has not made us less suspect. We would do well to walk softly and leave the stick for others to carry.

Environmental Pollution by Tourism

To many developing countries, tourism has appeared to be a bonanza—a source of precious foreign exchange, a stimulant to foreign investment in splendid hotels, and a creator of employment in service industries. Now there are many second thoughts as the real cost in economic distortion and pollution of the social environment is totted up.

The distortion arises from land speculation in tourist areas, inflation of land values in principal cities, and unbalanced development that caters to the requirements of pleasure seekers from abroad as much as to the needs of the indigenous people. Roads, water supply, telecommunications are often designed with tourism primarily in mind. One critic estimates that infrastructural expenses of this kind plus imports of luxury items to meet the creature comforts of visitors consume more than two-thirds of the foreign exchange derived from tourism.

But such economic costs may well be less than the psychosocial impact. At an international conference in Berlin in the spring, the mischief wrought by the tourist industry was frequently referred to as catastrophic, especially in those areas described in travel folders as "unspoilt paradises." The conferees agreed that all too often travel does not heighten understanding between people of different cultures but intensifies prejudices on both sides and, among the host peoples, creates imitation, frustration, loss of traditional authenticity, commercialized hospitality, xenophobia, and prostitution (in the most comprehensive sense of the word).

This process has, of course, been observed ere now, but it has been vastly accelerated by the speed, convenience, and reach of the jet plane and by the economic feasibility of travel for masses of people. In Africa, for example, tourism is the most rapidly developing industry, with annual growth rates of 20 to 40 percent in several countries. Moreover, the predominance of the packaged tour virtually precludes any real contact with local people and presents the traveler, not as an individual fellow human, but as a member of a closed party in which every national trait is writ large.

Though primitive societies may be the most vulnerable, Spain has been the most damaged environmentally. This year it is expected that visitors to Spain will outnumber the country's total population of nearly 30 million. To accommodate them, Spain has converted the most beautiful parts of its coast to a vacationland of tawdry elegance and monumental pollution, in return for nearly $2 billion a year in foreign exchange. So pervasive are the tourists that Spaniards often feel like strangers in their own land. Wrote a Madrid newspaper: "We have lost the best of our landscape forever."

If Spain is beyond saving, can anything be done where the sheer pressure of numbers is not yet so great? Better education of both tourists and hosts seems the only hope. Among the spe-

CHILD LABOR REFORM

One of the most difficult issues within the constant purview of the International Labor Organization is child labor. Can a minimum age for employment be established that is appropriate for all countries? Few developing countries believe so.

A small step forward has been taken by the ILO with the recent adoption of a new "Convention and Recommendation," though how many states will ratify it and abide by it remains to be seen. The convention states that the minimum age shall not be less than the age at which compulsory schooling is completed, and in any case not less than fifteen years—except that developing countries initially may fix the age at fourteen. At the very least, this is to apply to work in industry, transport, and commercial agriculture.

Acceptance of the last will be especially difficult, not only for states but also for individual families leading marginal lives on agricultural estates. Enforcement of the convention in the Philippines, for example, where children of nine and ten work long days in the sugar cane fields, would amount to a revolution in traditional practice. The only hope of imposing child labor laws is to enforce minimum wage laws, which will allow families to survive without depending on the labor of their children.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cific ideas that emerged from the Berlin conference were:

- The creation of an institution in each major country to provide travel agents with accurate and appropriate information about every area in the world.
- The preparation of highly informed and informative brochures and their availability in all travel bureaus.
- Special schools for tour guides.
- Night classes and slide shows for travelers before their departure.

Conferees differed as to whether tourists can be made genuinely interested in the countries they travel to. But they generally agreed that the tourist industry would not become more professional and responsible unless people so demanded.

Global Report

Moscow—The Soviet Union is perhaps the only industrial power without energy worries, despite a doubling of demand for power every eight years. Russian sources estimate that the country possesses 37 percent of the world's oil, 40 percent of the natural gas, 25 percent of the hydroelectric resources, 54 percent of the coal, and 61 percent of the peat. While many industrial nations are planning shifts back to coal, the Soviet Union is moving massively the other way; by 1975, it is expected that 67 percent of its energy will be derived from oil and gas, compared with 37 percent in 1960. The only shortage is that of nuclear fuel; hence the Russians are placing particular emphasis on the breeder reactor, which produces more fuel than it consumes.

Geneva—In light of the news that a greater proportion of U. S. forests will be given over to timbering and less to recreation, a report of the Economic Commission for Europe assumes special interest. Despite the enormous pressure for land and despite substantial annual increases in cutting, Europe today has more forests than it has had for centuries.

After World War II Europeans feared that wood forever would be in short supply, that the production potential of the region's forests was already close to its limit. But a study commissioned

ECONOMICS AND RESTRAINTS ON GROWTH

Among the critics of The Limits to Growth *and of the premise that restraints on economic growth are essential, none has been more generally contemptuous than the professional economist. An exception is Marshall I. Goldman, professor of economics at Wellesley College, associate of the Russian Research Center at Harvard, and author of* The Spoils of Progress: Environmental Pollution in the Soviet Union. *In the following brief summary of his rebuttal to the economists—prepared especially for* World Environment Newsletter*—Professor Goldman suggests that neither socialist nor market economies are equipped to deal with problems of the environment and especially those of resource conservation.*

Some restraint on economic growth is important. Critics like Carl Kaysen, Marc Roberts, Peter Passell, and Leonard Ross do an injustice when they try to discredit those who question whether or not existing economic institutions and techniques can deal adequately with the environment. Even granting that there are serious shortcomings in the techniques used in *The Limits to Growth* study, the Club of Rome people seem to be right even if their reasons are wrong. In any case, economists should be the last to criticize the Club of Rome study.

Essentially Passell, Roberts, and Ross, along with others, argue that "in the real world, rising prices act as an economic signal to conserve scarce resources, providing incentives to use cheaper materials in their place, stimulating research efforts on new ways to save on resource inputs, and making renewed exploration attempts more profitable." Once set in motion, such actions supposedly should make it highly unlikely that the planet will ever run short of raw materials. And in the kind of circular reasoning that economists are so fond of, Passell, Roberts, and Ross conclude that it follows that so far all is well because "in fact natural resource prices have remained low, giving little evidence of coming shortages."

But while such reasoning may hold in day-to-day problems, it seems ill suited for dealing with time spans of centuries or millennia. Yet that is the time reference that we must use when we consider ecological matters and natural resources.

First, the discount mechanism, which is what economists use to deal with future periods, is utterly incapable of affecting prices or values because of expected conditions 100 or 1000 years hence. Second, the prices of raw materials may indeed reflect some coming shortages. Yet because the owners of these raw materials want to live and develop their economies in the present, not 10 nor 100 nor 1000 years from now, most of them want to sell and enjoy the benefits now. This pulls down the prices so that the full effect is distorted.

Finally, of all people, economists should know that prices do not respond properly to environmental forces. After all, it is the economists who have been bemoaning the fact that prices do not reflect the social costs that arise out of the production and consumption of goods. Consequently it is unrealistic to expect that rising prices will provide us with environmental warnings in time.

Such shortcomings are common to all economic systems. Nationalization of industry and central planning have nowhere become synonymous with environmental control. From a study of the USSR, it is clear that pollution control and resource conservation come as hard, if not harder, to socialism and communism. The stress on increased output and growth has permeated Soviet society from the factory floor to the Politburo ceiling. "Progress" has replaced religion as the opiate of the masses. If the Soviets did not create the international mania for growth, certainly they did more to nourish and to emphasize it than anyone else did.

To the extent that the Russians have adhered to the Marxian doctrine that labor is the source of all value, they have treated natural resources as free goods. When anything is free, there is a tendency to consume excess quantities of it without regard for future consequences. As imperfect as the pricing mechanism in capitalist countries may be from an environmental point of view, the idea of free natural resources is at least one shortcoming that we are spared. It may well be that in the capitalist countries the value of raw materials is understated; but except for water and air, they are usually not treated as free goods.

Hunger for economic growth, then, is not limited to any one country or system. As urgent as is the need to curb our use of resources and moderate worldwide growth rates, there is little (except blind faith) to indicate that any known economic systems or economics in general have treated or will treat the planet's environment with the care it needs.

(A fuller treatment of these ideas appears in the current issue of Challenge.*)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at that time by ECE and FAO said not so; with good forest management, production could very nearly keep up with increased demand. The study's twenty-year projections have proved astonishingly accurate in all categories: the decline in the use of wood for fuel; the increase for industrial purposes of all kinds; net imports; and total consumption, which has risen more than 28 percent in two decades.

Nairobi—There are more than 13 million boy scouts in 104 countries. When their representatives met here last summer, much talk was devoted to how the scouts could extend their contribution to a better environment. At the end of the convention, the chairmen of the World Wildlife Fund and of the Boy Scouts World Committee signed a Declaration of Intent to organize a joint action program. Its objective will be "to promote conservation awareness and principles at all levels in the community; to promote conservation education and training; to establish and manage natural reserves; and to mobilize resources for conservation programs and objectives." Cooperation will be made easier by the fact that both organizations have their headquarters in or near Geneva.

Kyoto—This ancient capital, with its thousands of temples and shrines, is becoming paralyzed by automobiles, most of them driven by tourists. City officials estimate that 12 million visitors a year arrive by car. Some of the loveliest temples have parking lots as big as football fields, and additional space is provided by farmers who have found it highly profitable to pave their land.

Among local residents there is strong support for banning out-of-town cars entirely from the streets of Kyoto, but shop owners are fighting the measure vigorously. So are the temples, which take in millions of dollars in admission fees.

Rome—Until recently the Italian government had not even proposed a national program for combating pollution and improving the environment. Now, with considerable publicity, the minister newly assigned responsibility for the environment has offered an eight-point program, which still must be pushed through parliament.

With the approval of the armed forces as well as of parliament, 40,000 young people of draft age will be exempt from military service in order to conduct reforestation and other projects. Other measures call for waste treatment plants in cities of more than 100,000 population, a deposit on most bottles, and a reduction of the lead content in gasoline by 1975 (as will almost certainly be required by regulation of the European Community).

Meanwhile, beaches from the Riviera to the Gulf of Naples were closed this summer, while plans to reduce coastal discharges apparently depend entirely on the voluntary cooperation of industry. And in Venice's Marghera industrial district—notorious for its requirement that workers carry gas masks—an unspecified number of laborers were hospitalized in August when they failed to get their masks on in time during an alert.

United Nations, New York—Five years after the United Nations adopted two conventions relating to road-traffic safety, only a handful of countries have ratified or acceded to them, with the result that they are not yet in effect. Meanwhile, the toll of dead and maimed soars, spreading now to the developing countries. Within a few years India is expected to overtake the United States in the number of traffic deaths.

It is estimated that 250,000 people were killed and 7.5 million were injured in traffic accidents throughout the world in 1971. Of the total number of deaths about 45 percent occurred in Europe, 28 percent in North America, and 27 percent in other regions. In France all the physical handicaps suffered in wars, in industrial accidents, and in the home barely equal the disabilities suffered in automobile accidents.

At the regional level, efforts to standardize regulations for road safety have been slightly more successful but not enough to alter the upward curve of traffic deaths. The car and the highway are clearly one of our most toxic compounds.

Teheran—Traffic in the Persian Gulf—mostly oil tankers—has been increasing at the rate of 20 percent a year over the past five years, and Iran is seriously worried about the possibility of major oil spills. Recently the government seemed prepared to act unilaterally against ships suspected of oil pollution within fifty miles of the Persian coast.

Though the Arab states view with suspicion any initiative by Iran, that country now is trying a cooperative approach, hoping to establish an intergovernmental commission of the littoral states to police the gulf. Three possi-

Thais Merchandise Family Planning

Few countries have gone as far as Thailand has in efforts to reduce its birth rate, and not everyone would want to adopt its methods. But the innovative ideas and salesmanship of the Planned Parenthood Association of Thailand, established only three years ago, could serve as a model for those who believe that the problem of overpopulation is so serious as to warrant every means to spread the message and motivate people to adopt family planning. Some tactics:

- The slogan "Too many children will make you poor" appears everywhere—on T-shirts, dishes, silk screens, packaging, and consumer products.
- The patron of the association is the princess mother (of the king), and her royal gifts in recognition of service to the cause are cherished.
- The top football (soccer) teams wear family-planning slogans on their uniforms.
- Film stars and traditional traveling entertainers are recruited as bearers of the message; this year 370 troupes that perform shadow plays will insert family-planning messages into their dramas and stories, thereby reaching an audience of 7 million. Soon the entertainers personally will dispense pills and condoms.
- Most popular films shown to rural audiences require narrators, who have also been trained to intersperse their commentary with family-planning messages.
- Business and industry have been persuaded that it is in their interest to give generously to the Family Planning Association.
- The drama and social science departments of the universities have become interested in the use of traditional art forms as agents of social change, and it is they who train the communicators.
- The government's land resettlement scheme includes a provision that interest will be waived and the loan repayment period extended as long as the woman does not become pregnant.

Many countries would cringe at such methods or assert that they were imposed by imperialists. But Thailand's program is home grown, and, significantly, the man most responsible for these ideas, the new secretary-general of the association, Machai Viravaidya, is a development economist.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bilities have been put forward: All members subscribing to a new convention would be free to patrol all, or any part, of the gulf outside the twelve-mile coastal waters of individual states—an arrangement that would give Iran the dominant role because of its relatively large navy; each state would patrol a prescribed zone off its own coast; or the responsibility of the Gulf Area Oil Companies Mutual Aid Organization, which was created to protect the south shore from oil spillage, might be extended to the entire gulf.

Paris—The French Ministry of the Environment has the next-to-smallest budget of all French ministries, only a handful of professionals, and limited powers. In eighteen months only 60 percent of the provincial officials (prefects) have succeeded in executing the minister's order to create environmental offices to receive complaints from the public. But environmental journalist Marc Ambroise-Rendu, writing in *Le Monde*, finds a silver lining in this environmental cloud. As a result of the unwillingness or incapacity of the state apparatus (as well as management and trade unions) to get on with the job, citizen groups for environmental action are flowering. Some 2000 have already been formed in France, and the number is growing at the rate of fifty per month.

One group of associations organized a seminar with the authorities on the problem of quarries, which are disfiguring the countryside in many areas; now the mining code is being revised. In another case a prefect was convicted of connivance with polluters—thanks to citizen action. Court actions have been instigated against promoters who have built private marinas on public terrain. A refinery authorized by Parisian authorities for construction in Lyon has been bounced from one prospective site to another, owing to the protests of local groups. It is perhaps not the most effective form of environmental protection, but it is good schooling in democracy and local responsibility in a country that is overburdened with centralized bureaucracy.

Madrid—If the Spanish press is to be believed, Madrid seems well on the way to following the path from underdeveloped to uninhabitable. The newspaper *ABC* says the air of Madrid is "unbreathable," and *Cambio* ran an article entitled "Breathe and Die in Madrid." It is alleged that in winter the air pollution index is eight times that of London. The culprits are the automobile, which was relatively rare in Madrid ten years ago, and heating oil that has a high sulphur content. Specialists estimate that the cost to the country of air and water pollution in 1971 was 25 billion pesetas (about $.5 billion), and that measures to clean up the air alone will cost some 80 billion pesetas ($1.5 billion) in the decade 1970–80.

London—In recent years nearly 200 deaths in Britain have been caused by paraquat, a chemical compound used in pesticides and weed killers. In the concentrated form in which it is sold, it is fatal if taken into the mouth, whether or not it is swallowed.

This is but one indicator of inadequate control and labeling of dangerous chemicals. Laxity in Britain appears to exceed that in the United States. For example, in the United States, Shell's No-Pest Strip, which is impregnated with insecticide, must carry a warning that it should not be used in children's rooms, in rooms where the sick or elderly are confined, or where food is prepared. In the United Kingdom there is no such requirement for Vapona, the name under which the identical product is marketed.

One of the difficulties in Britain appears to be that industrial secrecy is more rigidly protected than in the United States.

Edmonton, Alberta—Rigorous clean-air standards are expected to cost natural-gas processors in this province more than $40 million over the next eighteen months to remove sulphur dioxide and other noxious fumes. Regulations call for 98 to 99 percent efficiency in sulphur recovery.

Offshore Drilling at Its Best

Few people brought up in the Western tradition of government would recommend that an oil producer and its regulatory agency be one and the same. But the city of Long Beach, California, illustrates that where an informed and involved citizenry controls both producer and agency, the system may work ideally.

Long Beach has been in the oil business since 1939. More precisely, the city has been in the *offshore* oil business; it has never had a leak or spill of consequence, and it is generally considered to have the most advanced environmental controls of all tidelands operations. The measures taken extend not only to the prevention of water pollution but to the prevention of odor, noise, and visual pollution as well.

Long Beach is located on the Wilmington Oil Field, the most productive in the United States. It was here, on Signal Hill, that those memorable photographs were taken in the Thirties, showing massed derricks as far as the eye could see. But the center of the Wilmington field is right under the port of Long Beach; and as oil was removed, the city began sinking into the Pacific. At a cost of $100 million, the subsidence was finally halted in the early Sixties by injecting water into bore holes to replace the extracted oil.

Then, to tap that part of the oil field extending under the sea, the city took its rigs offshore—but with a difference. First, four artificial islands were constructed, nine to ten acres in size, with rock perimeters and sand-filled cores. When the derricks were in place—or, rather, fitted on rails on which they could be moved from one drilling site to another—rigs and supporting installations were camouflaged with sculptural forms and soundproofed. Some islands have waterfalls that drop forty-five feet to the ocean. Shrubs and trees, including 700 palm trees, were planted; they luxuriate in sand nourished by an automated irrigation system that laces the water with plant nutrients. The price for each island: $3 million; the net annual profit from the island wells: $25 million. And because almost all drilling is directional (that is, at angles to precise points), the island rigs can cover virtually the whole bay, ensuring years of continued production.

More important than the somewhat Disneyesque decor are, of course, the exceptional precautions taken against water pollution, to which the islands themselves represent the first and most important barrier. Most of the measures are too technical to describe here, but a simple example is the absence of runoff from the islands; hence oily wastes do not reach the bay.

Many residents of Long Beach believe—or have persuaded themselves—that the islands actually improve the appearance of the bay. The only complaints are that the derricks interfere with television reception in some places.

Since increased offshore drilling seems inevitable, the ways in which Long Beach has made the process inoffensive and as safe as money and advanced technology will allow deserve attention. (For further information, write L. W. Brock, Director, Department of Oil Properties, Long Beach, Calif. 90801.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

The other day we were pleased to see that a Maryland pants manufacturer filed a suit against a manufacturer of zippers. The pants manufacturer wanted, among other things, $50,000 for "the loss of good will."

Bravo, we say. Toward the zipper we harbor—and harboring is one of the things we do best—nothing but ill will. The fact is that, over a lifetime of trying to make the damn things work, we have at last reached the inescapable conclusion, which should have been obvious from the first, that they don't.

There is good reason for this. In the first place, there is no such thing as the zipper. If you don't believe it, look it up in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* or, for that matter, in the *Americana*. There isn't any such animal. In the second place, my damn zipper is stuck right now. No, on my tobacco pouch.

In the third place, well, never mind. We did, however, uncover—you will pardon the expression—a history of the zipper, or what passes for same, by a Miss Hannah Campbell, in a book called *Why Did They Name It?* And pass it shouldn't have.

THE THREE MEN responsible for the zipper, Miss Campbell tells us—and remember, this was in the days of capital punishment—were Whitcomb L. Judson, Col. Lewis Walker, and Gideon Sundback. "Very little is known," she says, "about Whitcomb Judson." Aha. " 'Colonel' Walker," she goes on, "was not really a military man—his title was honorary—he was a shrewd lawyer with great acumen." Aha, again, the very worst kind. "Someone," she proceeds, "it isn't known who"—aha, once more—"came up with the name 'C-curity.' "

C-curity! Now really. Anway, the third of the miserable trio of miscreants was, we are told, a Swedish ex-army man—we can understand that—the aforesaid Sundback. "For the next several years," we are informed, "his efforts were concentrated on eliminating the C-curity tendency to spring open when flexed." That we believe.

"Most of the sales of Sundback's 'improved' model [the interior quote is not ours] were made in the theatre"—a fact that, since it was before the days of the theater of the absurd, we doubt. In any case, what Miss Campbell calls the first "break"—she must be kidding—on what was now called "Hookless No. 2"—Hookless No. 1 was, we presume, another failure—came in 1917 when a Brooklyn manufacturer bought 24,000 of them to make—you're not going to believe this—sailors' money belts. Then came another landmark. "A misguided inventor," says Miss Campbell—even she had obviously had it by this time—"had made a flying suit, using one of the slide fasteners, and submitted it to the army for testing. When the test was over, all that had survived was Hookless No. 2."

All that survived *what,* for God's sake—the suit, the man, or the army? No matter. "The real turning point," declares Miss Campbell, "came in 1923 when the B. F. Goodrich Co. introduced rubber galoshes featuring the hookless slide fastener. *Zipper* was coined by an executive of the Goodrich Company when he was first shown the new boot."

First shown! Aha, a final time. But for a postscript, try this one. We called the Goodrich Company in Akron and learned from their public relations department that the executive's name was B. G. Work. Yes, Work. The *late* B. G. Work, mind you. We did not inquire as to the cause of Mr. Work's death.

But obviously, the man died with his boots on. He couldn't, you see, get them off.

SPEAKER TROUBLE—as discovered by Steve Meier of Parkersburg, West Virginia, in the Parkersburg *News:*

MORGANTOWN, W.VA. (UPI)—Watergate conspirator Jeb Stuart Magruder plans to go ahead with his appearance next week at West Virginia University, an official here said Saturday.

Jim Cochran, director of speakers for the Forum Festival, said the Magruder address would be hell as scheduled.

Just as long as he gives the devil his due.

HIGH OFF THE HOG NOTE—as sent by Azella Tayor of Steilacoom, Washington, who found it in *The Tacoma News Tribune:*

Food prices already have increased about 12 percent so far this year.

Administration officials had predicted the increase would be astounding and expressed fear that it would deal the new Phase IV economic program a severe Cychological blow before it gets Nully under way.

Well, we've tried everything else, why not Nully?

TV NOTE—as found in the *Chicago Sun-Times* TV book and sent in by, of all people, the editorial services of the Department of Government Funded Programs of the Chicago Board of Education.

Stolen Hours—10:30 P.M., 9, Susan Hayward stars in a remake of Bette Davis' classic rearjerker "Dark Victory."

We bet they misprinted it on purpose—to hypo the ratings.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Adieu, Sue, Ida: A Last of Palindromes

I have already written too much about the palindrome (see last two issues) only to find that, in fear for my own soul, I have failed to praise the good of creation. Dante places Edward the Confessor in the antepurgatory, among those souls that must wait even to begin their penance. In life, Edward spent so much time praying for his own soul that he neglected the good of his kingdom.

I am not even the ruler of my own fantasy life; it rules me. Nor have I much hope of salvation. I doubt that it's worth a try. Certainly mine is no cause to stir me to the fervor of Edward's misspent energies. The metaphor will have to be pared down, or at least reduced in rank. So demoted, it will serve as a useful comparison. I, too, have worried too much about my sins.

IT IS, HOWEVER, not sin I mean to renounce but the bother of worrying about it. Let me be shameless and therefore honest: I like palindromes and mean to rejoice in them. If it is, in fact, a depravity to like them, heaven can wait.

I refuse, however, to like all of them. I am even prepared to let loose a righteous wrath upon the despoilers of the form. Such a one is N.S. of Omaha. The man signs himself Neil S., but I know in my heart that the initials stand for Nameless Sinner—or is it Nameless and Shameless? N.S. tries to palm off on me as the real thing: STOP, TINKER: REKNIT POTS.

"Reknit pots," eh? The idea is bad enough to merit a ballad of damnation.

> There came a tinker knitting pots.
> Ah, how his needles flew.
> He knitted twelve forget-me-nots
> And then purled twenty-two.
>
> He knat from Thule to Aragon.
> He died in far Siam.
> Of all the knits he knat not one
> Was worth a tinker's dam.

But spend not your soul in wrath. There are glories in the world, and only a surly man would fail to rejoice in them. As a master palindrome, this one by Penelope Gilliatt may well be set in letters of gold on tablets of jade: DOC, NOTE I DISSENT. A FAST NEVER PREVENTS A FATNESS. I DIET ON COD. It is a tour de force, of course, halfway between the monstrous and the pithy. What possible qualification can one add to one's praise of this one (invent for yourself the question to which it is the answer)? NO, IT IS OPPOSED. ART SEES TRADES OPPOSITION.

As a back-and-forth view of the ethnic roots of Nazism, there is: I, MAN, AM REGAL. A GERMAN AM I.

On those loam-scented hot days in the country can a man fail to find some downwind solace in saying to himself this palindrome? LIVE DIRT UP A SIDETRACK CARTED IS A PUTRID EVIL.

WHEN THE MILKMAN then comes by to ask how your epileptic friend is feeling, you will certainly want to answer: STIFF, O DAIRYMAN, IN A MYRIAD OF FITS. Later, when a visiting scholar-moralist, a bookworm, and a slave to things of the Middle Ages berates you for reading aloud from the little black books of your youth, pin his ears back with: NAME TARTS? NO, MEDIEVAL SLAVE, I DEMONSTRATE MAN. When he leaves at last and you are free to think back nostalgically, what can keep you from sighing with Herbert Harvey of Morrisville, Pennsylvania: GOD, TO HAVE EVA! HOT DOG!

There is almost the inevitability of a good proverb in the best palindromes, as if no man, but the language itself, had uttered them from its roots. Compared with them, most efforts stiffen and stumble. Jackie Spurlock of Monmouth, Oregon, offers: STRESSED WAS I ERE I SAW DESSERTS. A valiant try, but it seems both strained and a bit derivative. Perhaps it can be justified only in providing an occasion for snapping back: DRAT SUCH CUSTARD!

As in most things, it is the masters who master. Leigh Mercer, top-ceded at palindromia, is the author of: STRAW? NO. TOO STUPID A FAD. I PUT SOOT ON WARTS and of: TOP STEP'S PUP'S PET SPOT. J. A. Lindon, also top-ceded, is the author of: NORMA IS AS SELFLESS AS I AM, RON.

And still the challengers come on. Aldo Molinari of Long Beach, California, makes a memorable entry with:

> MOM'S TOT DID MADAM'S DAD POP
> &
> POP DAD'S MADAM DID TOT'S MOM.

(Well, then, read it again. And note that it is almost a double palindrome in that every word, the possessive forms aside, is itself a palindrome.)

Marlow Sholander of Shaker Heights, Ohio, is more incisive, with EGAD, AN ADAGE! and DID LASS AVER ERE VASSAL DID? Paul Kirkpatrick of Stanford, California, adds: TARA SAW BOB WAS A RAT.

THE FIRST WORDS of palindromic scripture, as I pointed out in an earlier column, were MADAM, I'M ADAM. Line two reads: EVE. Line three is the summary of the recording angel: SEX AT NOON TAXES. Mr. Kirkpatrick submits as the fourth line: EROS SAW EVE WAS SORE. Here are some other lines to be set into that scripture by any man according to his own revelation: WAS IT A CAT I SAW? The answer to which is: NO, MISS SIMON. Simon, of course, is the local shammash. He asks, via Lester F. Beck of MacKenzie Bridge, Oregon: WON'T PEWS FILL IF SWEPT NOW? Overhearing, I MOAN, LIVE ON, O EVIL NAOMI! She tries to placate me: NOW NED, I AM A MAIDEN NUN; NED, I AM A MAIDEN WON. I am not taken in: SIT ON A POTATO PAN, OTIS, I cry EGAD, A BASE TONE DENOTES A BAD AGE. Uncontrollably, I continue to quote:

> LEW, OTTO HAS A HOT TOWEL. . . . POOR
> DAN IS IN A DROOP. . . . SNUG & RAW
> WAS I ERE I SAW WAR & GUNS. . . .
> DO NINE MEN INTERPRET? NINE MEN,
> I NOD. . . . RED RUM DID EMIT REVEL
> ERE LEVER TIME DID MURDER. . . . TOP
> NO EVIL: NEVER EVEN LIVE ON POT. . . .
> A SLUT NIXES SEX IN TULSA. . . .
> SUMS ARE NOT SET AS A TEST ON
> ERASMUS. . . . PAGET SAW AN IRISH
> TOOTH, SIR, IN A WASTE GAP. . . .
> NO, IT'S A BAR OF GOLD—A BAD
> LOG FOR A BASTION. . . .
> PUT ON, NOT UP. . . . NO CAB, MARTYR?
> TRY TRAM—BACON. . . . EVE SAW DIAMOND:
> NO MAID WAS EVE. . . . YALE DON SEES
> NO DELAY. . . . EMIL, ASLEEP, PEELS A
> LIME. . . . I'D REVEL IN NILE—
> VERDI (SI, SI—ISIS)

And as a last resonant line of that scripture: ARE WE NOT DRAWN ONWARD, WE FEW, DRAWN ONWARD TO NEW ERA? (If only an "a" could be inserted between "new" and "era," this one might certainly pass as the perfect Palindromist's Creed.)

CLOSE THE BOOK, then. An end to scripture. Though much remains unanswered, I promise not to return to this theme unless invited by apocalyptic occasion.

ADIEU, SUE, IDA □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Blueprint for Justice

WHY JUSTICE FAILS
By Whitney North Seymour, Jr.
William Morrow, 238 pp., $6.95

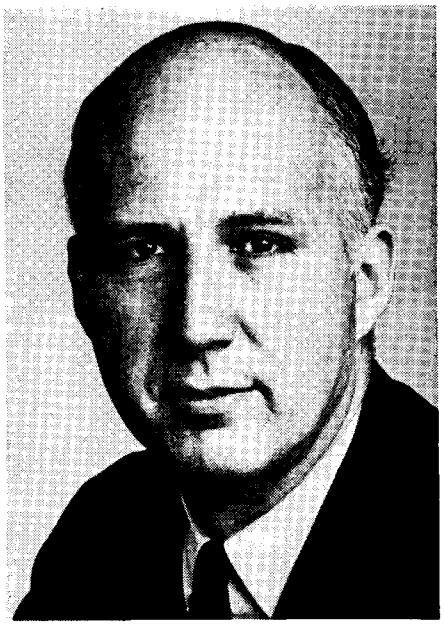
Reviewed by Paul Weaver

Whitney North Seymour, Jr., has been president of the American Bar Association, U.S. attorney for the Southern District of New York, a member of the New York state legislature, and is now a partner in a leading Wall Street law firm. When such a person writes a book about the state of justice in America, it behooves the rest of us to sit up and take notice. For whether or not books by people like Seymour have anything of merit to say about our system of justice, they do give us a glimpse of the views, habits of mind, and personal qualities of the legal community's acknowledged leaders—and, in the process, reveal something of the condition of the American bar as a whole.

The state of the legal profession, of course, is much in the news these days, and not a little in doubt. The Watergate investigations, having shown lawyers to be prominently involved in the planning, execution, and covering up of various felonies, raise disturbing questions about the ethics and personal standards of members of the American legal community. Oddly enough, though he himself has stern things to say about the current state of such ethics and standards, it is precisely on this score that Seymour's *Why Justice Fails* is most reassuring. For the fact that he is himself an attorney of impeccable reputation, that he so adamantly refuses to excuse or minimize the shortcomings of his profession, and, above all, that he sees so clearly how the personal ethics of individual lawyers affect the quality of justice in our society as a whole—all these suggest that the bar today is by no means bereft of the will and means to cure itself of whatever may ail it.

Yet sincerity and personal rectitude, important though they are, are not the only qualities that matter in lawyers. The legal community is an expert profession, to which we as a society delegate a number of important responsibilities—the making and interpretation of laws, enforcement of laws, treatment of those who break laws, and so on. It matters, therefore, that members of the legal community be competent, not only in the performance of their day-to-day work but also in their intellectual understanding of the nature of that work. If they are not competent, the rest of us suffer.

IN ADDITION to performing various expert services, the legal profession also acts as a political institution. Not only does it have the responsibility of maintaining our laws—the instruments by which we as a nation define who we are and what we are about—but it also is the single largest source of Congressmen, sub-Cabinet officials, and other such persons of influence in government. Tocqueville regarded the bar as the nearest thing to an aristocracy in the American democracy, providing leadership in behalf of constitutional values, resisting when necessary the ill-advised momentary passions of public opinion, and infusing into our political processes a distinctive, lawyerly, prudential wisdom. Of course, the particular character of the legal profession has changed since the 1830s, but its general importance in the American scheme of things is as great today as it was when Tocqueville wrote. Together with the political party, the university, the church, and the press, the legal profession helps to formulate the American political ethos and to determine the shape of our public and private lives.



Whitney North Seymour, Jr.—"Leading citizen of the legal community."

WHEN A LEADING citizen of the legal community like Whitney North Seymour, Jr., writes a book about justice in America, therefore, we are entitled to treat it not only as an act of leadership but also as a mild form of prophecy. But the problem is that when one examines all of Seymour's many specific proposals, they seem based on nothing that is truly coherent, that truly reflects any clear and intelligible notion of justice. This kind of failure—which must be called a failure of competence—seems to me to be connected with, indeed caused by, a particular political style that is increasingly popular in the legal community these days.

The book begins by invoking the spirit of legal reform and the tradition of Holmes, who wrote, "Law is the business to which my life is devoted, and I should show less than devotion if I did not do what in me lies to improve it." What lies in Seymour to improve it is developed in the course of discussions of such matters, among others, as the treatment of the poor, the use of force and violence, organized and white-collar crime, the police, the prisons, sentencing and other forms of punishment, juvenile delinquency, automobile-accident claims, the relationship between business and the law, the consumer and the courts, and the need for a mobilization of public opinion before anything can be done—and all in only 200-odd pages!

Like generations of reformers before him, Seymour displays an admirable sensitivity to the seemingly endless capacity of our legal arrangements to create unnecessary suffering and injustice. And he is firm in his conviction that the primary need of the judicial system is to be peopled with men of high quality and in his faith, and that something called "better administration" can help to unsnarl many of that system's tangles. He seems to part company from a Holmes or a Brandeis, however, in the matter

Paul Weaver was an assistant professor of government at Harvard from 1968 to 1973 and is now an associate editor of The Public Interest *magazine.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of being learned; indeed, given the evidence of his effort to deal with virtually every aspect of our system of justice in 200 pages, he seems to depart from them even in the matter of respect for the learning of others.

THIS POINT IS a crucial one. For one thing, justice is and has always been a complicated subject; if it weren't, we citizens wouldn't need to turn it over to specially trained professionals. And for another, there is by now a huge body of knowledge that a reformer, if he is to be a competent one, needs to master. Quite a lot is known about the problems that Seymour discusses and, to a lesser extent, about the solutions he offers, most of which are not new ones and some of which have been shown to be ineffective. It is simply not true, as Seymour asserts, that there is a "clear and direct" relationship between the level of police resources and the rate of crime, or that anyone knows that better street lighting or more "imaginative" police planning contribute significantly to crime reduction. There is no reason to think that, short of putting everybody in solitary confinement, the "prison underworld" can be eliminated, as Seymour recommends, or that what the author sneeringly refers to as the "cop mentality" can be eradicated from our police departments. Indeed, on the basis of some of the best sociological works on these topics, there is reason to think that both are inherent in the very nature of prisons and police work, reformed or unreformed.

Even so, the main difficulty with this book is not that it advocates certain programs that do not work and makes certain statements that are, at best, misleading. Reform has always been an incremental, trial-and-error affair in this country, and its immediate results have seldom been dramatic, or even beneficial in every instance. Yet, cumulatively, it has unquestionably made our society a better one. Moreover, Seymour has a number of proposals—from schemes for instituting no-fault auto insurance to diversification of our prison system, so that some prisons would concern themselves exclusively and seriously with convicts who can benefit from rehabilitation while others would merely provide a custodial service for those prisoners who cannot be rehabilitated—that do deserve support.

The main difficulty is something at once more general and more disturbing than mere errors of fact or advocacy of trivial or ineffective reforms. I mean the spirit of simplism that pervades the book as a whole, and I mean the absence of a coherent moral vision, the thing that makes this kind of simplism possible. What are the causes of crime? Experts know them to be multiple and finally so mysterious as to be almost unknowable; to Seymour, however, they are perfectly clear: moral turpitude, poverty, lack of opportunity, and, of course, the system of justice itself. What should we do with convicted criminals? Students of correction have been able to find almost no methods that demonstrably succeed in substantially rehabilitating the generality of criminals. Yet Seymour blithely advocates, with hardly a hint of their uncertainty, large-scale recourse to a variety of rehabilitation programs. Persons with expert knowledge of our system of justice have long been aware of the many problems and apparent failures of that system and the immense difficulty of finding any way to cure them that does not create new problems and failures of equal or greater difficulty. To Seymour, by contrast, it is really quite simple—and, what's more, it's absurdly *easy*—to fix up justice, if only we have the will to do so.

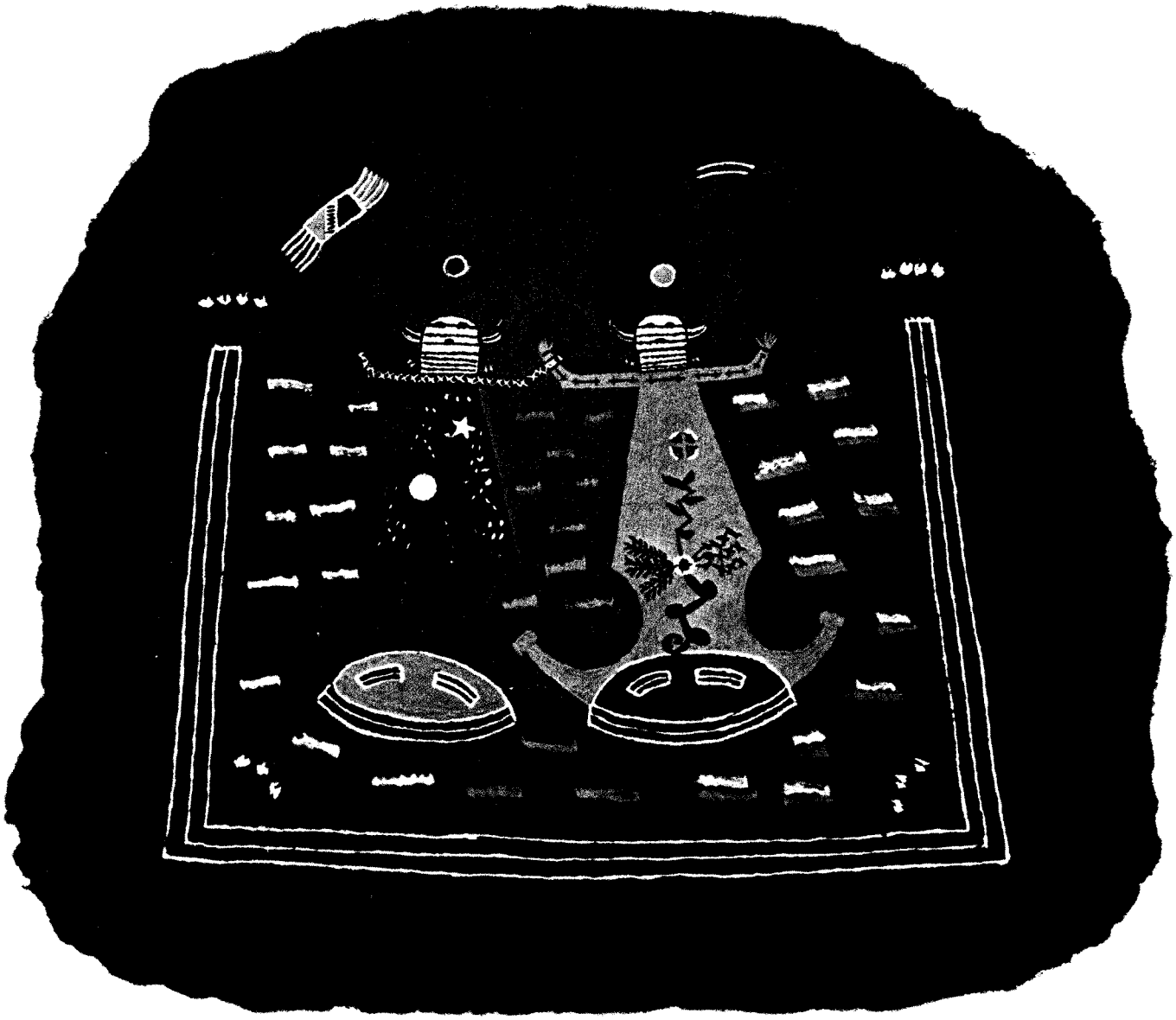
To be sure, we want and need our political system to take calculated risks in trying things that may not work. But for this very reason we need our experts, including our lawyers, to be honest and forthright with us about what is and isn't known, to admit the difficulties and complexities and uncertainties that surround the system of justice or any other problem area of modern society. There is in Seymour's kind of simplism the danger not only that society will move confusedly, wastefully, and contradictorily but also that the proper relationship between citizens and experts in a democracy—with the experts on tap, not on top—will be destroyed.

The failure of competence represented by *Why Justice Fails* derives, finally, from a moral and political confusion. Seymour seems deeply committed to a style of reform in which the desirability of reform per se—of change in and of itself—comes to seem more important than the purpose of reform. The problem with such a stance, of course, is that not everything about the *status quo* is equally objectionable, or even wrong at all, so that anyone adopting this stance soon finds himself bogged down in a morass of contradictions and absurdities. He seems to believe, for example, that we should be much tougher on white-collar and organized crime and that we should be more lenient on violent crime; the only difference he can see between violent crime and embezzlement is one of "method" and opportunity: A poor person turns to violent crime as a means of getting money because he can get his hands on a gun but can't get access to white-collar jobs that make embezzlement possible! It is this absence of a coherent, independent, non-oppositional

"Of course I think Nixon knows what he's doing. What other hope have I got?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The real
Man in his ignorance has always assumed that the earth would rejuvenate herself, no matter what he did.



mother earth father sky navajo sandpainting artist: alfred dihyja

The earth can lose her resiliency. Her waters are polluted, her soil is becoming dust, some of her trees are poisoned. Someday she may be beyond her ability to heal herself. But what we do to her we do to ourselves.

The Indians call the earth their mother.
We must protect the earth. We must learn to live in harmony with her; we must learn her moods and rhythms. We must love the earth.

The ideal
When man and nature are in harmony, the land is happy. There is great strength in this idea.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rare Editions for Rare Individuals

If you have a taste for beautiful books and sound investments, you will appreciate membership in The Limited Editions Club.

Only 2000 copies of each Club edition are printed, never more, and they are available *only* to Club members. Leading artists of international reputation are commissioned to illustrate these superb signed editions, each bearing the member's exclusive number.

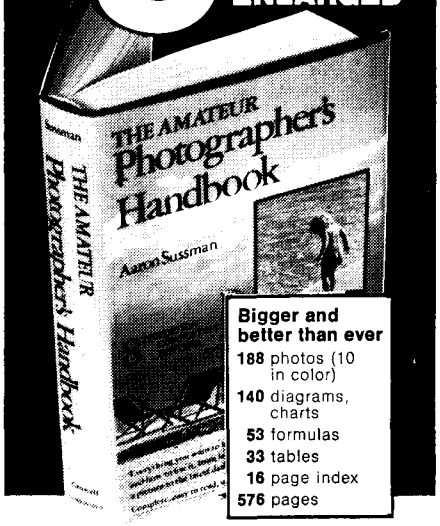
No effort is spared in the design and craftsmanship of these truly rare — and valuable — editions. And yet the cost is surprisingly moderate.

At the moment there are a few vacancies in the membership. For a Prospectus, you may write to Eleanor Grant at

THE LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB
Avon, Connecticut 06001

[*There is, of course, no obligation*]

JUST OUT **8TH EDITION! REVISED AND ENLARGED**

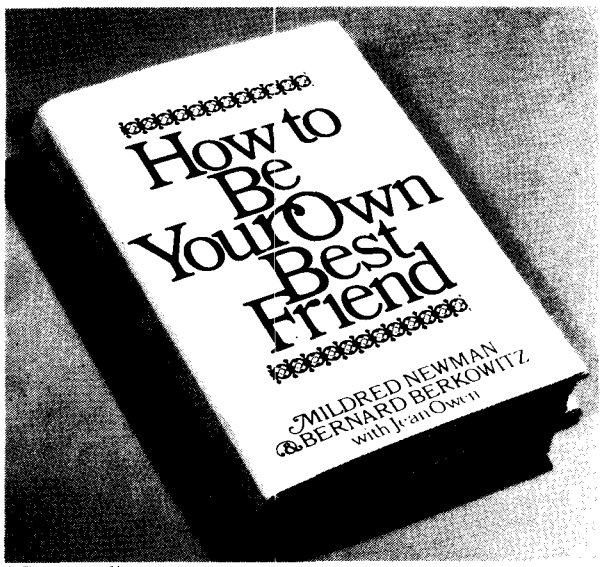


Bigger and better than ever
188 photos (10 in color)
140 diagrams, charts
53 formulas
33 tables
16 page index
576 pages

This internationally famous handbook is now twice the size of the previous edition, with more of everything for the enthusiastic photographer. "One of the best written, best all-around books for the amateur to own."—*The Booklist.* "The photographer's bible."—*PhotoGraphic Magazine.* "A truly monumental work."—*London News.* $8.95

Order now from your bookseller, or
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
666 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10019

"The best seller that is changing lives everywhere"*



*Cosmopolitan

160,000 copies in print
$4.95. RANDOM HOUSE

moral vision that accounts for the indeterminacy and confusion of Seymour's blueprint for the future of justice in America.

IT IS POSSIBLE, then, that *Why Justice Fails*—which, incidentally, never establishes that justice does fail and certainly doesn't give a satisfying account of the reasons for such failure as does occur—symbolizes an emergent flaw in the American legal community, characterized by a depreciation and an erosion of competence and an ultimately confused commitment to change for change's sake. And yet, having just written these words, I am not sure that they do not do an injustice to Seymour as well as to his profession. For the other way to look at this book is to see it as the expression of Seymour's own special competence and excellence. To be sure, it is not the competence of the legal theorist or the social scientist. Yet an abiding concern for maintaining high standards of integrity, an insistence on looking for and trying to correct flaws and failures in our system of justice, and a refusal to be satisfied with anything less than the most that can possibly be attained—are these not precisely the virtues we would want to see in our district attorneys, our judges, and our leading attorneys? Since these moral virtues could also produce the intellectual vices of *Why Justice Fails,* perhaps we should be pleased that Seymour's volume is flawed in the way it is. It is always pleasing to find men in high positions who mean well and who are constantly trying, as well as they know how, to make things a little better for the rest of us. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 7
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Should bats or __ __ __ __ __ __
blunder in your room,
No need to chase them blindly with
a broom;
Turn on the lights, grab up some __
__ __ __ __ __, too:
The __ __ __ __ __ __ perch
should prove their Waterloo!

Answer, see page 7.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Butterflies, Chessboards, and Anagrams

BEND SINISTER
By Vladimir Nabokov
McGraw-Hill, 241 pp., $6.95

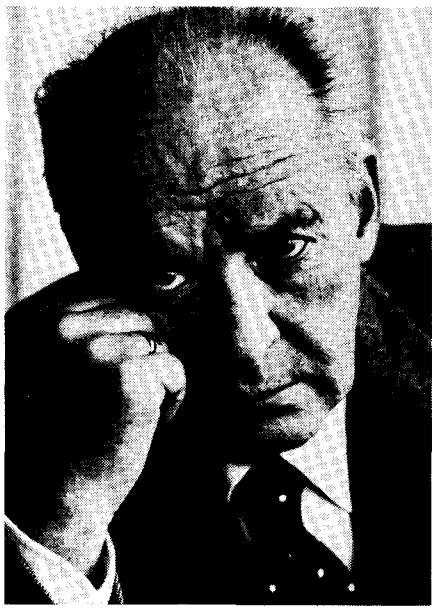
Reviewed by Edward Grossman

A mind reader should be sent to Nabokov to ascertain whether he desires the Nobel Prize for Literature, and in case the answer resembles yes, it should be given to him immediately, in spite of the troublesome facts that another Russian-language novelist got the prize recently and that Nabokov, thoughtlessly complicating things for nice Swedish gentlemen, has written masterpieces in two languages.

That said, it must be added instantly that *Bend Sinister,* reissued now after years of hiding out of print, contends with *Ada* for pride of place as Nabokov's most unsuccessful work. *Unsuccessful* shall be understood to mean what literary critics and other lowlife seem to think it connotes: unconvincing, cluttered with cute distractions, uneven, unrealized, poor, disappointing. Of course, the judgment is relative—*BS* is disappointing compared with other books its author has written before, and after. And even if it is his worst, or next to worst, that doesn't signify that it is his least interesting or that, in the phrase of his publisher's PR man (see Mr. N. wince), its re-publication is not "politically timely."

Prospective readers will wish to know what *BS* is about; very well. Its plot, such as it is, concerns the breaking down of a strong, aristocratic professor named Krug by the goons and apparatus of a police state somewhere in central Europe. The dictator of the state is Paduk, a disgusting, cowardly toad who founded the Average Man's Party and who used to get thrashed by Krug when they were schoolboys together. Krug is the only internationally eminent personality the country can boast, and Paduk wants to enlist his reputation in the service of the state. Spurning all blandishments, disdainful of grotesque and sadistic tricks, Krug refuses to comply or to flee, until the state seizes his little boy as hostage. Then Krug is ready to do anything. But—this can be revealed without letting the denouement out of the bag—there is nothing to be done to stave off murder, madness, and the collapse of all the characters, good and evil, back into the folds of their creator's imagination.

Is *BS* therefore a political novel with obvious reference to past and current events? Never in a million years, declares



Halsman
Vladimir Nabokov—He writes about "the prism of the mind, about how the world is reflected in it. . . ."

Nabokov in one of his patented introductions. It is not a political novel, neither by symbolic implication nor satirical intention. "Automatic comparisons between *Bend Sinister* and Kafka's creations or Orwell's clichés would go merely to prove that the automaton could not have read either the great German writer or the mediocre English one," explains the opinionated Russian-American one. Actually, "the main theme of *Bend Sinister* is . . . the beating of Krug's loving heart."

So says Nabokov ex cathedra, but he is not necessarily his own best explicator. Yes, there are passages devoted to love between father and son, and affecting they are, giving the lie to the notion that Nabokov is unfeeling. But that is not what *BS* is about—nothing so simple. Insofar as any of Nabokov's elaborate artifices of books are about anything, they are about the prism of his mind, about how the world is reflected in it real and imagined, that unique optical instrument being intersected by mirrors on which are superimposed decals of butterflies, chessboards, anagrams, and the persistent flashback of a father assassinated by Fascists in Berlin.

A critic should be the last to venture saying why these recurrent themes meld imperfectly in *BS.* It cannot be because *BS,* published and ignored in 1947, was the first novel Nabokov wrote in English, for it was not: That admirable detective story, *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* (1938), was his first in his adopted language. Does it have something to do with its being his first novel written in America, or the first after the most horrible crimes of Nazism became known? Impossible to say, but there is no doubt that the verbal play in this book is sometimes gratuitous, the intrusion of the godlike author irritating, and, most damaging, the central, heroic figure, Krug, is rather incredible and uninteresting—strange attributes for a Nabokovian protagonist. It is as if the hatred and revulsion Nabokov, a two-time refugee, feels for totalitarians, the levelers masked as supermen, and the succoring salvation he takes from intellectual superiority and art for its own sake interfered here with the infinitely complicated refractions of his mind, simplifying them almost, though not quite, out of recognition. For *BS,* while it is not first-rate Nabokov, is recognizably the artist's, not an imitator's, work; nor is it an unintended self-parody. From it glow unmistakably, if dimly—as though back in pupa, so to speak—intimations of the radiant, wonderfully sustained flash of his masterpieces, to wit, *The Gift, Lolita, Pale Fire, Speak Memory,* and the dark horse (pun and mixed metaphors intended) entry, *The Defense.*

As for the PR man, he is right, sadly. In Vladimir Nabokov's original homeland, about which he has written great and lovely prose and where none of his books have been published, let alone republished, the dense gray minds, and worse, are still at it, hounding academician Sakharov and laureate Solzhenitsyn, holding nameless hostages, breaking down the human, and sending bullet-headed recruits to shout "Zhid!" at Israeli basketballers. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

PORTRAIT OF A MARRIAGE
By Nigel Nicolson
Atheneum, 256 pp., $10.00

The son of Sir Harold Nicolson and Vita Sackville-West, Nigel Nicolson, has undertaken to tell a story whose facts have always been obscure. Mr. Nicolson's vantage point is an incontestably strong one. The stories of his mother's passionate, almost lifelong affair with another woman (Violet Trefusis); her passing but intense affair with Virginia Woolf; his famous father's extraordinary patience with all of this—indeed, there was not much he could do about it—are rendered with the completeness of detail, that sense of immediacy that it is given the work of such insiders to have. There is an intelligence about the book that preserves it from the lachrymose instincts that came only too naturally to its subjects (Harold and Mrs. Nicolson). Nigel Nicolson includes his mother's diary, which renders her view of events in detail. His own recapitulation of the same facts, which comes immediately thereafter, straightens matters out in a bracing way without being obtrusive. Although Vita Sackville-West appears to be the main figure in the drama Mr. Nicolson has recorded here, it is the character of Harold Nicolson—so earnest, so indomitably a husband in love with his errant wife—that emerges with the greater clarity. His was clearly a nature more fathomable to a son. The strong current of filial piety that runs through this work does not deter Mr. Nicolson from recording the more ludicrous aspects of Harold Nicolson's relation to his wife. So bedazzled was he by her, so absorbed by the attempt to keep abreast of her escapades across the continent with the woman for whom she contemplated leaving her husband and family, that in the middle of his work on the Treaty of Versailles (Mrs. Nicolson was not very clear about the work her husband did, nor was she quite sure what the Versailles treaty was about), his mind was taken up with his wife's heartbreak over Violet Trefusis. It is some measure of the remarkable influence her sense of proportion had on his own that Harold Nicolson could write to his wife of her affair, "I don't want you to come out of it changed and broken, like France out of the war." Their son's view of the marriage is that, all things considered, it was an inordinately happy partnership; Harold Nicolson, who had homosexual affairs of his own, could not well be shocked by his wife's tendencies. It is a torrid, fascinating, and peculiarly tender tale, and Mr. Nicolson has shaped it skillfully. DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

•

CROMWELL: THE LORD PROTECTOR
By Antonia Fraser
Alfred A. Knopf, 774 pp., $12.50

Oliver Cromwell, lord protector of England, executor of Charles I, suppressor of Shakespeare and the arts, monster of Drogheda, successful general, and country gentleman, has always bedeviled historians. Studies of his life have too often reflected the political prejudices of his biographers: He has been represented as either crusading saint or Puritan devil. The current trend that de-emphasizes the role of the individual in shaping history, in order to heighten the importance of general social, political, and economic trends, has strictly eschewed the intriguing question of what drove Cromwell, as an obscure middle-aged gentleman, to become the ruler of England. In her new book, *Cromwell: The Lord Protector,* Antonia Fraser has sought the solution to this mystery by considering Cromwell's private life as well as his public career. In the words of the author, she wished "to humanize him." The always difficult task of exploring the inner being of a historical figure is made more challenging for Mrs. Fraser by the obscurity of Cromwell's career before the civil war and by the paucity of his own documented introspection or self-explanation.

Mrs. Fraser has attempted to fill in these gaps by turning to the insights of historical legend and folk history. Their survival down through the centuries argues a poetic, if not a historic, truth for her. The dramatic form of historical legends and folk history, in contrast to the bare facts of history, provide "much of the enjoyable spider's web of historical tradition" for Mrs. Fraser. A number of good novels have been written using the folk history that has grown up around important historical figures, but Mrs. Fraser's book has all the dryness that the general public mistakenly identifies with good historical writing. More than anything else, her book resembles a medieval monastic chronicle in its credulous and indiscriminate reporting of all happenings without attaching any explanation or analysis.

In *Cromwell,* as in her previous book, *Mary Queen of Scots,* Mrs. Fraser has chosen as her subject a personality in the tradition of classic tragic heroes. However, her emphasis on Cromwell as a typical country gentleman leaves one with the implausible impression that he stumbled on the throne of England by accident. Cromwell may have spent most of his life as an obscure country farmer, but something in his character separated him from other gentry and propelled him into a career of seeming contradictions: champion of Parliament against monarchical privilege yet its suppressor as lord protector; defender of individual conscience yet religious persecutor. Despite Mrs. Fraser's good intentions, this question still remains largely unanswered. JANE MAJESKI

Why Do You Have A Poor Memory?

A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique for acquiring a powerful memory which can pay you real dividends in both business and social advancement and works like magic to give you added poise, necessary self-confidence and greater popularity.

According to this publisher, many people do not realize how much they could influence others simply by remembering accurately everything they see, hear, or read. Whether in business, at social functions or even in casual conversations with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can dominate each situation by your ability to remember.

To acquaint the readers of this publication with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in remembering anything you choose to remember, the publishers have printed full details of their self-training method in a new booklet, "Adventures in Memory," which will be mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Send your name, address, and zip code to: Memory Studies, 555 E. Lange St., Dept. 852-91, Mundelein, Ill. 60060. A postcard will do.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

Prolific

Ishmael Reed is the most prolific of the American black novelists: *The Free-Lance Pallbearers, Mumbo Jumbo.* He's also a poet, and his new book, *Chattanooga,* is just out from Random House. Why *Chattanooga?* That's where he was born, although, as he says, he "grew up in Buffalo, New York, and wised up in Berkeley, California." Good poems; no great chip on his shoulder. Here's "Back to Africa":

A Tartar Wolf
Spider
Spinning
From the ceiling
Instead of
Squashing
You look
It up

Little Fear

Here comes Erica Jong's novel, *Fear of Flying* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, late October). Miss Jong may have a fear of flying, but little else scares her: Strong language doesn't give her pause; the facts of life (sexual) are to her a positive joy; and just about every race, color, and creed is in for an insult. Basically it's the story of a young Jewish wife who accompanies her Chinese-American husband to a psychoanalytic conference in Vienna, where she runs across a wild, woolly Englishman. More than that, it's travelogue, monologue, autobiography—with even a few poems thrown in. Above all, it's funny:

> Somewhere back in the ancient days of the Twist, it had suddenly occurred to me that *nobody* knew how to do these dances—so why feel self-conscious? In social dancing, as in social life, chutzpah is all. From then on I became a "good dancer," or at least I enjoyed it. . . .
>
> It was not that I merely read *The New Yorker*; I lived it in a private way. I had created for myself a *New Yorker* world (located somewhere east of Westport and west of the Cotswolds), where Peter de Vries (punning softly) was forever lifting a glass of Piesporter, where Niccolo Tucci (in a plum velvet dinner jacket) flirted in Italian with Muriel Spark, where Nabokov sipped tawny port from a prismatic goblet (while a Red Admirable perched his pinky), and where John Updike tripped over the master's Swiss shoes, excusing himself charmingly (repeating all the while that Nabokov was the best writer of English currently holding American citizenship). Meanwhile, the Indian writers clustered in a corner, punjabbering away in Sellerian accents (and giving off a pervasive odor of curry), and the Irish memoirists (in fishermen's sweaters and whiskey breath) were busy snubbing the prissily tweedy English memoirists.

Revolutionary

Aaron Burr, who has frequently appeared as a character in historical novels, including Kenneth Roberts's *Arundel,* now has a novel all to himself, and by Gore Vidal, no less. *Burr,* which comes from Random House on November 1, is Vidal's ebullient defense of his colorful distant relative. A lot of famous personages amble through: Jefferson, Hamilton, Washington Irving, and, of course, Washington himself, who comes to life as pompous and large bottomed, a shrewd politician, and a bumbling military man. Washington and Hamilton:

> I have often thought what a difficult time Hamilton must have had, forced to serve a man whose mind he despised. Certainly they were an incongruous pair. The solemn, slow general waddling with dignity through the camp, while like a ginger terrior at his heel frisked the young, impertinent aide. Washington plainly adored Hamilton and must never have realized to what extent the beloved youth disliked him. But then Washington was not in the habit of friendship with men or women. . . . The decorous relationship with his wife, Martha, was simply an alliance between properties and typical of Washington's ambition, of his cold, serpent's nature.

My guess is that someone will get a review of the book by James Thomas Flexner, author of the much-laureled, multivolumed *George Washington,* and it will be like a burr in his saddle.

FIF's

Some people can afford to have their cake and not eat it: "Uncle Joe Murray had a constant fear of germs, and at family birthday parties a separate cake was used for blowing out the candles; then a fresh one was brought in to eat." The numerous Murrays of Southampton are only one of the "first Irish families" in Stephen Birmingham's gossipy *Real Lace,* which Harper & Row publishes this month. There are also the Buckleys, the Joseph P. Kennedys, the Cuddihys, the McDonnells, and a half-dozen other families to whom $1 million was mere piffle. Most of their huge fortunes were made in the stock market, oil, and railroads, and most of the dynasties were founded by Irishmen who escaped the Irish potato famine of the 1840s. Now that he's done the rich WASPS, Jews, and Irish, who's left to be Birmingham-hammed?

Paper Pleasures

A lot of life-saving ideas are delightfully presented in *To Your Health* by David Stuart Sobel and Faith Louise Hornbecker, coming from Grossman Publishers soon. An illustrated page apiece to such things as "foot hygiene," "natural rhythms," and "throat care." Very witty, with line drawings on each page. . . . Those marvelous Dover Books have come out with *Palindromes and Anagrams* by Howard W. Bergerson, which will please all the happy readers of last year's *A Game of Words* by Willard Espy. Thousands of the darn things, some of which even make sense: "Are we not drawn onwards, we Jews, drawn onward to new era?" Try that backward.

WILLIAM COLE

Cloud-Soft Travelers

Down Sox For Men and Women

Tuck these Sox into a travel bag, wear them to bed, enjoy them as slippers or as inner sox for your insulated pacs or waders. Bauer Goose Down is hand-quilted in soft, tough Nylon taffeta. **Colors:** Red, Winter Blue, Powder Blue, Taupe. **Sizes:** Specify men's or women's shoe size and we will supply proper fit. **0123** Sox, pair **$7.95** postpaid.

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!
Enclosed is my check or money order for $_____. (Add sales tax where applicable.)
Please RUSH my 0123 Goose Down Sox.
Men's Size_____Color_____
Women's Size_____Color_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____Zip_____
☐ Send me FREE your new color catalog of over 1000 exciting outdoor products.

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. BSR Seattle, Wash. 98124

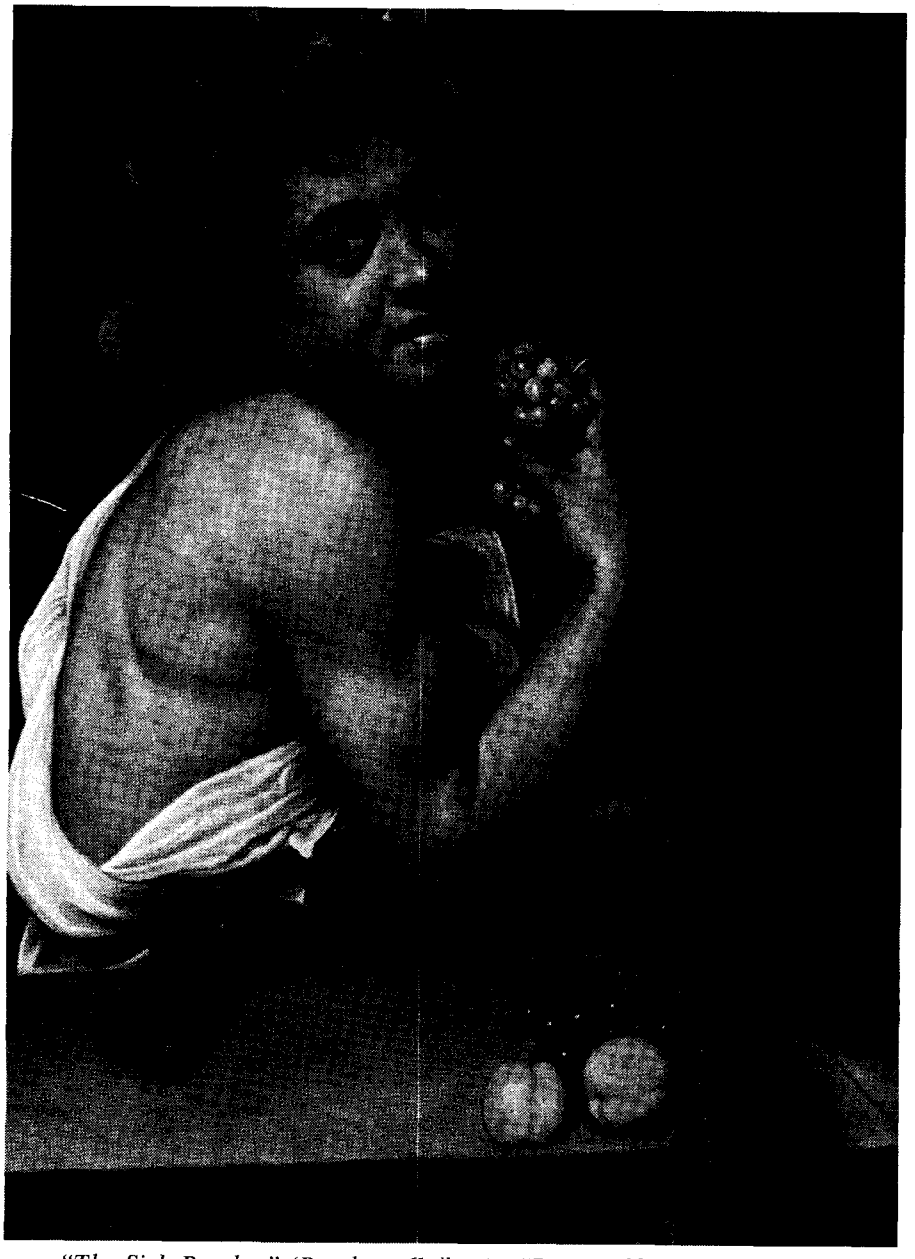
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When I Think of Rome, I Think of Caravaggio

By Katharine Kuh

When I think of Rome, I think of Caravaggio. Along with other illustrious, if sometimes anonymous, figures from the last 2500 years, he helped make the Eternal City the single richest repository of art in the world. And yet he stands out in this extraordinary assemblage with persistent volatile glow. Possibly the same could be said of Bernini, for if Caravaggio was the star of Baroque painting, surely Bernini was his counterpart in sculpture; but the latter never approximated Caravaggio's analytic intensity. Both were consummate performers able to produce any technical gymnastic, and both handled classical and religious themes with revolutionary disregard for past interpretations. Caravaggio lived only thirty-seven years, dying of malaria in 1610, abandoned on the beach of Porto Ercole en route to Rome after one of several flights from that city.

He was not a prolific artist; yet what still remains from his brush (at least a dozen important works are lost) is astonishing in light of the escapades that turned his brief life into something of a melodramatic comic opera. It is hard to believe the painter responsible for the deeply religious canvases done in Sicily the year before he died had earlier been sued for slander, had engaged in frequent barroom brawls, had seriously wounded one man, killed another, and been imprisoned for a succession of crimes in Malta, but not before being knighted there. Although Rome was his favorite base, he was constantly fleeing that city to avoid arrest. From time to time he escaped to Genoa, Naples, Malta, and to Sicily, where he left several large, nobly orchestrated canvases.



"The Sick Bacchus" (Borghese Gallery)—"Presumably a self-portrait."

Rome is the place, however, to see Caravaggio in depth and in his full splendor. While occasional works in American museums and European capitals are important, as a rule these are single examples that merely serve to whet one's appetite. To pursue him in Rome can, it is true, be exhausting, what with murderous traffic clogging the narrow streets that lead to churches and museums featuring his work. Last spring an exasperating Sunday drive from the Borghese Gallery (which has no less than six canvases by him—the largest single concentration under any roof) to the nearby Doria Gallery wasted an hour and ten minutes. On arrival we were told the Doria, which also has several fine paintings by Caravaggio, was closing for the day. Museums in Rome are always about to close; churches are more reliable and often present the master's work in better light and under happier conditions.

His great compositions in San Luigi dei Francesi, Santa Maria del Popolo, and Sant' Agostino have recently been cleaned and equipped with electrical devices that, on deposit of a modest coin, illuminate the canvases for a few minutes. Longer looking merely demands another hundred lire—which suggests how pleasantly practical is the Catholic hierarchy. On Easter Sunday these churches were buzzing with worshipers. To see the paintings as part of a living spectacle freed them from the archaeological sterility that sometimes pervades museums. In Roman museums, moreover, we often find Caravaggio's already shadowed figures exhibited in the dark, while in the churches they shine out triumphantly, illuminated by both the artist's searching light and that of modern science.

I have long tried to fathom why this

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

painter exerts such a strangle hold on me—more than any other, regardless of time or place. You might say I am hooked on him. My obsession started about twenty years ago at an exhibition in Milan, which I dutifully attended only to be galvanized by what I saw. His versatility, perversity, vaunting power, and ability to encompass the whole gamut of human emotions, from degradation to the sublime, left me shaken. Here was a comprehensive show including most of Caravaggio's known and doubtful works plus those of followers from Italy, Spain, France, and northern Europe. Because he was startlingly innovative, his influence was far reaching. With the possible exception of Rembrandt, it was not until Cézanne that an artist again uprooted established ways of thinking so decisively. Art worth its name has always foretold or mirrored pivotal scientific and philosophic movements, but these men went further and actually created new visual worlds. Cézanne foreshadowed the idea of relativity, while Caravaggio predicted phenomena of light that we are only now catching up with. As for Rembrandt, he probed the human psyche with a compassionate new understanding. Caravaggio's impact was of such magnitude that today we refer to his followers, and they were legion, as the Caravaggesque. Even Michelangelo, who, by the way, was important in Caravaggio's development and clearly affected his work, never achieved a school of art labeled with his name. Velázquez, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Ter Brugghen, Georges de La Tour, Gentileschi, Zurbarán—these are a few of the men who at one time were dominated by Caravaggio.

This painter also mesmerizes present-day eyes. In Rome he emerges not as an old master (which, of course, he is) but as a compelling figure able to invest traditional themes with such gutty vigor as to give them modern meaning. Even the most familiar subjects can take on slightly lascivious, slightly foreboding implications with him. I think his attraction stems from no single trait; nor does one need to follow his erratic life to be fired by his work. The fact that he was the first aggressive Italian realist was definitive for his contemporaries and followers but scarcely for a twentieth-century audience long accustomed to this way of seeing. What is it then? What gives him his special magnetism?

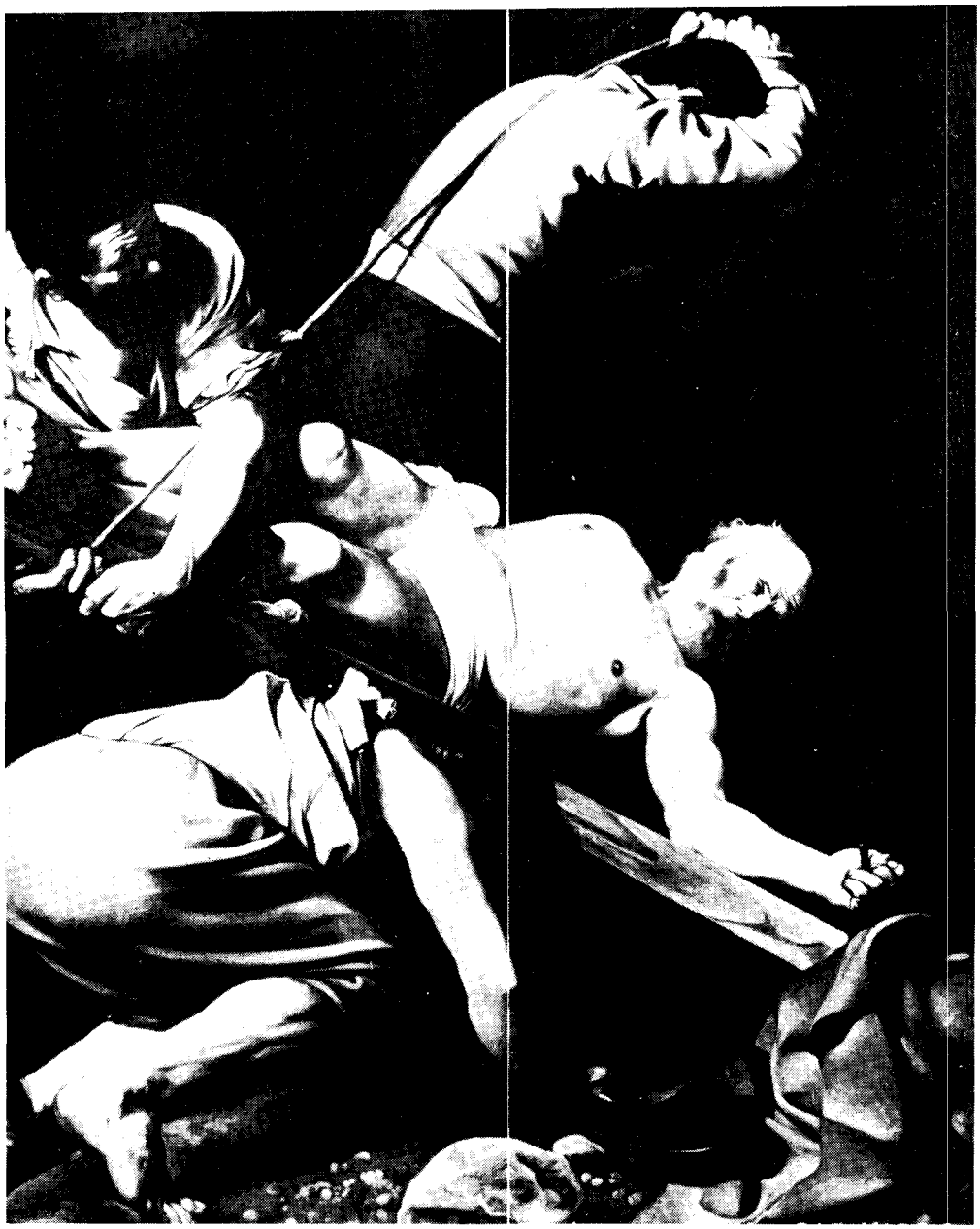
Is it his curiously compressed compositions, dense with foreshortened figures pushing out of the picture plane to suggest larger than life-sized actors engaged in ongoing performances? The answer does perhaps lie in this very sense of urgency and drama that Caravaggio, more than any other artist, was able to evoke. His light was theatrical; his protagonists, tilted at strange eye levels, interact in passion plays spotlighted on nearby stages. It was Caravaggio's genius for projecting a sense of immediacy, for involving the viewer at once visually and viscerally, that turns his canvases into direct confrontations. The characters are tangible; they exist not as painted images but as gripping realities. The scene we witness is taking place *now*.

Yet the performers relate more to photography and cinema than to the theater. Almost three hundred years before the invention of movies, Caravaggio was opposing cavernous shadows to flashes of brilliant light (the word *flashes* is important), a technique associated with motion pictures or, better, with pictures in motion. More crucial was the artist's anticipation of the close-up; a prime example is found in the church of San Luigi dei Francesi, where light slashes across *The Martyrdom of St. Matthew* to isolate a boy's terrified face. His open mouth, momentarily frozen in fear, produces a cry, a real sound from real vocal cords. We are sucked into the scene. We not only observe the action; we are part of it.

Caravaggio introduced a new kind of

"The Martyrdom of St. Matthew" (detail)—"His open mouth frozen in fear."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Bettmann Archive

"The Crucifixion of St. Peter"—"Foreshortened bodies pull and push against gravity."

realism, less involved with meticulous representation than with the impact of a total experience. And it is this involvement, I think, that gives his work its hypnotic pull. To follow him around Rome is to trace the development of an inexhaustible energy that gave promise in his sometimes stilted genre scenes and climaxed in his later enigmatic paintings. Even the early pictures have a degree of magic, if only because of the crisp ivory tones that this artist manipulated into sensuous textures. A draped cloth, turban, or sleeve in his hands becomes a miracle of milky film that deliberately sets off a hard body beneath. Take *The Sick Bacchus,* probably painted when Caravaggio was in the hospital with malaria around 1590, making him seventeen at the time, an incredible age to have created such an accomplished work. Presumably a self-portrait, this figure recalls Michelangelo in its twisted torso and rippling muscles, but only Caravaggio emerges full-blown in the creamy drapery, in the tightly defined still life, and, above all, in the wayward, seductive face. He was one of the most erotic painters in history, though never explicitly so.

At the same time, he was capable of fervent religious compositions where large groups of figures, usually seen at eye level as in an operatic performance, transcend conventional biblical scenes. Everything is in the process of happening. The outstanding paintings of the artist's maturity are installed in Sicily's Museo Nazionale at Messina, a city now wrecked, thanks to earthquakes and modern warfare. Yet a visit there is mandatory if one is to understand an artist whose lifestyle did not always dictate his painting style. *The Raising of Lazarus,* finished just one year before Caravaggio died, hangs near his *Adoration of the Shepherds,* another majestic canvas. Why he was able to round out a dissolute life with these spiritual purifications is anyone's guess. Only thirty-six at the time, he should not have died young, for from the start his work showed a drive toward grandeur. One feels he still had much to say.

THE PAINTINGS in Sicily are a far cry from the early episodic canvases of lute players, fortune tellers, and cardsharps, which became models for a whole body of artists who exploited these themes so diligently as to make them trade-marks of the Caravaggesque. Yet to my mind the genre scenes were his least important works, usually lacking those psychic connections that later enveloped everything he touched. Although Caravaggio is labeled a realist, as he matured he escaped this category by immersing his figures in waves of arbitrary light and dark, a device that animated as it obscured them. We are separated from the action by a non-existent proscenium arch, which tends to telescope forms into expanding proportions. And yet Caravaggio's vision had more to do with naturalism than with orthodox reality. It was not so much actual appearance as the underlying laws of nature that governed him.

Already in 1601–02 the artist had made two large paintings for the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, which are justifiably considered landmarks. *The Crucifixion of St. Peter* and *The Conversion of St. Paul,* both heroic vertical canvases, bear witness to his conception of man as an indomitable power. In each painting we attend an act in progress, for with Caravaggio there are rarely *faites accomplis.* Huge foreshortened bodies pull and push against gravity to create almost unbearable tensions, but at the same time these group close-ups are ambiguous, for the radiant light penetrating them also creates dark pools that only intuition can fill in. Figures and parts of figures appear and disappear in disturbing sequence. The outstanding contribution this artist made was his use of light as a total motivating force. Light does not play over his protagonists; it pierces and creates them to become itself the protagonist, able to transmute space and form into psychological phenomena. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Casting a Net on the Heavens

Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net throwne
Upon the Heavens, and now they are his owne.

Those lines were written by William Drummond, laird of Hawthornden, not too long after Copernicus had offered his new model of the solar system, to express the poet's wonder at the scope of the human imagination. How much the Heavens have expanded since then, how incomparably vaster is the net man has now weav'd and throwne to make them his owne, is evident from the current state of astrophysics and cosmology, as described in the following article, "The Outer Limits of Space."

The entire solar system is now seen as only a speck in our galaxy, and the galaxy itself only a speck in the total universe—a space of awesome depths and immensities, filled with objects beyond true imagining: quasars and pulsars, supernovas and galactic clusters, neutron stars and black holes—along with a theory of a pulsating universe that sounds like Hindu mythology and contains space warps right out of "Star Trek."

In the three hundred or so years since Drummond of Hawthornden wrote, it is not only our *concept* of the universe that has expanded; according to current theory, the universe itself has quite literally been expanding, with every object in it moving away from every other object at impressive velocities. This concept has always been confusing. When Sir Arthur Eddington wrote *The Expanding Universe*, he explained that only the *intergalactic distances* expand. "The galaxies themselves are unaffected; and all the lesser systems —star clusters, stars, human observers, and their apparatus, atoms—are entirely free from expansion."

When we look at a quasar 12 billion light-years away, what we are seeing is not that quasar today but what it looked like 12 billion years ago, for its light took that long to reach us. We are, in a real sense, looking at the past, at history—at very ancient history. If some catastrophic quasar event had occurred 11 billion years ago, it would take another billion years (probably longer, since it is still moving *away* from us) before the event could be observed on earth—and who knows who will be here then or even if the earth will still be here?

We glibly deal with figures like 12 billion light-years. But there is no way the human mind can envision a distance of that magnitude. Light can travel a distance equal to several times the circumference of the entire earth in the time it takes to snap your fingers. Imagine that it can (and apparently it really *can*) keep going at that same velocity without getting tired or slowing down for an entire year. At the end of the year, it will have traveled a single light-year, or 6 trillion miles—a much smaller but still unimaginable distance. And if you multiply that by 12 billion . . . (Have you ever tried *counting* to a billion?)

When a man looks out at this overpowering immensity, it makes him feel small indeed. If the galaxy is but a speck in the universe, and the sun but a speck in the galaxy, what then is earth? And what is man? We are crushed by our insignificance.

But only for a moment. After all, where did all this universe come from, if not out of our own heads? Man is the astrophysicist and the cosmologist. He inspects the stars as casually as if they were some specimen or beetle under his microscope (except that, in this case, it is the light he dissects in his spectroscope).

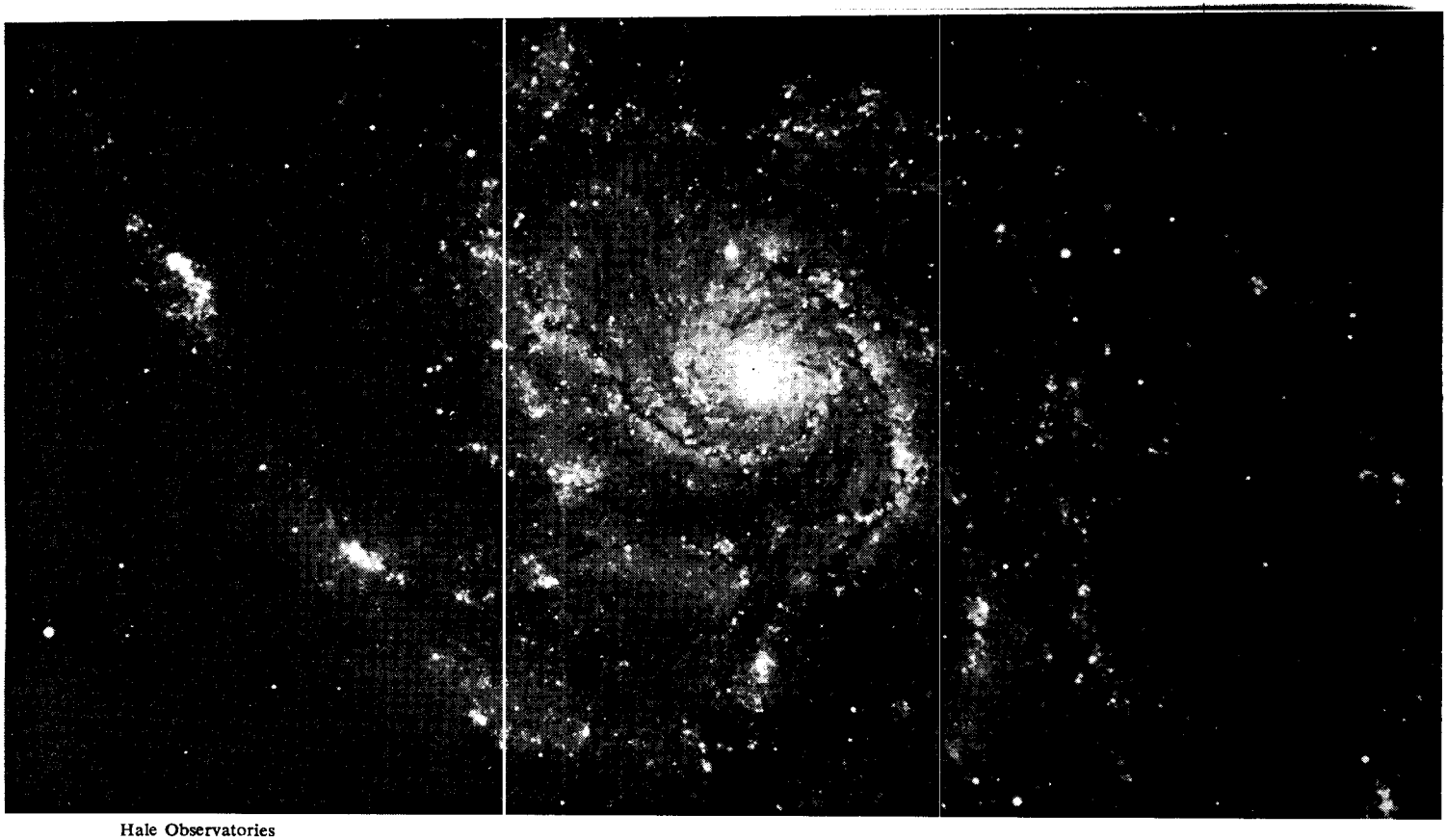
"I am a little world made cunningly of elements," said John Donne. Yes. We are the creatures who throw our nets upon the heavens and make them our own. But do we really make them our own? Can we really discover ultimate answers? Are the astronomers producing a final picture of the universe?

Of course not. Someone may tomorrow come up with a totally new and convincing explanation of the so-called red shift, for instance, that would drastically change the whole picture. "In the evolution of scientific thought," Lincoln Barnett said in *The Universe and Dr. Einstein*, "one fact has become impressively clear: There is no mystery of the physical world which does not point to a mystery beyond itself." Can man *ever* arrive at ultimate answers? No, Barnett insists: "All highroads of the intellect, all byways of theory and conjecture, lead ultimately to an abyss that human ingenuity can never span."

Never? Not at this stage of our evolution, perhaps. But we are evolving creatures in an evolving universe, and at this point in time—as they say at the Watergate hearings—it is premature to say never. Suppose the answer does turn out to be never. Should we despair? I like what Gotthold Ephraim Lessing once had to say about that: "If the Lord God held out to me in his right hand the whole of truth and in his left hand only the urge to seek truth—I would reach for his left hand."

ALBERT ROSENFELD

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Hale Observatories

Spiral nebula in Ursa Major—"Looking ahead to the end of the universe and looking back to its birth."

The Outer Limits of Space

Of quasars, pulsars, supernovas, black holes, and other implausible heavenly bodies

By Edward Edelson

Science, in its brash, spirited explorations of the far reaches of the cosmos, has suddenly, to its own amazement, arrived at what may be the ultimate boundary—the very edge of the universe.

Astronomers at the California Institute of Technology, employing telescopes that measure and analyze the optical waves and radio waves emanating from various heavenly bodies, believe they have reached their limit. As far as they can tell, the signals they are studying come from the outermost rim of the universe—a point in space-time that, by the esoteric rules of modern cosmology, is close to the origin of the universe.

Even if no other notable event had occurred, this discovery alone would make our decade memorable in the long history of mankind's struggle to understand the universe. But this is no isolated breakthrough in knowledge. It is only a small part of an incredibly productive epoch in astronomy, a few decades packed with events that have shown scientists a universe filled with objects that stretch our former understanding of the world's physical laws.

There are, for instance, quasars—distant and massive bodies whose ability to produce *more energy than a billion suns* is still not understood.

There are pulsars, burnt-out remnants of stars, so dense that *a cubic inch weighs a billion tons* yet whirling on their axes faster than a top.

There are so-called black holes, even denser remains of stars, whose gravitational pull is strong enough to make them literally invisible because not even light waves can escape.

And there are the other remarkable inhabitants of the universe: clouds of gas and dust where stars are being born; galaxies, containing billions of stars, which appear to be torn apart by violent upheavals; paired stars that orbit each other in intricate loops—all set against the background of a quiet flow of radiation left over from the origin of the universe.

Put it all together—something that theorists have been busy doing for more than a decade—and you have the first reasonably comprehensive picture of the universe, from its beginning some 12 or 13 billion years ago, through the long evolutionary process that gives us what we see today, and on into the future.

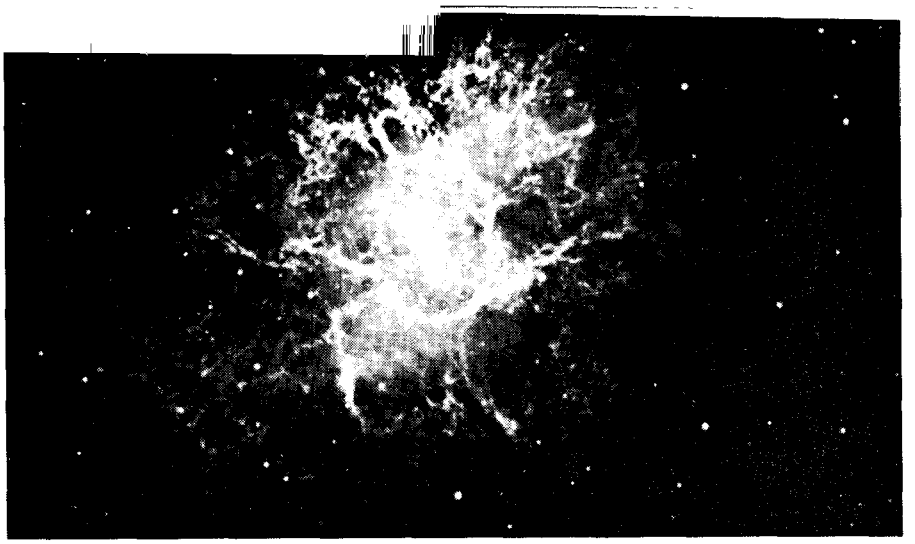
Most of this new understanding comes from data gathered by new instruments that have enormously expanded scientists' reach into the universe. Three decades ago an astronomer did essentially what Galileo did in the seventeenth century: He studied the light from stars and galaxies. Today the astronomer uses huge dishes and arrays of antennae that gather in radio waves from the cosmos, and he sends into orbit instruments that detect ultraviolet rays, X rays, gamma rays, and other radiation blocked by the earth's atmosphere.

A lot remains to be learned, of course. Astronomers would like to be able to predict the ultimate fate of the universe: perhaps infinite expansion, perhaps contraction and collapse. They still need a

Edward Edelson is science editor of the New York Daily News.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

better understanding of how quasars obtain their immense supply of energy and where quasars fit into the scheme of the universe. And there are puzzling anomalies here and there, phenomena that a handful of revisionist astronomers say might eventually call for a new set of physical laws.



The Crab nebula—Expanding gas cloud from a star that exploded in 1054 A.D. At the center is a pulsar, so dense that a cubic inch weighs a billion tons.

MUCH EXCITEMENT centers on quasars, which have managed to remain unexplainable and controversial for many years. Astrophysicists have been trying to fit quasars into the accepted picture of a universe that is expanding, like a balloon being blown up. According to this model, an observer standing on the surface of the balloon would see all other observers moving away from him, the velocity of their flight increasing with their distance from him. That situation —in three dimensions—describes our universe, with one notable addition: Most of the objects in the universe emit light, which allows their velocity relative to the earth to be measured.

Measurement is simple: The faster the flight, the more light is stretched out toward the red, or longer, end of the spectrum. By the rules of expansion of the universe, the bigger this "red shift," the farther away the object. Over many decades astronomers have measured a cosmic body's red shift to determine its distance from the earth.

In 1962 Cal Tech astronomers Allan Sandage and Thomas Matthews identified an innocuous-looking minor star as the source of powerful radio waves. But when they tried to measure the radio source's distance by its red shift, they got nowhere, for an odd reason: The light waves emitted by the star did not fit any known pattern. It took a few years for two other Cal Tech scientists, Maarten Schmidt and Jesse L. Greenstein, to solve the puzzle. They found that the star's red shift was much greater than any previously known, which meant that the star was much farther away than any other.

It was a solution that caused more problems: If the star was that distant, it would have to be putting out incredible amounts of light to be visible—as much energy as 10 trillion suns. That discovery lifted this innocuous-looking star into a class of its own. It was dubbed a "quasi-stellar radio source," which was soon abbreviated to quasar.

Some 200 quasars have now been discovered, and a simple interpretation of their red shift indicates that almost all of them are farther away than any other class of objects. A typical galaxy not too far from earth (by astronomical standards) will have its visible light shifted by perhaps 20 percent; to put it another way, the red shift is 0.20. Some extremely distant galaxies have red shifts of perhaps 0.40. But the closest known quasar has a red shift of 1.50, and most of them have red shifts of about 2.0—or a red shift of 200 percent!

Only during the past few months have astronomers reported the discovery of several quasars whose red shifts are in the neighborhood of 3.5, far greater than that of any others known so far. These quasars are moving away from the earth at an appreciable fraction of the speed of light. They are almost unquestionably the most distant objects known. Their distance from us is perhaps 12 billion light-years.

And beyond those quasars is—nothing.

At least this is the interpretation of Sandage and other Cal Tech scientists. They believe that the light emitted by these quasars started out not long after the birth of the universe and that the most distant quasars are also the oldest observable objects, bodies that were among the first to be formed out of the chaos that was the birth of the universe.

"Does the absence of larger red shifts mean that the time horizon has been breached and that we look back further than the time of first-galaxy formation?" Sandage asks. "If so, we are now observing not only a matter horizon in space but the edge of the universe of galaxies in time as well. That we can, in principle, see the edge of the world is amazing. That we may have already done so may be unique.'

An alternate explanation already exists, one that is even more revolutionary than the discovery of the edge of the universe. Some astronomers believe that the red shifts of quasars are not what they seem to be. These astronomers—and they are decidedly in the minority—think that something other than distance and velocity produces the enormous red shifts of some quasars. What could that something be? Perhaps a physical phenomenon of unknown nature, one that would require an explanation beyond the accepted rules of physics.

One astronomer, Halton Arp of Cal Tech, has carefully collected perhaps a dozen cases in which the standard rule—red shift equals distance—appears to be violated. Arp has celestial photographs showing apparent connections between quasars, galaxies, and other bodies that have completely different red shifts. According to Arp's interpretation, these objects are indeed side by side; yet their red shifts are far apart, which means that something incomprehensible to physicists is affecting the red shift. And if two objects at the same cosmic distance can have varying red shifts, Arp says, "some of our fundamental assumptions are wrong."

Most astronomers think it is Arp's fundamental assumption that is wrong. The consensus is that his collection of curious objects consists mostly of coincidences—bodies that appear to be side by side in the two-dimensional view offered by photographic plates but that are actually many light-years apart in the third dimension, distance from earth. Arp is doggedly trying to amass enough instances of discrepant red shifts to disprove that view, but the conventional wisdom is against him.

At the moment most astronomers be-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lieve that the red shift is just what it appears to be, a belief that allows them to talk in definite terms about the age of the universe. This means they have resolved one of the most enduring debates in astronomy, the cosmological argument over the origin and fate of the universe.

THE COSMOLOGICAL question got its start in 1927, when a Belgian mathematician, Abbé Georges Lemaître, proposed that all the mass in the universe had once been packed into a single point—a superatom, so to speak—which had then exploded, sending matter streaming out in all directions. Lemaître's proposal gained new vigor when an American astronomer, Edwin P. Hubble, discovered in 1929 that the universe was, indeed, expanding. But in 1948 two British scientists, Hermann Bondi and Thomas Gold, proposed an alternative explanation.

They said the expansion of the universe came from an entirely different cause: the continuous creation of matter. Rather than assuming a universe whose very existence hinges on a singular event, Bondi and Gold proposed a universe that has always been as it is today, with new matter popping into existence to replace the galaxies that go rushing off into infinity. The resolution of the debate between Lemaître's "big bang" cosmology and the "steady state" universe proposed by Gold and Bondi (and expanded by Fred Hoyle) had to wait for the arrival of radio astronomy.

In 1931 a Bell Laboratories engineer named Carl G. Jansky, studying the propagation of radio waves through the atmosphere, found that after every known terrestrial source of static was accounted for, some background noise still could not be eliminated. Tracking the background radio waves, Jansky found that they came from beyond the earth—apparently from the center of the galaxy.

It was not until after World War II that astronomers began building radio telescopes to make a systematic study of radio waves from the cosmos. That opened a new window on the universe and sent revolutionary winds blowing through the astronomical community.

The beginning of the end of the cosmological debate came in 1965, when Princeton astronomers Robert H. Dicke and P. J. Peebles said that if the big bang had really occurred, there should be some leftover radiation surging through the universe. Immediately radio astronomers at Bell Laboratories said "Eureka!" for the Peebles-Dicke theory explained the strange background radiation they were picking up on their radio telescope.

Today almost all astronomers believe that this background radiation is the final dying glow of the big bang.

NOW THE DEBATE is over a different question: the ultimate fate of the universe. There are those who believe that the universe will go on expanding forever, until its components slip away into infinity. And there are those who believe that the expansion will first slow down, then stop, then turn into a contraction that will end literally in a universal collapse.

It all depends on the mass of the universe; there is a critical mass at which the gravitational pull will keep the galaxies from moving beyond a certain limit. Once that limit is reached, the contraction begins. And so the fate of the universe depends, in non-scientific terms, on its weight.

How do you weigh a universe? Sandage's group has been trying to measure the rate at which distant galaxies are sep-

From the Previns, the pleasures of Prokofiev.
THE COMPLETE BALLET
Prokofiev
ROMEO AND JULIET
London Symphony
PREVIN
SC-3802
PROKOFIEV
PETER AND THE WOLF
NARRATED BY MIA FARROW
BRITTEN:
THE YOUNG PERSON'S GUIDE TO THE ORCHESTRA
NARRATED BY ANDRÉ PREVIN
LONDON SYMPHONY
PREVIN
S-36962
Few musical experiences can offer such rewards as this new complete Romeo and Juliet.
The performance is sumptuous. Its 2 hours, 28 minutes and 49 seconds (on 3 records) fully realize Prokofiev's rich vision, with its intense love music, its color, and its brooding pathos.
And the packaging is lavish. A 12-page booklet traces the ballet's history, with 33 photographs of the celebrated dancers who have portrayed the lovers.
We had wondered what album might follow last year's Previn Nutcracker as the perfect gift. With this Romeo and Juliet, the answer is obvious.
Mia Farrow joins her husband and the London Symphony Orchestra in a delightful Peter and the Wolf. Never has this work found a more felicitous narrator.
On Side 2, Previn narrates Benjamin Britten's A Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra, an ideal companion to Prokofiev's fantasy. Both works reflect the rare talents, the rapport, and the pure joy of the conductor and his wife.
An album to delight any youngster. But give it to anyone of any age with a sense of wonder and a love of music.
Angel
André Previn — in the Angel tradition of recording the great artists of our time.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arating, thus determining the mass of those galaxies and hence of the universe. So far the available information indicates that the universe has only one-thirtieth of the mass needed to prevent infinite expansion, but the measurements are so tentative that no one takes them as anywhere near final. Perhaps in twenty years the universe will be weighed to everyone's satisfaction. Meanwhile, astronomers can speculate.

Some astrophysicists, among them John Wheeler of Princeton University, stand by the latter theory—that the universe will eventually slow its expansion, begin to contract, and ultimately collapse into a superdense object whose existence was first postulated by Einstein. Einstein's theory of relativity dealt on a grand scale with velocities and masses far beyond anything encountered on earth. Under such conditions, the theory said, strange things happen.

For example, according to the theory, a body could be so immense that it would collapse under its own weight and would keep on collapsing forever. Its gravitational field would become so strong because of the concentration of matter that light waves could not escape. At the same time this object would be the source of an immense energy output, because it would pull nearby objects into itself, ripping them apart violently and turning 40 percent of their mass into energy.

That aspect of Einstein's theory received new attention in 1970, when Wheeler and a collaborator, Remo Ruffini, wrote a scientific paper on these so-called black holes, describing their strange features and pointing out that the natural life cycle of many stars may end in the creation of black holes.

What finally happens to a star, astrophysicists know, is a function of that star's mass, which in turn governs the amount of energy it produces. For most of a star's life, the inward pull of the star's mass is balanced by the outward push of the energy produced by nuclear fusion. As energy output declines, that balance is upset and the star contracts.

A star the size of the earth (which is average by stellar standards) comes to a relatively dull end. It burns up the hydrogen it uses as fuel,* expands briefly, then contracts to a cold, dense "white dwarf."

Stars with masses 40 percent greater than the sun's have a much more interesting end—one that provides one of the most fascinating phenomena in space. These stars stage a more spectacular explosion, the kind that creates a brilliant outflaring called a supernova. Then they condense to supermassive bodies called neutron stars; a cubic inch of a neutron star can weigh a billion tons.

Until 1968 neutron stars existed only in theory. But in that year British astronomers detected surprisingly regular bursts of intense radio waves from space —waves so regular that it was thought at first that they might come from another civilization. The truth was different but almost as fascinating.

It developed that these so-called pulsars that gave off these radio waves are neutron stars. And they are *spinning* neutron stars, which whirl beams of radio waves into the universe as they rotate at rates of perhaps 100 times a minute.

Weird as the pulsars are, the black holes are more so. At least a pulsar stops collapsing at some point, as its energy output reaches a new balance with its gravitational pull. But for stars whose mass is three or four times greater than the sun's, nothing can counterbalance the pull of gravity. The collapse goes on forever, and a black hole is the result.

Even though a black hole by definition is invisible, astronomers believe they have found several. An astronomer finds an invisible object by looking at two star systems, searching for a pair of which one star cannot be seen but is obviously influencing the other star's orbit. At the same time, he looks for the high-energy output expected from a black hole. The first star to be more or less firmly identified as a black hole is Cygnus X-1, a member of a two-star system in the constellation Cygnus, the Swan.

Wheeler believes that the universe, in billions of years, will become one massive black hole, in a collapse in which the known laws of the universe will be "not broken but transcended." To this, astrophysicist Robert M. Hjellming adds a fillip: He proposes that black holes in our universe are "white holes" in a neighboring universe and that matter which vanishes from a black hole here reappears in a white hole there. This could mean that the ultimate collapse envisioned by Wheeler would end with the universe almost literally turning itself inside out, starting the cycle of expansion and contraction all over again.

All this may sound incredible, but is it much more incredible than pulsars, quasars, and black holes? Some of the strangest speculations of astronomers have become established dogma in the past few decades.

While they spare time for such speculation, astronomers also are trying to tidy up the details of the universe. Perhaps the greatest unknown is the nature of quasars—the source of the immense amounts of energy they emit. The current belief is that quasars are the nuclei of young galaxies, sowing their energetic wild oats before settling down to the sober business of galactic evolution. If this is so, a study of quasars can tell scientists much about the origin of galaxies and the universe because, as Sandage points out, "with quasars we see the conditions in the cosmos as they were close to creation." It is one of the fascinations of modern astronomy that it lets its practitioners look ahead to the end of the universe and back to its birth in one all-inclusive sweep of theory and imagination. □

*Squeezing hydrogen atoms to form helium, and thus releasing energy, is the basic mechanism that lights up the stars.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code)

1. Title of Publication: Saturday Review/World.
2. Date of filing: Sept. 24, 1973.
3. Frequency of Issue: Biweekly.
4. Location of known office of publication: 488 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.
5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 488 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.
6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher, Dr. S. Spencer Grin, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022; Editor, Norman Cousins, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022; Managing Editor, Peter Young, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.
7. Owner: Saturday Review/World, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022; Norman Cousins, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.
8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None.
9. For optional completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates (Section 132.121, Postal Service Manual).

39 U.S.C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates."

In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in Item 1 at the reduced postage rates presently authorized by 39 U.S.C. 3626.

(Signature and title of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner) Dr. S. Spencer Grin, Publisher.

10. For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates (Section 132.122, Postal Manual).

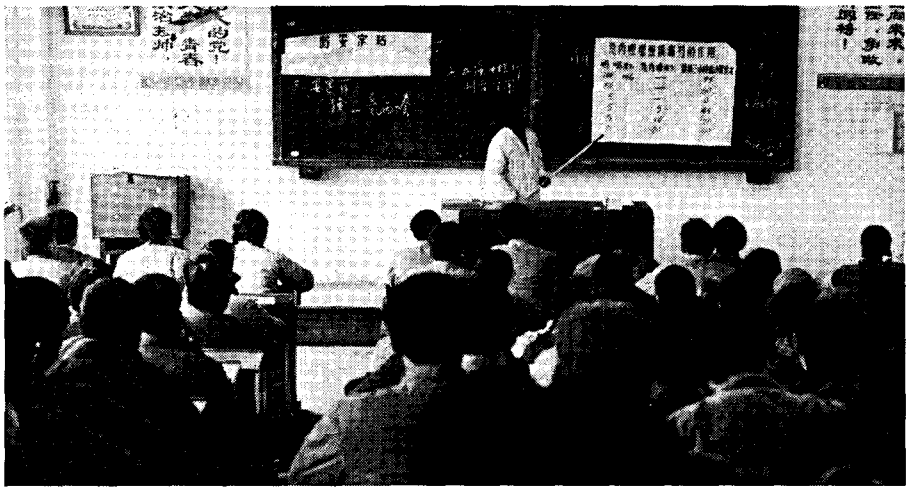
11. Extent and nature of circulation:

		Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Actual Number of Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date
A.	Total No. copies printed	251,584	787,682
B.	Paid Circulation		
	1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	14,868	15,000
	2. Mail subscriptions	203,101	732,782
C.	Total paid circulation	217,969	747,782
D.	Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means		
	1. Samples, complimentary, and other free copies	3,423	4,100
	2. Copies distributed to news agents, but not sold	25,615	30,000
E.	Total distribution	247,007	781,882
F.	Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	4,577	5,800
G.	Total	251,584	787,682

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

S. SPENCER GRIN, Publisher

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AP
Shanghai classroom—"Pragmatic, home-grown approaches to . . . medical problems."

Chinese Medicine: A Truly Great Leap Forward

By Alton Blakeslee

Early this year the president of Haverford College lived what might be called "the Chinese experience." For two months, by choice, he worked as a ditchdigger, a dishwasher, oyster-house quick-service counterman in Boston, and garbage collector in College Park, Maryland.

Dr. John R. Coleman was taking a sabbatical from the college near Philadelphia, hiring out for ordinary jobs, living under ordinary circumstances, because "as a college president you begin to take yourself very seriously and think you have power you don't have. I wanted to relearn things I'd forgotten."

It was a "Chinese experience" because in the People's Republic of China now, doctors and other specialists periodically leave the cities and live and work among "the masses" in the countryside, sharing their food, their housing, however rude, in order to learn or relearn what the common people think and feel and need, to become "re-educated by the masses."

Another striking feature of Chinese medical care is the heavy use of paramedical personnel, popularly called "barefoot doctors." Actually, they all wear shoes, unless they work in the rice paddies. But barefoot or not, there are now 1.3 million of them—enough to assure practically every Chinese citizen the rudiments of medical care, such as first aid, vaccinations, simple medicines, and birth-control aid. When barefoot doctors encounter cases of illness or injury beyond their training, they begin graduating the patient up a ladder of clinics and hospitals and more sophisticated medical and surgical skills. The result is that adequate or good medical care is now a fact. It was never so for millions of Chinese in the "bitter past" or pre-revolutionary days.

Prevention of disease is another success story. Imagine 50 to 100 to 200 million or more people at a time being chronically or acutely ill, as has often been the case in Chinese history. Nowadays the situation is manageable, because prevention and public-health measures are not just decreed from the top but are made a great audience-participation affair. When, in the 1950s, war was declared against flies, mosquitoes, bedbugs, and rats as disease carriers, manpower was totally mobilized. As Prof. T. K. Lin recalls it, "Each of us, regardless of whether he was a janitor or a university president, had to carry around a fly swatter and a vengeful lust for dead flies. Everyone had his or her quota to fulfill by the end of the week."

In the old days good medical care was for the affluent only. Mr. Chou Tse-Ming, a seventy-four-year-old onetime cook in a Shanghai factory, recalls "the bitter past" (that popular phrase again!) when "five of my nine children died from lack of medical care—I couldn't afford it." Now he has a pension of 70 percent of his workaday salary and free medical care for himself and his family.

For Mr. Chou, as for most Chinese, medical and hospital insurance is today entirely free; for families who do pay anything, it costs less than 1 percent per year of income. The cooperative Medical Service now covers 70 to 75 percent of the Chinese population with far-outlying districts yet to be included.

Clearly the medical situation is improving, but it is by no means idyllic. Above all, the People's Republic of China needs many more doctors. So one result of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of 1966–69 was the decision to turn out full-fledged physicians after three years of medical schooling. This relatively brief training period includes an internship, with new doctors able to begin practice when they are only twenty-three to twenty-five years old. Medical students get free education, with a bit of pocket money thrown in.

Officials concede that this crash program is still open and experimental. The shortened course—six to eight years of training used to be required—"may affect the quality of doctors, but we don't think so," says Dr. Chu Chao of the Ministry of Health in Peking.

In one intriguing development, the Chinese are trying to meld traditional medicine—e.g., herb medicine and acupuncture—with Western medicine, employing antibiotics and hormonal birth-control pills. Many, if not most, Chinese —and not a few Westerners as well— believe strongly that acupuncture and herb medicine are efficacious.

In short, China is developing pragmatic, home-grown approaches to Chinese medical problems. The robust health, evident good nutrition, and superior dentition of city dwellers, particularly those under thirty, attest to the considerable success of these approaches. Good health was also evident in the few rural communes, all within thirty miles or so of major cities, visited by this writer. Indeed, it is in rural areas that 80 percent of China's vast population lives.

CAN DEVELOPING COUNTRIES, or even the United States, borrow beneficially some of these Chinese techniques? The question is one that specialists in other countries might carefully consider. Significantly, several U.S. medical groups, some supported by the National Institutes of Health, are now investigating

Alton Blakeslee, science editor of the Associated Press, recently visited China.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the use of acupuncture for surgical anesthesia and are taking a look at Chinese herb medicines.

There is little point, of course, in contemplating wholesale borrowing from the Chinese medical system, since it rests on a social base radically different from our own. Chinese medicine operates within a controlled society; American medicine is highly individualistic in character. So for better or worse, the two systems of care are scarcely interchangeable. In China the barefoot doctor initially is given just a few months of training and is instructed to stay within limits of his or her competence. The American physician's assistant is frequently a former military medic who has taken additional specialized training. He is not, strictly speaking, comparable at all to the barefoot doctor. In the United States, if the physician's assistant is accused of error, he or his employers may get hit by a malpractice suit. In China malpractice litigation does not seem to exist. As one visitor remarked, "There are six-hundred lawyers in China, and they are all unemployed." Chinese physicians, on the other hand, are by no means unemployed: They are, in fact, *salaried employees,* unlike their independent, freewheeling U.S. colleagues, and they appear not to make a very great deal more than the average income. They do not have private practices but work out of clinics and hospitals and are more likely than their American counterparts to make house calls. Further, his "Chinese experience" sabbaticals in the countryside make the Chinese physician aware of medical and health problems far beyond those of his own neighborhood, particularly if he is a city practitioner. All this mix of experience tends to keep the Chinese doctor attuned to the social-medical needs of his society.

It was not always so: In pre-liberation China, this writer was told, almost all "Western trained" doctors lived in cities, where the going was good. China trained only about 9000 such physicians from 1927 to 1949, according to Dr. Chu of the Ministry of Health, and "only 140,000 medical workers. We mainly depended on several hundred thousand traditional doctors. We had only something more than 80,000 hospital beds, mostly in cities. We had to import most of our medicines.

"Starting from scratch in 1949," Dr. Chu went on, "we trained 250,000 full-fledged doctors up to 1965 and 490,000 second-grade doctors [somewhat comparable to the physician's assistant in skills] and more than 70,000 medical workers of all kinds."

Many of the new and old doctors, however, were still opting for the city life. Children of doctors and bureaucrats were being admitted to medical schools, while kids in the sticks had little chance. A new elite was forming, and it had to go—this was, one gathers, a major issue during the disruptive Cultural Revolution, the Red Guard's zealous anti-elitism conforming with Chairman Mao's theme that revolution must be a continuing affair.

The medical profession thus felt the weight of one of Chairman Mao's guiding principles—that the good citizen's duty is "to serve the workers, peasants, and soldiers." City physicians (and other specialists as well) were invited or required to spend a year or two in rural communes, working and living with the peasants. There they were to institute sanitary procedures and better health care, to look at local health needs, and perhaps to learn that bronchitis can be a far more serious problem than cancer. All but the aged and the ill served some time in this way.

> "...good medical care is now a fact. It was never so for the millions of Chinese in the 'bitter past,' or pre-revolutionary days."

One sophisticated city doctor, trained in Western medicine, found himself working in the fields, sleeping on a pallet, and talking into the night with a barefoot doctor about the commune's health needs. He now says it made him a better physician, that he hadn't appreciated the role of the peasant in the society and economy.

In the last few years, says Dr. Paul Lin, who teaches at McGill University in Canada, "300,000 volunteer medical personnel and college graduates from the cities have moved to the countryside, to the factories and mines in the border regions." Another 400,000 "have made tours of the countryside in mobile medical teams. They bring medical supplies and knowledge to the people, help train local health workers in prevention and treatment of prevalent diseases, and help the community help itself."

All this mobility helps physicians and medical-school professors learn firsthand about common needs. In turn they help to upgrade the barefoot doctors, some of whom later go on to medical school. And they introduce the peasants to concepts that many of them find startling and new—the idea, for instance, that gastrointestinal diseases come from what they put in their mouths in the form of contaminated food or water.

Enlisting the peasants' understanding and cooperation makes them, in a sense, public-health workers. Stress is placed on the well-being not just of the individual but of the commune. Further, while policy may be decided at the top, in Peking or a provincial (state) capital, there is a good deal of local option on how best to carry out the policy and meet the goals.

The Chinese system of medical and hospital insurance is three-pronged:

- All health costs are free for the individual and his dependents, too, if he is a government worker, a civil servant, a university or medical student, or in a job with a public or national-interest dimension. The government picks up the whole tab.
- In many or most factories, the individual contributes to a national health fund, with the premium included in the factory's overall cost of production. The worker pays nothing out of pocket, not even fees for hospitalization. But he is responsible for half the cost of health care for his dependents.
- Out in rural areas, the worker pays a small sum, ranging up to a dollar or a few dollars a year, to the Cooperative Medical Service to cover himself and his family. The commune makes contributions from its public-welfare fund to the maintenance of health stations or clinics. If the individual's treatment requires it, he can go right up the line, from a small health station or commune clinic to a provincial hospital for specialized medical treatment, with various systems taking care of major costs.

MOST MEDICAL SCHOOLS were closed down during the Cultural Revolution. But now they are starting to operate at full capacity, and the system is being expanded. China very soon will be graduating 40,000 full-fledged physicians a year. (The United States is graduating 10,000, for a population one-quarter that of China.)

Typically, the freshman student has been through junior middle school (our junior high) or senior middle school (our

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOST FOLKS say this smoke control device looks out of place in Jack Daniel Hollow. But we're glad it's here.

You probably know we burn hard maple wood to charcoal for smoothing out the taste of Jack Daniel's. You also know that too many people are burning too many things in our country today. So, to do our part to fight pollution, we put up this burning device to purify the smoke before it hits the air. No, it won't do a thing to improve our whiskey. Yes, it looks a little silly. But all of us in Jack Daniel Hollow are pretty proud of it just the same.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

senior high) and then has spent two to three years working in his commune, factory area, or army unit. If he professes interest in medicine, he is chosen by his peers to apply for one of the slots assigned to that commune. He must pass academic tests to enter school, and there are more applicants than available positions.

The medical-school stint was reduced to three years by eliminating redundant, repetitive, and unnecessary courses. In some schools thirty-six courses were cut down to twenty-two. Practice is combined with theory so that internship comes in the third year along with continuing classroom work. Med students go out into rural areas or factories to work with the masses; so "the whole country is a classroom," as Dr. Chu puts it.

Med-school graduates usually return to their own communes, thus solving the problem of maldistribution of physicians. Some are chosen to follow specialty training or to enter research. Unlike his U.S. counterpart, the Chinese doctor hoping for a particular specialty may not get it, even if he possesses the will and the talent to become, say, a surgeon.

Chiu Chia-Hsiang, leading member of the Revolutionary Committee of the Shanghai Second Medical School, says: "The social conscience of the student is so elevated that he puts the public need ahead of his own. If there is a locality with an urgent need for a surgeon, then he might go on to become one. But he could happily go on to become an internist instead, if he were so needed."

PATIENTS ARE PATIENTS everywhere. One American writer asked an interpreter to tell him what was going on in the conversation between a Chinese physician and a woman patient suffering from arthritis. It turned out that the doctor wanted to take her off cortisone, which was alleviating her arthritis, because of his concern over side effects. He wanted to put her back on aspirin, which had not been all that effective.

"How long have you been out of medical school?" the woman demanded.

"Ten years."

"Ten years, and is that all you know? Just aspirin for arthritis? Go back to school!"

Later, the writer asked the doctor: "Do you get this all the time?"

"Yes," said the Chinese doctor. "But I don't mind. After all, they are the ones who are sick, not me." □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Science Research Notes

Body-Powered Pacemaker

Beneath the calm exterior of the human body is a lot of electrical activity. A nine-man team from Drexel University in Philadelphia has found a way to tap this body electricity to power a heart pacemaker. After successful tests in a male collie dog, the group of biomedical engineers estimate that their new system will function for about ten years in a human for about a twentieth of the cost of a nuclear pacemaker.

The heart of the system is a biogalvanic cell, which wears out, and a fuel cell, which does not. The biogalvanic cell, which consists of an aluminum bar, gives up electrons that act as a source of energy, flowing through the pacemaker circuitry. The fuel cell, of powdered platinum or palladium, reacts with oxygen in the bloodstream, first giving up electrons and then receiving them from the aluminum.

Among the manufacturers of pacemakers, now used by 75,000 Americans, the use of aluminum had long been ignored because it produced insufficient power. The Drexel group overcame this with their potent catalyst/fuel cell. They claim also that their power system delivers its jolt to the heart—about seventy times a minute—in a briefer time than do conventional units, probably causing less damage to the heart tissue and prolonging the pumping lifetime of the heart.

Sulphide and Suicide

Scientists are still seeking the causes of mental depression—a psychiatric condition seemingly without rational explanation. Severe cases of melancholy may lead to suicide, one of the commonest causes of death worldwide. One contingent of psychologists claim the depression derives primarily from psychological causes, including upbringing, family, and job success. A growing number of scientists disagree, pointing to a variety of suspicious chemical or other physical features of the environment. A Seattle chemist now points the finger at yet another chemical, reporting circumstantial evidence that high levels of hydrogen sulphide in the air contribute to depression. In particular, reported Dr. Leroy Schieler to a meeting of the American Chemical Society, the high suicide rate on the West Coast, as compared with that on the East Coast, may be explained by the consistently greater concentration of the gas with the "rotten egg" odor in western regions.

In the course of a 1½-year survey, Dr. Schieler, head of the natural science department of South Seattle Community College, found that weather conditions in his city were particularly favorable for H_2S formation: low sunlight, acid soil (caused by acidic pollutants like sulphur dioxide and abundant sulphur pollutants (from smelting operations, pulp mills, or stationary power sources). Of perhaps crucial importance, West Coast soil is far more acid than East Coast soil. Acid soil tends to release the gas into the air, while alkaline soil forms metallic sulphides that remain in the soil. Schieler notes that most of the cities with the ten highest suicide rates in the United States are on the West Coast: San Francisco, Sacramento, Seattle, San Diego, Los Angeles, Denver, Oakland, Tacoma, Portland, and Spokane.

Schieler adds that while Sweden, Denmark, and Finland have suicide rates among the highest in the world, Norway shows a very low rate. He reports one ominous environmental difference. The first three countries have extensive wood pulp industries, while Norway has none. Pulp mills emit enormous quantities of sulphur pollutants into the air.

Low-Fat Milk

Despite the low-fat content in the diet of beef steers—grain, hay, and grass—steak is notoriously high in saturated fats and therefore under indictment by nutritionists for its role in contributing to heart and artery disease. The problem lies in the rumen, the first of a steer's four stomachs, where bacteria add hydrogen to, or saturate, polyunsaturated fats, leading to meat overloaded with saturated fats. Three years ago Australian scientists found a way to slip polyunsaturated fats through the rumen by coating vegetable oils with a protein coat treated with formaldehyde. Since formaldehyde is widely used by biologists as an embalming fluid, it understandably lacks appeal for the bacteria. As far as anyone can yet tell, the formaldehyde does not show up in the beef. More to the point, the beef is far more desirable nutritionally, with a smaller amount of saturated fat and more unsaturated fat.

Researchers of the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Beltsville, Maryland, have extended this work to dairy cattle and found that the same results can be achieved with milk and cheese—two more problem causers in the modern diet. The Biochemistry Laboratory there has managed to raise the polyunsaturated fat content in milk from the normal 3 percent to as much as 35 percent. In addition, lab scientists produced veal containing about 14 percent polyunsaturated fat and beef containing about 18 percent. Taste panels rated the veal and beef as equal to normal meat in flavor, tenderness, and juiciness. The tasters also liked the low-fat cheddar cheese made from the milk—as long as the "good" fat content was not above about 15 percent. Cost? So far higher, of course, because of the small-scale fat-producing and capsulating procedures, but industrialization presumably would bring the expense down considerably.

Durrell's Island Zoo

Gerald Durrell, author of twenty books, including *My Family and Other Animals* and *The Overloaded Ark*, is fond of saying that the first word he learned to pronounce was neither "Mama" nor "Papa" but "Zoo." After years of collecting animals and regaling zoos for their shoddy treatment of their charges, he started his own in 1959 on a forty-acre estate on the island of Jersey in the Channel Islands. The point was not only to attempt the breeding of some 250 species of rare animals but also to express a new philosophy of zoo keeping: A zoo's true purpose is to provide a reservoir of individuals that may someday replace wild populations that become extinct as a result of agriculture, hunting, and war. Durrell, who refuses to fly, arrived for the first time in the United States at the end of August to announce the creation of S.A.F.E.—Save Animals From Extinction, an umbrella organization that will support replicas of Durrell's now-unique island zoo. "I'm here to spread the word," boomed the cheerful, bearded Durrell, "among the gentiles of the zoo community." He had one bit of good news to report: the white-eared pheasant, a native of China and Tibet that is thought to be extinct in the wild, is now breeding so fast on Jersey that Durrell is ready to give breeding pairs to other zoos. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Light Refractions

What's the Square Root of Supercolossal?

The other day my wife asked me to pick up some large ripe olives at the supermarket. Easy enough. I wandered around, looking at the little signs that hang over the aisles until I saw one that said Pickles Olives Relishes. A shelf in the olive department had a selection of a brand of California ripe olives. One size was Extra Large. That should do, I thought, but let's see what the just plain Large olives look like. No Large. In a very short time, I learned that not only was there no can of California ripe olives labeled simply Large but also that Extra Large was the smallest they had. The other choices were Giant and Supercolossal. This may, of course, have something to do with the fact that they're *California* ripe olives. Maybe the glamour of supercolossal, stupendous, gargantuan Hollywood films rubbed off on the California olive trade a few decades ago, and they're stuck with it. Habits like that are hard to break. But are they thinking big or thinking small? It seems to me that nothing smaller than Roosevelt Grier should be called Colossal, and surely nothing Supercolossal should be bite-sized.

Another example of peculiar size labeling can be found in the beer section of your market. The standard beer bottle used to contain twelve fluid ounces; and when beer started coming in cans, *they* all contained twelve fluid ounces.

Well, as everyone knows, a few years ago some of the big brains of the beer merchandising world came up with the brilliant idea of putting out sixteen-ounce beer cans. Problem: What should they be called? If your answer is "pints of beer," it just shows how simple-minded you and I are compared with the heavy thinkers of the beer-selling industry. I've come into possession of some tapes of one of their meetings. Here's an excerpt:

"Brilliant idea, Maurice! Sixteen-ounce cans! We'll call it our new Pint Size!"

"Pint Size? No, no. It doesn't quite sing to me. There's something about it that doesn't set right, and I think I know what it is. Pint Size sounds dinky."

"You're right! Pint is small. Quart is big. You might as well say Half-Pint Size as Pint Size."

"I think you've put your finger on it, Harry. Quart is big. Pint Size means the same as Half-Pint—small. How about Half-Quart Size?"

(At this point on the tape there is a general brouhaha, and most of the words are unintelligible. However, there is a sense of jubilation. Finally, one of the speakers comes through clearly.)

"Maurice, you're a genius! Our new Full Half-Quart Size! Now *that* sings!"

So in the United States today, there's no such thing as a pint of beer, but there are millions of Full Half-Quarts. When you think about it, that's millions of Double Half-Pints.

It's mind boggling, and I suppose that's the point.

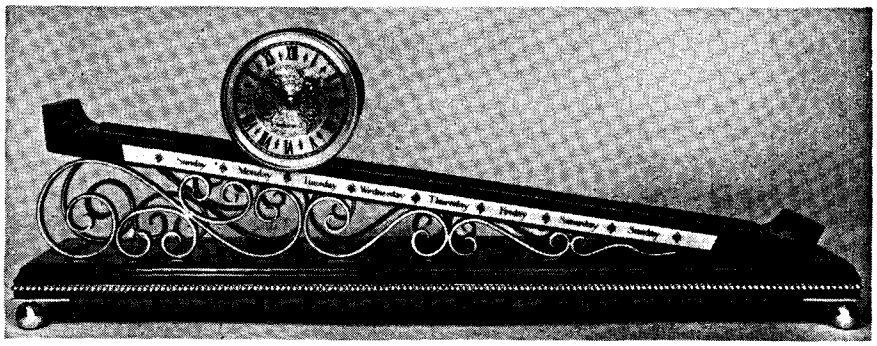
About fifteen years ago, almost every brewery in the West had an equally brilliant, though completely different, concept in beer packaging. What they did was to subtract one from twelve and put the newer, more compact eleven-ounce can on the market. They did it with no fanfare whatsoever. No big ads saying, "New!!! 8⅓% less for your money!! 66 fl. oz. per six-pack instead of the cumbersome old 72 fl. oz.!!!"

They just sold the smaller cans without saying anything about it.

I don't know what made them put the missing ounce back and revert to the old twelve-ounce cans, but I think they all did so after a couple of years. I hope the deciding factor was that enough people noticed that the cans said "11 fl. oz." instead of the familiar "12 fl. oz." and that, like me, they took barrels of umbrage and stopped buying the beers that were guilty of this quiet bamboozlement.

Let's face it, who needs 11/16 of a Full Half-Quart for the price of 3/4 of a Full Half-Quart?

THOMAS H. MIDDLETON



We unlock an age-old secret for you in a strictly limited edition of 500. The remarkable Inclined Plane Clock, re-created by Thwaites & Reed Ltd., of London, clockmakers to Royalty since 1740. Our 16-page color brochure details the gravity-driven mechanics of this 17th Century masterpiece as well as its history. For investors, the full Re-purchase Guarantee should be of interest.

Write our American office: Mr. S. R. Worley
Thwaites & Reed Ltd., Station Square Three, Paoli, Pa. 19301.
Or call (215) 647-4688.

Clock size:	5″ (dia.) x 4″
Base:	29″ x 7″
Weight:	10 lbs.
Price:	$2,500

Each clock numbered and dated

Thwaites & Reed
BOWLING GREEN LANE LONDON ENGLAND

Clockmakers to Royalty since 1740

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostic No. 35

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 W	2 D	3 B	4 R	5 F		6 E	7 J	8 X		9 B	10 P	11 X	12 L	13 G	14 K	15 F								
16 C	17 J	18 I	19 N	20 A	21 R	22 X	23 Q		24 S	25 B	26 A	27 W		28 E	29 I	30 H	31 W							
	32 X		33 J	34 L	35 T	36 F	37 K		38 W	39 R	40 S		41 G	42 S	43 M	44 J	45 L							
46 P	47 B	48 E	49 R	50 C	51 W	52 H		53 D	54 K	55 C	56 B	57 W	58 H	59 E		60 A	61 K							
62 W		63 J	64 F	65 Q	66 W		67 C	68 F	69 V	70 G	71 H		72 P	73 C	74 L	75 W								
76 S	77 A	78 M	79 H	80 W		81 F	82 U	83 L	84 V	85 N	86 A	87 Q	88 M	89 R	90 X		91 V							
92 R	93 K		94 R	95 H	96 Q	97 O	98 M	99 T	100 D	101 U		102 I	103 U	104 A	105 D	106 T	107 Q							
108 U		109 J	110 C	111 W		112 O	113 R	114 T	115 I	116 M	117 A	118 J	119 G	120 X		121 I	122 F							
123 E	124 V	125 B		126 J	127 G	128 O	129 U	130 E	131 A	132 L		133 U	134 P	135 E		136 G	137 B							
138 I	139 A	140 U		141 R	142 A	143 C	144 U		145 T		146 D	147 M	148 W		149 M	150 A	151 Q							
152 X		153 V	154 E		155 P	156 L	157 U		158 U	159 H		160 R	161 K	162 D	163 A		164 W							
165 N	166 P	167 I	168 D		169 H	170 A	171 X	172 U	173 P	174 S		175 W	176 E	177 M	178 R	179 S								
180 U	181 N		182 F	183 H	184 R	185 V	186 G	187 W	188 D		189 I	190 T	191 L	192 O	193 R	194 Q	195 B							
196 S		197 F	198 G	199 X		200 K	201 P	202 A	203 L	204 I	205 V	206 D	207 R	208 B	209 T									

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the words correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the words you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what word a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each word, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

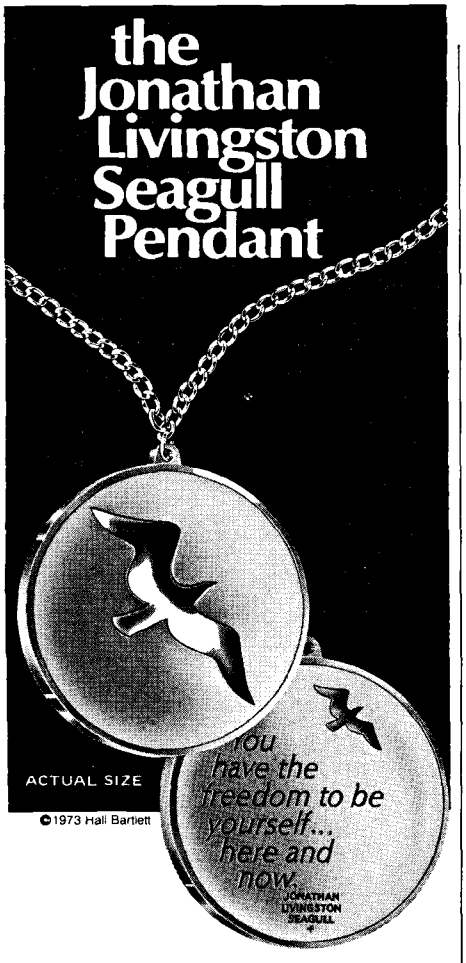
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from words to diagram and from diagram to words, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness . . . and doeth that which is _____, he shall save his soul alive." (Ezek. 18:27; 3 wds.)	20 26 60 77 117 139 150 163 86 104 170 131 142 202
B. Son of Jerubbaal (Judg. 9:1)	208 125 137 195 3 47 56 9 25
C. "Haran died . . . in the land of his nativity, in ___." (Gen. 11:28; 3 wds., followed by WORD P)	50 55 73 16 67 110 143
D. "Be fruitful, and multiply, and___the earth" (Gen. 1:28)	168 206 53 100 105 146 162 188 2
E. King who hanged Haman (Esther 7:5–10)	6 28 48 59 123 135 176 130 154
F. Ninth of the books of the minor prophets of the Old Testament	182 5 81 122 197 15 36 64 68
G. Carthaginian general (247–182? B.C.), formidable enemy of Rome	127 186 198 41 70 136 13 119
H. "But I am like a green ___ in the house of God." (Ps. 52:8; 2 wds.)	159 169 183 30 52 58 71 79 95
I. Pertaining to a purifying Christian ceremony	138 189 102 121 167 204 18 29 115
J. Persons used by others to disguise their own activities; puppets; scarecrows (2 wds.)	118 126 7 17 109 33 44 63
K. Fourth of the books of the minor prophets	161 200 37 93 14 54 61

CLUES	WORDS
L. Brazen serpent made by Moses (2 Kings 18:4)	74 83 132 156 191 203 12 34 45
M. Sliphorn	78 98 116 43 149 177 88 147
N. Sound system (comp.)	165 19 181 85
O. Prophet of the fifth century B.C.	97 112 128 192
P. See Word C	46 134 201 173 155 166 10 72
Q. Buries, puts in a sepulcher	87 96 107 194 65 151 23
R. 1869 song by Eastburn (J. E. Winner); Glenn Miller hit (3 wds.)	184 21 49 89 193 113 207 4 39 141 92 160 178 94
S. Grass of southern Europe and North Africa used for making paper and cordage	174 196 179 76 40 24 42
T. Woody Allen film	190 99 106 114 35 145 209
U. Slab found in 1799 that made possible the deciphering of Egyptian hieroglyphics (2 wds.)	82 129 108 157 133 158 103 101 172 180 144 140
V. Son of Abraham and Hagar	153 84 205 124 91 69 185
W. One that provides support or protection; bulwark; pillar (3 wds.)	1 62 148 31 80 111 38 75 27 51 66 57 175 164 187
X. "For we are but of ____, and know nothing." (Job, 8:9)	120 8 90 171 22 11 199 32 152

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 34* appears on page 7.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


the Jonathan Livingston Seagull Pendant
ACTUAL SIZE
©1973 Hall Bartlett
you have the freedom to be yourself... here and now.
JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL

. . . to say that the spirit of Jonathan Livingston Seagull lives within you . . .

The freedom to be yourself . . . here and now. Symbolized eloquently in a finely-engraved pendant that you can wear or give as a gift.

Minted in your choice of solid sterling silver or 24kt gold electroplate on sterling. With a brilliant Proof-quality finish. Perfection. By The Franklin Mint.

The Franklin Mint,
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19063

Please send the following Jonathan Livingston Seagull pendants, complete with neckchains:

____ QTY Solid sterling silver pendants at $17.50 each .....$____

____ QTY 24kt gold on sterling pendants at $25.00 each* .....$____

*Neckchain 22kt. gold on sterling

Total of order $____

Please add your State sales tax $____

Remittance enclosed $____

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss____

Address____

City____

State, Zip____

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

The Franklin Mint is the world's largest and foremost private mint. It is not affiliated with the U.S. Mint or any other government agency.
31-83

Eye on Chess

When Albert Becker, the Viennese master, heard that Vera Menchik had been invited to play at Carlsbad in 1929, he was unable to conceal his scorn. "Why, she's a woman!" he was heard to exclaim. "How can she expect to play against Capablanca, Euwe, Tartakower, Nimzowitch, *and me*?" He suggested that the Menchik Club be formed and that anyone who lost to Vera would become a member. There was a lot of laughter when someone observed that its membership would be very, very small.

The first member was none other than Herr Becker, and before its roles were closed, the club list read like a *Who's Who in Chess*. Sultan Khan, Yates, Colle, Euwe, Reshevsky, C. H. O. D. Alexander, and Sir George Thomas all became unwilling members. From then on she was treated with great respect by all of her opponents. Even the leading male chauvinist of his day, Alexander Alehkine, admitted that she played better than most men.

The club came to an untimely end when Miss Menchik, her mother, and sister were killed by a Nazi bomb in 1944. At the time of her death, Vera had been Woman World Champion for eighteen years. Her win over Sir George Thomas is an example of her brilliant style.

King's Indian Defense
London, 1932

White: Menchik		Black: Thomas	
1. P–Q4	N–KB3	5. P–B3	O–O
2. P–QB4	P–KN3	6. B–K3	P–K4
3. N–QB3	B–N2	7. KN–K2!	
4. P–K4	P–Q3		

. . . blocking the KB, but Miss Menchik has other ideas—she plans to castle Q-side and put the N on N3, after P–KN4!

7. . . .	P–N3	11. R–KN	P–QR4
8. Q–Q2	N–B3	12. O–O–O	N–QB4
9. P–Q5	N–K2	13. N–N3	B–Q2
10. P–KN4	N–Q2	14. P–KR4	P–R5

Black is too sanguine; the White K–side attack is mounting fast.

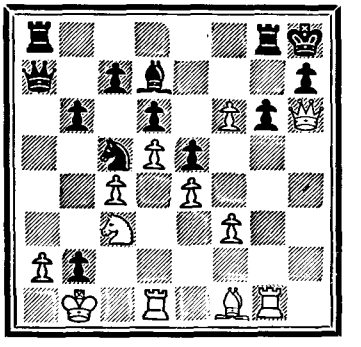
15. P–R5	Q–N	17. BxB	KxB
16. B–R6	Q–R2	18. N–B5ch!	NxR

If 18. . . . PxN, it's all over; with 19. PxPch, K–R; 20. Q–N5; and 21. Q–B6ch!

19. NPxN	P–R6	20. P–B6ch!	K–R

If 20. . . . KxP; 21. Q–N5ch, K–N2; 22. P–R6ch; and 23. Q–B6 with mate next.

21. Q–R6	PxPch	23. PxP	BPxP
22. K–N	R–KN		



24. QxRPch!! Resigns

Great women players have been rare —certainly no one of Vera Menchik's caliber has appeared on the scene up to now. But a new day is dawning. The irritant provided by professional pooh-poohers like Bobby Riggs, the erstwhile women's champion, is bound to produce some real pearls in all competitive fields —including chess. Consider the following game from a recent Woman's Team Tournament:

Ruy Lopez
Brassov, Rumania, 1973

White: Finta		Black: Theodorescu	
1. P–K4	P–K4	6. P–Q3	B–N2
2. N–KB3	N–QB3	7. B–K3	N–B3
3. B–N5	P–KN3?	8. Q–B	O–O
4. P–B3	P–Q3	9. P–KR3	Q–B
5. O–O	B–Q2		

. . . threatening 10. . . . BxP; 11. PxB, QxP; and 13. . . . N–N5, etc.

10. K–R2	P–QR3	15. P–Q4!	PxP
11. B–R4	P–QN4	16. PxP	P–B4
12. B–B2	N–Q	17. P–Q5	N–B2
13. B–R6	N–K3?	18. N–B3	P–N5
14. BxB	KxB	19. N–K2	B–N4

Black's indecisiveness (QN–Q–K3–B2) has permitted White to develop a strong center and post her pieces advantageously for an attack on the K.

20. R–K	R–K	24. Q–R6!	PxN
21. N–N3	N–Q2?	25. QxP/7ch	K–B
22. Q–N5	P–B3	26. N–R4	N–K4
23. N–R5ch!	K–B2	27. N–B5!	N–K3

. . . to try to prevent the mate at KN7.
28. Q–R6ch! Resigns
If 28. . . . K–B2; 29. NxPch, winning the Queen. If 28. . . . K–N; 29. PxN, Q–B2; 30. R–K3, etc.

FAIRFIELD W. HOBAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified

LASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted the discretion of the publisher. Rates: 1 time in ntract year, per word $1.75. 13 times in contract ar, per word $1.65. 26 times in contract year, per ord $1.45. Box and numbers count for 2 words. 10-ord minimum. Full payment must accompany ur order. Address: Classified Department, Sat-day Review/World Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., ew York, N.Y. 10022, *Replies to SR/W box mbers should be sent to the above address.*

PERSONALS

REE CATALOGUE: Low direct prices. Dia-onds, Sapphires, Silks, Cosmetics, Crystal, Hunt-g, Fishing, Camping Supplies. Herter's Inc., Dept. S, Waseca, Minn. 56093.

EEP LEARNING equipment, tapes, books, Al-a devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosugges-on, Box 24-W, Olympia, Wash. 98507.

ECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import 5.40 up; Purcell from $11.00. Student special. orelli $7.15; recorder instruction kit, soprano re-rder, method book, three 7" LP instruction rec-ds, boxed $9.95. Add sales tax plus shipping .50. Recorder music methods. Guitar music. Free talogue. 4-3-C, HARGAIL, 28 W. 38th St., NYC 0018.

CTIVELY BUYING and selling rare books and st editions. Catalogue for year $1.00. Minkoff, FD 3, Box 147, Great Barrington, Mass. 01230.

OP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents famous people. Immediate decision, immediate yment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. harles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th St., NYC, 021. (212) 628-1666.

EDITATION evokes New Age consciousness. rst year bimonthly course free. MEDITATION, O. Box 566W, Ojai, Calif. 93023.

ANUSCRIPTS, REPORTS, intellectual writing. ll subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confiden-al. Professional team! RC Research, Box 138, ayton, Wash. 99328.

ANDWRITING ANALYSIS in depth. $10.00. isabeth King, 41 E. 29th., NYC 10016.

UY SILVER sheet wire/casting grain at lowest ices. Fast service via UPS. Free 28-page cata-gue: jewelry-making tools, supplies, books, in-uding silver price charts. ARE CREATIONS, Box 5W, Plainfield, Vt. 05667.

ESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. ll topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex hite, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

ECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music lections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, menia, N.Y. 12501.

RTIST COUPLE, young, accomplished, offer in-resting proposition to affluent patron. (914) 657-82.

MPORTANT NOTICE to all purchasers of our ean Liner Assembly Kit: On page 2,793 of the sy-to-follow instruction manual, change "open lge petcock" to "close bilge petcock." We trust e error has not caused any unpleasantness. SR/W ox W.J.

HO WAS FRANK E. TEFFT? (1880's, Ro-hester, N.Y.) Research yields little. Any info? R/W Box 664.

RISH TWEEDS . . . Handwoven Avoca, Millars, eavers shed, and other natural fiber fabrics. arol Brown, Box W, Putney, Vt. 05346.

TEINWAY PIANO wanted. Musician will move, ay fair price. SR/W 663.

URPRISE YOUR TENNIS PARTNERS with elium-filled tennis balls. Guaranteed to disappear om sight on slightest contact with racquet. Orbit alls, SR/W Box S.L.

ARTHA'S VINEYARD—handmade skirts; bro-ure, swatches, $1.00; Bayberry Bend, Box 132, enemsha, Mass. 02552.

PERSONALS

NORTH MOUNTAIN COMMUNITY—humanistic/behavioristic experimentation. Lexington, Va. 24450. (703) 463-7095.

HANG A POET. I'll handprint and frame your favorite poem. SR/W Box 658.

ARCHAEOLOGY NEWSLETTER. Fascinating! Ask for illustrated circular, or send $6.00 for two years' subscription. O. R. Reiss Co., 243 East 39th St., NYC 10016.

LEARN ALL ABOUT WINES. Learn to read wine labels, pronounce names, order and serve wine. New home study program includes actual wine labels, pronunciation records, maps, more. Free brochure. Andre Duval Institute, Dept. 16, 53 West Jackson, Chicago, Ill. 60604.

SPECIAL GIFTS

"THE SECOND BOOK OF CRYPTOGRAMS" now off the press, $2.50 postpaid. Same format as our "101 Cryptograms", $3.50 postpaid. Both for $5.50. Handsomely printed. Plastic binding. Wonderful gift. Barney Rabin Co. Inc. P.O. Box 370, Marblehead, Mass. 01945.

NON-COMPETITIVE GAMES for children and adults. Play together, not against each other. Details: FAMILY PASTIMES, Boissevain, Manitoba, Canada, Rokoeo.

LITERARY SERVICES

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS! Speeches, articles, novels. Robert Hogrogian, (201) 489-0637.

MANUSCRIPTS, REPORTS, intellectual writing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team! RC Research, Box 138, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

LIBRARY INFORMATION. Research by professional librarians. All fields. Photocopies. SR/W Box 657.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR, provable major credits, will write, rewrite, research, edit. Any subject, media, style. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

DIAL A SECRETARY—Manuscript typing, theses, letters, cassettes. (212) MU 2-5844.

RESEARCH, writing, translations expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. SR/W Box 644.

SELF-PUBLISHING SERVICE—editorial, design, production help on your budget. Not a vanity press. Free estimate. BOOKCRAFTERS, 440 Oakdale, Chicago 60657.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING, editing, rewrites, cassettes. Marye Myers, Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

BIO-FEEDBACK

ALPHAPHONE® headset—brainwave trainer. Free catalogue. Aquarius Electronics, Box 627-C, Mendocino, Calif. 95460.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Antioch Bookplate Co., Box 28B, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

BOOKBINDING

AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPTS, books, music, magazines, letter's, etc. Brochure $.25. CLASSIC BINDERY, Box 562 s, Mendham, N.J. 07945.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

FREE SEARCH SERVICE and your satisfaction guaranteed! You name it—we find it. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, INC., Box 1-W, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

BOOKS LOCATED without obligation. Coleman Book Locators, 257 East Market St., Long Beach, Calif. 90805.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service if not in our large stock. Write Q. M. Dabney & Co., Box 31061-W, Washington, D. C. 20031.

NAME THE BOOK—WE'LL GET IT! Free search service. Chicago Book Mart, Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

BOOKS

BIG PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, catalogue free. Bookseller, Box 540, Sherman, Conn. 06784.

SAVE 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Readers' Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntington Valley, Pa. 19006.

BOOKS SUPPLIED—Select Out-of-Print, Used, Fine, Scarce, Interesting. Send authors' names and titles wanted. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

WE SPECIALIZE in books about architecture, transportation, and urban environments. For a price list write to Worlddesk, The Rigley Book Company, P.O. Box 26012, San Francisco, Calif. 94126.

25% DISCOUNT ON NEW BOOKS. Bookquick, B-3, Roseland, N.J. 07068.

GOOD USED BOOKS—WIDE variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send $1.00 for listing of 20,000 titles and prices. Editions, Box SW, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. List sent on request.

WEST COAST PUBLISHING House. Introducing hardcover poetry anthology. Original material only. Submit or query. Stuyvesant Publishers, 12754 Ventura Blvd., North Hollywood, Calif. 91604.

BOOKS REPAIRED. Write: Book, RFD 2, Box 567A, Rochester, N.H. 03867.

NEW WOMEN IN NEW CHINA. (Peking, 1972) 78PP. $2.00 p.p., P.O. 77632, Los Angeles 90007.

BOOKS FROM CHINA, magazines, records, prints, scrolls, posters. *Free catalogue.* CHINA BOOKS (3 locations) 2929 24th St., San Francisco, Calif. 94110; 125 5th Ave., New York 10003; 900 W. Armitage Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60614.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK DATED MAGAZINES! Send needs. Midtown, Box 917-WM, Maywood, N.J. 07607.

ART

GETTING STARTED in stained glass. $.50. Whittemore, Box 2065EG, Hanover, Mass. 02339.

COLLECT FINE ORIGINAL ETCHINGS and lithographs by the world's great artists including Rembrandt, Picasso, Rouault, Soyer, Landau, and Florsheim. Free illustrated catalogue and master print supplement. (Mail $.25 for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 9-B, 643 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022.

GEOMETRIC DESIGNS List $.10. Shepard, 3923 Cribbon, Cheyenne, Wyo. 82001.

YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO (portrait, scene, etc.) can become a magnificent oil painting when copied by one of our expert artists. Send size requirement and description or print for our low price quote. GALLERY ARTISTS, 2206 S. Brentwood, St. Louis, Mo. 63144.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

RENAISSANCE/BAROQUE lutes — Master Crafted, Historically authentic. Plans available. Renaissance Gilde, Cambridge, Wis. 53523.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS AND VIRGINALS —Professional instruments in kit form. Burton Jacks (Patented), $195.00—$650.00. Write Burton Harpsichords, 917 "O" St., Box 80222W, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

SPERRHAKE HARPSICHORDS AND CLAVICHORDS. Excellent, dependable, beautiful. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md. 20034.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS AND VIRGINALS. Authentic classical designs for home construction by the amateur builder. Basic kits from $160.00, complete kits from $300.00. Write for free brochure. Zuckermann Harpsichords, Inc., Dept. S, 160 Sixth Ave., NYC, 10013.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH HARPSICHORD in kit form. We offer an authentic reproduction of a French double manual harpsichord with four registers and buff stop, FF-g' ' ' for workshop construction. Drawings, instructions, and all materials from Frank Hubbard, 185M Lyman St., Waltham, Mass. 02154.

UNCOMMON MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Historical replicas woodwinds, brass, strings. Lutes, gambas, harps, harpsichords. Dulcimers, kanteles, balalaikas, bouzoukis, fine guitars. Catalogue $1.00, refundable. Classical Instruments, Inc., Gateway Building, New Orleans, La. 70130.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Conn. 06069.

RECORDS

SHOW ALBUMS—Rare, Out-of-Print LPs. Large list $.25. Broadway/Hollywood Recording, Georgetown, Conn. 06829.

"HARD TO GET" records—all speeds. Record Exchange, 842 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOGUE offers over 1200 fine recordings of Renaissance, Baroque, classical, romantic, and modern music. All stereo recordings. Highest quality at budget label prices. Available only by mail from MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, WM, Box 932, New York, N.Y. 10023.

THE EMPIRE CITY SIX playing the best of Dixieland Jazz. Featuring: Marty Napoleon—piano; Harry Di Vito—trombone; Sal Pace—clarinet; Benny Ventura—trumpet; Sam Bruno—bass; Phil Failla—drums. Volume I and Volume II at $5.95 per album, p.p. (U.S.A.). Phil-Tone Records, 348 Central Ave., Orange, N.J. 07050.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

STIMULATING, HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL piano instruction by Viennese concert pianist in her East Side studio. (212) 988-9898. N.Y.C.

GOURMET INTERESTS

WILD RICE—FINEST QUALITY. Extra-select long grain with recipes and reasonably priced. Write BRTS, Box 200, Brule, Wis. 54820.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importer, Dept. 073, 799 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003.

CITRUS SEASON begins November. Shipping Florida's finest grapefruits and oranges to 47 states, Canada and Europe. Free brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Fla. 33159.

SCHOOLS

VERSHIRE SCHOOL co-ed secondary school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff background Foreign Service, business, education. Blending Peace Corps approaches (study in Mexico, Europe) and imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent scenery. Fifty horses and indoor riding ring . . . all very secondary to warm, outstanding education. Vershire, Vt. 05079. (802) 685-4547.

THE LEARNING TRIBE. A year-off to learn about yourself, community living, North America. Study, travel, apprenticeships, field work, outdoor program with a few contemporaries, ages 16-18 and responsible leadership. Box 57, Fitzwilliam, N.H. 03447 or (413) 498-2680.

PARENTS—FREE ADVISORY SERVICE. Independent schools, summer study, private camps, visited and evaluated since 1936. For free recommendations and 352-page Educational Register, give child's age, grade, interests, needs, geographical preference and proposed entrance date. Vincent-Curtis, Room 342, 224 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass. 02116.

COLLEGES

ALTERNATIVE DOCTORAL PROGRAM for the full time professional. Individualized, self-paced, time-tailored, provocative programming. Prerequisites: M.A. +16, 3 year's experience. Life experience recognition. Write: Room A, Walden University, Naples, Fla. 33940.

WORLD COLLEGE WEST near San Francisco. Work-study. World-study. Independent. Liberal Arts. Box 3060, San Rafael, Calif. 94902.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — FRANCE — SPAIN — ENGLAND. Schiller College—See "Studies Abroad." Liberal arts, language, theatre.

STUDIES ABROAD

HEIDELBERG - BERLIN - PARIS - MADRID LONDON. SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal art: B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year and summe programs. American credit system. Also speci: programs: music, theater, fine arts, religion, inte national business administration, international rel: tions. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W 48th St., Oklahoma City, Okla. 73118 or 712 Ingersheim, Germany. Phone: (405) 842-5979.

WHY NOT TRY AUSTRIA? Sea Pines Abroa mixes American education with Alpine enviro ment. Co-ed, boarding, grades 9-12 & PG. Standar high school courses; high academic standards. Sk ing and travel. Write: Admissions Director, Bc 283, Marion, Mass. 02738.

INSTITUTO ALLENDE, SAN MIGUEL, MEX CO. Latin America's oldest and largest school c arts, crafts, writing. 35th year. World famou Accredited. Veteran Administration approva Credits transferable, U.S. Office Education reco nized. Valid advanced teacher education. Unde graduate, graduate, serious non-credit, welcom B.A., B.F.A., M.A., M.F.A. programs also. Ou standing international faculty of 75; students fro 25 countries. Weaving, ceramics, silver, all craft painting, sculpture, printmaking, etc.; fictio poetry, nonfiction; 18 writing courses. Above taug in English.

INTENSIVE SPANISH—special four-week cycle YEAR 'ROUND COURSES, all subjects, taug on beautiful 15-acre colonial campus in Mexico most magnificent national monument town.

CATALOGUE, INFORMATION: Instituto A lende, San Miguel de Allende, Gto. Mexico.

LEARN SPANISH in Mexico. If you really wa to learn Spanish intensively and economically, sta any Monday at CIDOC. For catalogue on languag school and deschooled academy write: CIDO APDO 479, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

COLUMBUS INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE Spain—A 2-year American liberal arts University Seville. Freshman-sophomore curriculum, America faculty, dormitory boarding. Fall-Spring semester Write: Columbus International College, Avda Vi toria, 43, Seville, Spain.

OXFORD—unique study opportunities, America credit system. WARNBOROUGH HOUSE, Oxfor OX26JA. England.

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE. Languag fine arts, performing arts. For information: Par American Academy, 9 Rue des Ursulines, Paris

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU! 50,000 jobs! Paid transportation! Latest inform tion and forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-W, Lor Beach, Calif. 90803.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—private ind pendent schools, all states; public schools, nort eastern states; beginners, experienced; all level subjects, fields; department heads, administrator business managers, fund raisers, nurses, hous mothers; free brochure. SCHOOL SERVIC BUREAU, Box 278N, Windsor, Conn. 06095.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES—Now Available Free Transportation! Complete information . . . plu Directory of 200 companies hiring thousands worl wide . . . all occupations. Send $2.00. Internationa Opportunities, Box 29232-MI, Indianapolis, In 46229.

TEACHING POSITIONS IN FOREIGN countrie 1973 guide contains current information abo private and governmental organizations seekin teachers. General and personal requirements, geo graphic areas, addresses for application form 100-page book includes survey of foreign embassie Guaranteed satisfaction. $2.00. Foreign Countrie Box 514-W3, Ames, Iowa 50010.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.0 Research Associates, Box 889-R, Belmont, Cali 94002.

Saturday Review/World—Change of Address Form

If you are going to move, please use this form and advise SR/World 60 days in advance. Both old and new address must be given. Enclose mailing label which gives full information and enables the Subscription Department to put the change into effect quickly. Many thanks.

PLEASE PRINT

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

NEW ADDRESS
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

OLD ADDRESS
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

Mail this form to:

Saturday Review/World, P.O. Box 2043, Rock Island, Ill. 61206

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

JOBS EUROPE guaranteed year-round. Send $1.00 Princeton Research for brochure and application. 2350 Bean Creek Road, Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now hiring, 103 countries, all occupations, high pay, free transportation, tax benefits latest computerized reports—$2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-W, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES—Paid Transportation! 50,000 Jobs! Latest reports on employment, business, farming, education . . . plus map, forms, $1.00. International Services, Box 29193-MS, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MEN—WOMEN! Fill out income tax forms at home in own business. We show you how. Simple, easy to learn. $700.00 per month earnings possible. Details mailed free. No salesmen. Hurry. FEDERATED TAX Home Training School, 2086 Montrose, Chicago 60618.

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—business of your own, or full- or part-time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5-month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. C-310-B, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago 60611.

VACATIONS

CARIBBEAN'S CHOICEST ISLAND—St. Maarten—TAMARINDE Guesthouse—Reasonable rates—Brochure—15 Mine St., New Brunswick, N.J. 08901.

PARADOR MARTORELL, family inn by world-famous Luquillo Beach, Box 384, Luquillo, Puerto Rico 00673.

TROPICAL ISLAND NEAR Sarasota/Bradenton: Near Walt Disney World. Send for free vacation guide. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-SR, Longboat Key, Fla. 33548.

FLORIDA HOUSEBOAT RENTALS. Sheltered, well-marked waterways. Experience unnecessary. Fully equipped boats sleep six friendly people. For two: $130 weekend, $250 weekly. Write for persuasive brochure. Waterbird (W-2), Box 617 Jensen Beach, Fla. 33457. Or call for reservation: (305) 465-2826.

CARIBBEAN SEA EFFICIENCIES, hotel service, private idyllic beach. SUPERB snorkeling. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico.

VACATION IN VERMONT—the beckoning country. Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, auctions, antiques. Relaxed living, exceptional food and beverages, gracious service. Immaculate, well-maintained inn. Swimming pool. Memorable, reasonable. Telephone (802) 247-5766. Write Brandon Inn, Box 250, Brandon, Vt. 05733.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM—Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Va. 22840.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco 94102.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Fasting. Reducing. Rejuvenation. Wholesome meals. Peaceful surroundings. Health classes. Pool, boats, solariums. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Fla. 33923 WM.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

THE SEASIDE—Favored smaller resort. Private beach. Near Sarasota. Longboat Key, Fla. 33577.

VILLA IN PORTUGAL (ALGARVE). Spectacular view overlooking ocean. Walk beach. Sleeps four. Maid. $85.00 week up. (914) 967-7173. SR/W Box 666.

TRAVEL

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE. $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger-carrying freighters. TravLTips, 40-21 Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

AMAZON G.I.T. TOUR including Leticia in the heart of the Amazon jungle. 10 days all inclusive. Miami/Miami $389.00. New York/New York $489.00. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Dept. SR/W, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

SAILING VACATION ABOARD popular sailing ship MAVERICK in the Virgin Islands. $215.00 all inclusive. Free folder. WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, 95 Idlebrook Lane, Box SRW, Matawan, N.J. 07747. Phone (201) 566-6416.

THIS AD + $9.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$14.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

LYSISTRATA Cruise the Greek Islands with Professor A. D. Winspear in his private yacht, swift, clean ship, excellent food, interpretive lectures. Two week cruises $390.00 (U.S.) inclusive. Write for 1974 brochure, P.O. Box 3263, Postal Station B, Calgary, Alberta T2M 4L8.

MAJORCA—I'll help you find a home here. Davis, Fornalutx, Majorca, Spain.

HAWAII—Get intelligent sightseeing guide. Write Professor Bob Stellmacher, 2416 Ferdinand, Honolulu 96822 or phone (808) 949-4239.

AUTO BABY-SITTERS—*INDOOR storage.* Rates LOWER than long-term outdoor airport/pier parking. Pickup/delivery. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, Dept. C, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216 (212) 493-9800.

JAMAICA'S unspoiled southwest coast—November, December weeks still available. Modern beachfront villa, four bedrooms, maid-cook, $200 to mid-December. Noel, 141 Ridgefield, Hartford, Conn. 06112 (203) 247-0759.

ESCAPE TO SECLUDED TROPICAL ISLANDS in the Western Caribbean and explore ancient *Mayan cities.* Send for free *"Discovery Kit"* including maps, folders, low cost travel plans. TAN Airlines, Box 222-C, Miami, Fla. 33148.

ARTS-CRAFTS, MEXICO, RAIL—February: Chihuahua, Guadalajara, Chapala, Ajijic, Mexico City (4), Patzcuaro, San Miguel, Guanajato. Crafts, Shopping, Scenery. Cost: lower from El Paso $585. WAMPLER TOURS, Box 45 SR/W Berkeley, Calif. 94701.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

FOR SALE

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

GRAND MANAN ISLAND. Small 1840 farmhouse, 3½ acres. SR/W Box 665.

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3494 Lee Rd., Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. (216) 751-2155.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED

MAINE - CASCO BAY AREA. 1807 barn on Rte. 88 in lush, wooded acreage renovated and modernized. Ideal for couple seeking unique New England accommodations. Also rustic cabin in woods available to the renters for retreat or guests. Available Dec. 1st. Furnished. Elizabeth Morrill, 106 Foreside Rd., Cumberland Foreside, Me. 04110. (207) 781-2631.

NEAR AVIGNON. Medieval hilltop village. Large, 4BR elegantly equipped. Bechstein grand. Monthly or longer. Ideal sabbatical. KUBIK, Scripps College, Claremont, Calif. 91711. (714) 626-0404.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED

NEW HAMPSHIRE WOODED RETREAT. Sleeps 6, fireplace. Skiing. Jan.-Mar. $1800.00, including utilities. Rouner, 181 Washington St., Wellesley Hills, Mass. 02181.

SUSSEX, N.J. 1 hour New York City. Skiing-Great Gorge. Beautiful 1864 schoolhouse remodeled. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, conveniences. 8 acres, brook. $325.00 monthly. October through June. SR/W Box 667. Tel: (212) 380-0488.

FOR RENT

VERMONT: CHARMING SWISS CHALET, 2 bedrooms, livingroom with fireplace, complete electric kitchen, dining area, full bath, all wall-to-wall carpeting. Beautiful view. $150 per week. ALPINA, R.F.D. WALLINGTON, VT. 05773.

FLORIDA KEYS—Owner's peaceful Oceanside cottage. $990 monthly. SR/W Box 668.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N. Mex. 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10003.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

SKI SEASON RENTAL

EATON, NEW HAMPSHIRE. Modernized farmhouse, electric heat, three fireplaces, sleeps ten. $1500 season. (716) 655-0848.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

FOR RENT

FURNISHED/UNFURNISHED

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

WELL-LOCATED LARGE APARTMENT sparsely occupied. Good schools. Highly rated NYC area. Willing to welcome paying guests or family. SR/W Box 662.

PROPERTY AVAILABLE

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vt. 05068.

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $115.00 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY CO., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Me. 04938. Tel. Office (207) 778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 ACRE! Vacationing, farming, investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U.S. Send $1.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 6588-MT, Washington, D.C. 20009.

FRENCH CHATEAUX, Cottages, resort properties—Historical—Picturesque—Reasonable. McMichael & Nevels, Chateau de Levis, Lurcy-Levis 03320 France.

CONFERENCE CENTERS

GROUPS ARE IN when camp's out. (Labor Day until Memorial Day). Air-conditioned and winterized conference rooms. All sports, excellent food. Sleep facilities for up to 200. Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 31, N.J. 08318. Phone (609) 358-2472.

RETIREMENT

LIVE LIFE as you used to know it, in unspoiled Vermont. Courtesy and consideration, gracious atmosphere, good conversation. Excellent food. Historic Vermont town of Brandon with Village Green, 5 Churches, famed Middlebury College with its arts and sports nearby. Museums, antiquing, . . . plenty to keep you active and enjoyed. Fair rates. Brandon House, Brandon, Vt. 05773.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Geniuses ... or windbags?

Did these men win World War II ...or actually prolong it?

ARE THE HEROES of yesterday's headlines *still* heroes? Can their fame survive the facts? Which reputations have gained in lustre—which have tarnished over the years? The books on this page shed new light on the best military minds of our century. *And the worst.* Confirm or revise your own judgment by choosing any four books for only 98¢, plus shipping and handling—yours with trial membership in the Military Book Club.

How the Club works:

To start off, we'll give you any 4 books shown here for just 98¢, plus shipping and handling. If you're not delighted, you may return the entire introductory package within 10 days; membership will be cancelled and you will owe nothing. If you decide to continue, then approximately every 4 weeks (14 times a year) you will receive the Club's magazine—*Battles and Leaders.* It describes the current selection and list of alternate choices. If you want the current selection, do nothing; it will be shipped to you automatically. If you want an alternate instead, or no book at all, just tell us your wishes on the form always provided. Mailings are scheduled to allow you at least 10 days to read the Club's magazine and decide if you want the featured selection. If, because of late delivery, you should receive a selection without having the 10-day consideration period, that selection may be returned at our expense.

You may cancel your membership after purchasing only 4 selections or alternates during the next two years. The prices of books offered will average 30% below the prices of publishers' editions, plus shipping and handling. Military Book Club, Garden City, N.Y. 11530.

U.S. Armed Forces Photos

The Military Book Club invites you to take

Any 4 books for 98¢ with membership

1701. **History of the Second World War.** Basil Liddell Hart. Every major battle on land, sea, in the air. Pub. ed. $12.50

2535. **The First World War.** Jere Clemens King. Expected "quickie" took 4 years, 9 million lives. Pub. ed. $12.50

3400. **Nelson the Commander.** Geoffrey Bennett. Was the man who outfoxed Napoleon just lucky? Illus. Pub. ed. $12.00

7476. **The Campaign for Guadalcanal.** Jack Coggins. Pivotal fight of WWII—or needless sacrifice of 26,000 men? Pub. ed. $9.95

7716. **Escape from Colditz.** P.R. Reid. Incredible. "Just about best of the many escape books..." Time. Pub. ed. $7.50

8714. **The Two-Ocean War.** Samuel Eliot Morison. Story of U.S. Navy in action from 1939 to V-J Day. Pub. ed. $15.00

8755. **Flying Fortress.** Edward Jablonski. The B-17s and the men who flew them. 400 album photos. Pub. ed. $11.95

8813. **Strategy,** 2nd Rev. Ed. B. H. Liddell Hart. Classic book on warfare. Strategists from 490 BC to Hitler. Pub. ed. $10.00

8839. **Crimsoned Prairie.** S. L. A. Marshall. U.S.-Sioux War. How we "surrendered"; and won. Custer's last stand. Pub. ed. $8.95

9019. **Enemy at the Gates. The Battle for Stalingrad.** William Craig. "A classic account". N.Y. Times. Pub. ed. $10.95

9134. **Airwar.** Edward Jablonski. Complete story of air combat in WWII. 700 photos. 2 vol. set counts as 2 books. Pub. ed. $39.80

9142. **The Patton Papers. 1885-1940.** Martin Blumenson. "Old Blood and Guts". Genius or windbag? Or both? Pub. ed. $15

9266. **The Winter Soldiers.** Richard M. Ketchum. Gen. Washington's 1776 plight. "Superb . . ." N.Y. Times. Pub. ed. $10

9795. **The American Way of War.** Russell F. Weigley. Long history of massive "obliterating" warfare. Pub. ed. $12.95

9852. **Artillery.** John Batchelor/Ian Hogg. 250 detailed illus. (many color). Old cannon to new missiles. Pub. ed. $7.95

MILITARY BOOK CLUB

Dept. DN-016, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

I have read your ad. Please accept my application for membership in the Military Book Club in accordance with terms and conditions presented. Send me the 4 books whose numbers I have printed in the boxes below. Bill me only 98¢ plus shipping and handling. I need take only 4 books in the next two years to complete my commitment. (NOTE: 2-volume set of AIRWAR counts as 2 books and cannot be ordered individually.)

NOTE: If you select 2-volume AIRWAR set, write 9134 in two boxes; then choose 2 more books.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Members accepted in USA and Canada only—Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada.

24-M20A

The Military Book Club offers its own complete, hard-bound editions, sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save members even more.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

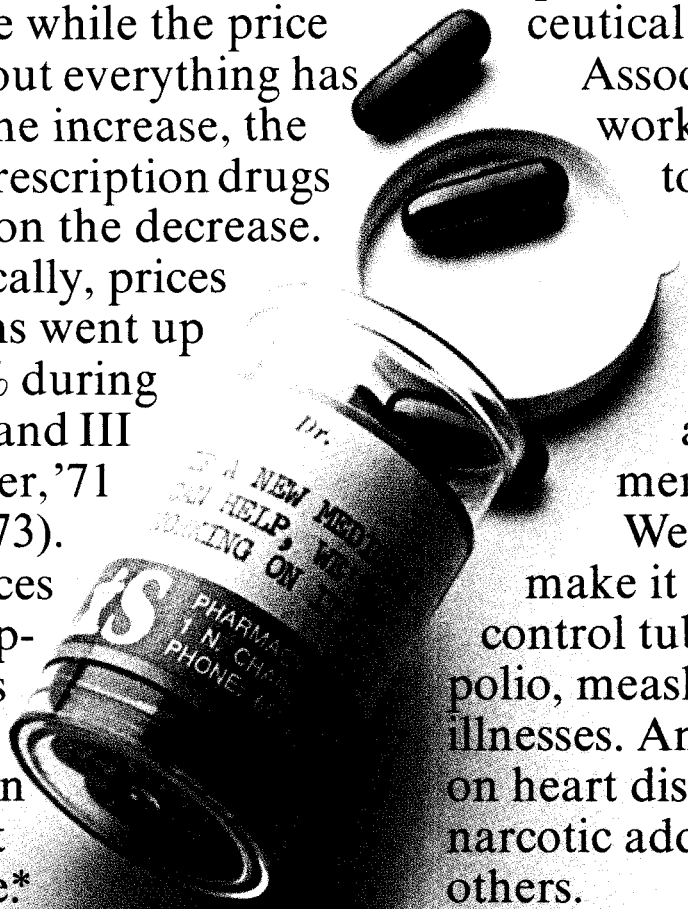
The cost of living is going down.

The cost of a longer life and a healthier life.

Because while the price of just about everything has been on the increase, the price of prescription drugs has been on the decrease.

Specifically, prices of *all* items went up almost 8% during Phases II and III (November,'71 to June, '73).

But prices of prescription drugs actually went down 1% in that same time.*



And even with medicines costing more than others, and some prices fluctuating more than others, pharmaceutical prices overall have held the line for more than a decade.

Meanwhile, member companies of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association continue working on programs to help conquer disease. Last year we spent $728,000,000 on research and development alone.

We've helped make it possible to control tuberculosis, polio, measles and other illnesses. And we're working on heart disease, cancer, narcotic addiction and others.

We hope we'll be able to report more price decreases in the future.

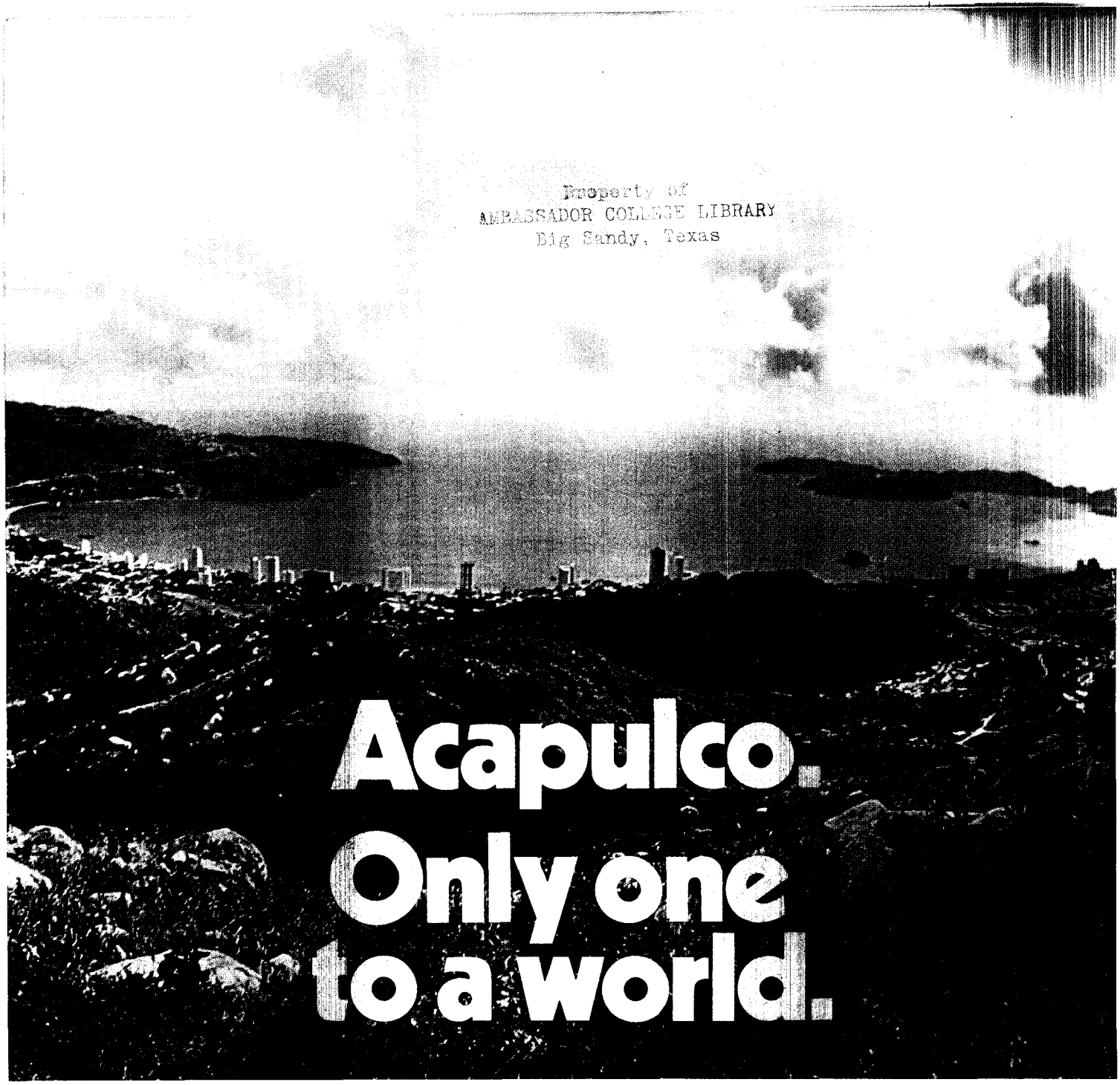
More importantly, we hope we'll be able to report more pharmaceutical breakthroughs at the same time.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

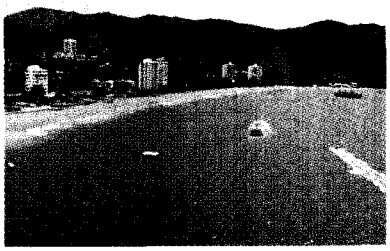
*Source: Bureau of Labor Statistics, Dept. of Labor. For more information, send for our free booklet *"When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask."* It'll give you a lot of answers. Write *The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. W-310, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

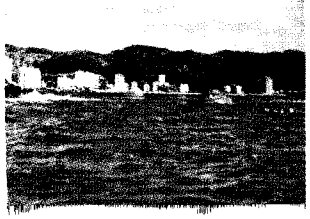
PROTECTED BY COPYSCAPE DO NOT COPY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



Acapulco. Only one to a world.





Clean, breeze-swept skies. Wide beaches. Incredible luxury with a friendly touch. This is Acapulco. This is Mexico.

Journey anywhere in our friendly land—from towering Mayan ruins to quaint villages and on to sophisticated Mexico City. Every day offers new adventures.

That's one of the nicest things about visiting Mexico. The U.S. dollar is strong and healthy here and buys more of the good things in life.

Try us soon, and see. There's only one Acapulco. There's only one Mexico.

I'm planning a vacation.
Please send me a brochure on exciting Mexico. SR10

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

Mail to: Mexican National Tourist Council, 9445 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212
Mexican National Tourist Council, Mexican Government Department of Tourism

MEXICO

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED